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ART. I.—*The Life and Times of Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1091—1153.* By JAMES COTTER MORISON, M.A.
Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman and Hall.¹

WHATEVER else is comprised within 'the Philosophy of History'—and the learned German, Frederick Von Schlegel, has not in his work defined the term—it surely must ever be accounted one part of that science to trace out the essential oneness of human society, and to accumulate at every 'landing place' proofs corroborative of the wise old Ethnic maxim, *ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου οὐ πολλὸν διαφέρει*. 'One man does not differ much'—there lies the emphasis—'from his fellow.' What is true of the individual is true of the society he forms; and therefore is the modern maxim also true, that history is a 'philosophy teaching by examples.' And to understand this philosophy there is needed, not so much what Bacon required, in 'man the interpreter of nature,' as the discernment of a wise and understanding heart, which in its own self-knowledge possesses the master-key to all the secret chambers of the past, and feels that 'the thing that hath been, it is that that shall be.' Great efforts have been made, it must be confessed, of late years to improve the study of history: instead of the old and dry narratives of battles and revolutions, 'of kings and crowns unstable,' we have picturesque sketches and interesting details of popular and social usages and institutions. But it may be a matter of question whether the great moral of the great theme is not as much put aside or lost sight of in the imaginative as in the statistical schools of history. In his useful and interesting volume Mr. Morison evidently labours hard to enable us to enter into the life which men lived seven centuries ago. Whether moving amid the glare of public life, or with-

¹ Mr. Morison acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Flower's 'Sermons for Church Seasons,' translated from S. Bernard (London: Masters); a work of which we expressed a favourable opinion in our October number, 1861.

drawing to the gloom of conventual seclusion, he is uniformly vivid and truthful. And yet it is clear from many a page that he writes as an optimist, that his heart is not in his subject: he will scarcely stoop to think that his own generation is akin to that whose annals have engaged his pen. Between man now and man then there is a difference, and he evidently thinks a very great difference. There are modes of thought which since then have become extinct. There were moral habits existing then which have passed away and left not a wreck behind: which have disappeared with the axe and the coat of mail, and the other properties of the chivalry of romance. It will be helping the truth, if, before we examine the contents of Mr. Morison's work, we endeavour to test the accuracy of all this. Our analysis, we think, of some of the most striking characteristics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, will demonstrate that they were swayed by the same impulses as the nineteenth—that society and the Church suffer under much the same difficulties and delusions now as they did then—that the improvements which we glory in are phenomenal and superficial, not radical or substantive: we affirm that there is a difference, but that it is an immaterial one; that a sensuous refinement has communicated to the common nature a surpassing gloss; but a gloss which but brings more into light, while it fails to soften or tone down, the inherent coarseness of the grain. And our readers, we will be so bold as to say, will not complain of this disquisition, if it will but succeed in bringing them nearer to S. Bernard, or in bringing S. Bernard nearer to them. Whether we shall ascend to him, or he descend to us, we cannot fail to derive a benefit from a nearer intercourse with one so skilled as he was to unwind all the harmonies of the divine will and the divine love; and who, notwithstanding, never unlearned—never ceased to cherish and to watch for the ‘still sad music of humanity.’

I. The philosophical historian delights to mark the age of S. Bernard as a period of transition. The gross and palpable darkness which, at the close of the first thousand years of Christianity, had gathered over the people, began then to break and fine away. ‘From that era we may date the return of government and manners.’¹ But the return was necessarily slow. Feudalism in the State, like its corresponding institution—monasticism in the Church, a source of strength, was also a source of much more weakness and trouble. ‘Confusion, discord, aimless turmoil, have got possession of the world’—so Mr. Morison describes it in his secular episode.

¹ Robertson's ‘View of the Progress of Society in Europe,’ § 1.

'Cruelty, treachery and selfishness are the motives of most of the actors in it. They are perpetually tearing, and worrying, and devouring each other. Destruction of men, and man's work, and man's food is their usual occupation. They have been at it for some centuries now, and it does not seem at all likely to abate. It, doubtless, looked to spectators as quite fixed and unalterable—this feudal fighting, plundering and slaying.¹ It is probable that, if Bernard ever thought at all on the subject, he regarded knights, villeins, tournaments, and private wars as part of the nature of things. His reading told him it had existed for five or six hundred years at least, under circumstances but little different from those before his eyes. It is very unlikely that he expected any great change—any change at all comparable to what has taken place: and that the feudal castle with its sombre keep, the savage brigands who dwelt in it, the plundered merchants who shuddered at it, and the novices who came to the abbey gates to avoid it, all² appeared to him as the most modern, so likewise as the final and permanent, phase of human society. About this time, Bernard came into collision with the feudal lord, who enjoyed the title of the King of France. Though a king, he had a far less enviable position than Bernard. He did not fast much—indeed, he was a prodigy of obesity. It is probable he said his prayers only occasionally; in short, made no pretence of monastic austerity, yet few monks of his day led a harder, more painful, life. Although he was called a king, his nominal subjects were, many of them, far more powerful than he. Even the small territory which was specially called the royal domain was always on the point of being further reduced, and even extinguished, by the intrigues and rebellion of the numerous little knights and barons who held castles all over it. Even at the gates of Paris, Burchard of Montmorency was a source of great trouble to him. The lords of Mont Cheri, the Troussells, could cut him off entirely from his good city of Orleans; and, except when surrounded by a strong force, he never attempted the passage thither from Paris. His life was a long tournament—a succession of sieges, forays, and general devastation. But there was this difference between Louis VI. and his enemies—that generally he was in the right, and they were in the wrong—that he generally fought for the good cause of justice and mercy, they for their own selfish aggrandizement or plunder.

'The growth and power of the feudal aristocracy had now reached their height. In the greater part of Europe the independence of the barons had produced a system of intolerable oppression to their dependents. Exactions and personal service, of the most galling kind, ground the plebeian vassal to the dust in poverty and misery. Almost every art and necessary of life was under a merciless tax. When the lord gave his daughter in marriage, the vassal paid something towards her dowry. When the lord was taken prisoner, the vassal paid his ransom. When the young heir was made knight, the vassal paid for it. If the poor creature himself wished to marry, he must pay for it. If he wished to grind his corn, he could only do so at his lord's mill. The distance might be great; yet he could go nowhere else, under penalties. He had, perhaps, to wait several days before his turn came. The exactions and frauds of the lord's miller were very grievous; yet for all this he must *pay* at the rate of one bushel in fifteen on the amount ground. Over and above all this came the perpetual devastation, plundering and massacring caused by the baronial wars.

¹ The reader will detect more or less of the Carlylean echo in Mr. Morison's sentences. But this is evidently undesigned. He does not at all *affect* the manner of his friend.

² We presume this means, 'who sought by the noviciate within the Abbey gates to avoid it all.' Mr. M. occasionally requires an interpreter.

The lord stripped his vassals to make war on his enemies, and his enemies stripped them still more to impoverish and paralyze them.'—Pp. 90—94.

It can never be denied for a moment but that the feudal system was attended by many evils. It *did* prevent the growth of institutions essential to the comforts and progress of common life. But Mr. Morison's sketch is a little too one-sided and partial. As a corrective of it, let us bear in mind that in the opinion, for instance, of Mr. Bright, the unrepresented classes of liberalized England are taxed beyond endurance, and remain unbenefited. Under the shelter of our once-favoured and progressive institutions there exists a wide-spread misery, and a destitution of every kind almost incredible. We believe that it was Mr. Carlyle himself who for the unsatisfied serfs on the Shannon Shore recommended the reasonable and refining discipline of the lash. Undoubtedly we have a more diffused comfort and security; but we have also the same old kindred wrongs asserting their existence among us in more aggravated shapes. And looking at the world at large, what does the thoughtful spectator witness? Does there not prevail an uneasy feeling of insecurity? At this point we see Christian empires upholding the palsied infidel: staying him, as though he were another Moses warring against Amalek, that he may yet a little longer space smite and tread down the Church of God. Bernard, at least, was spared that appalling and unreasonable spectacle. A little further west, we see a royal brigand plundering, with Europe as his accomplice, a feeble priest, and the final measure of temporal judgment falling on the impenitent and polluted house of Capet. We see elsewhere a savage despotism employing all the resources of civilization to destroy the ineradicable instincts of a noble people. From across the Atlantic come the curses, loud and deep, of infuriated foes; and tidings of a fratricidal and hopeless conflict as bitter and as bloody as ever disgraced this or any preceding age. We may differ in our ways of thinking from the men of S. Bernard's time—Mr. Morison says we do—undoubtedly in our way of acting the difference is '*not much*.' Here is misery, ruin, and devastation, on a much grander and much more grievous scale than can be found among the tragi-comic squabbles and semi-heroic rows of the middle ages.

II. With Bernard's '*Times*' the Crusades are specially connected—a series of events that has not yet found a parallel in modern history. If we speak of the *effects* of these, we must perforce consider the effects on the West, and on the East. In the East—so far as military operations against the infidel-enemy are concerned—early successes were followed soon by complete and irremediable disasters. But there were other

effects produced in the East, and chiefly among them, it is not too much to say, that the Crusades contributed more than anything else, not only to the immediate depreciation of the Christian faith, but to the final disruption of the Catholic Church. Then, if they checked in the West, rather than forwarded, the maturity of Europe,¹ they in a great measure undermined the feudal system. But they not only promoted the amelioration of the serf, and the strengthening of monarchical institutions, the diffusion of knowledge, the spread of commerce, and the purification of European society—so many desperates and profligates being hurried away by the enthusiasm of piety or war—but two special effects, promotive, for a season at least, of order and civilization, resulted to Europe from the Crusades—the permanent disintegration of the Western Empires and the consolidation and extension of the power of the See of Rome. A writer already quoted may say, indeed, that the Crusades remain ‘a singular monument of human folly.’ The verdict seems to us at once insolent and unsound. But we think Mr. Morison would coincide with it.

‘The fall of Edessa was regarded as a calamity throughout Christian Europe. The conquest had seemed so complete that men’s minds were quite unprepared for the doleful tidings. In the middle ages, whenever the Crusaders were worsted by the Moslem, they attributed it to their own sins. They were undoubtedly cruel and wicked enough to make their contrition acceptable at any time. But the alternation of atrocious crimes with tearful repentance loses interest and pathos when too often repeated. Louis VII. was now about to enact the repentance, having committed the crime some three years before at the burning of Vitry. He felt that the cruelty of burning above a thousand Christians could only be expiated by slaughtering several thousand infidels.’—P. 415.

No doubt innumerable silly and wicked sayings and doings blemished the Crusades. And Gibbon, insensible to or forgetful of the wrongs perpetrated against the Christian Body by the Fatimite Caliphs, may argue, for his own ends, against the morality of the Christians, in attempting to wrest from the infidel the shrines of the Holy Land. But if ever warfare was justifiable on the part of Christians, it was in this instance. Had those undertakings been crowned with success, we should not perhaps now witness the degradation and long persecution of the Christian name in the East; we should not see the Turk encamped in the West, and holding fast the very key of Europe, nor Christian fighting against Christian in the interests of Anti-christianity. But all that we really contend for is, that the *impulse* was a generous one, and worthy of Christendom. No one but the theorist and sceptic will be insen-

¹ Gibbon.

sible to the moral grandeur of that great enterprise, or indifferent to the unselfishness which marked its original conception. We may contrast the Crusades, however, with the only other great world-wide movement known to European nations and their offshoots. After a lapse of seven centuries, the world witnessed the harmonious assemblings of all peoples and nations and tongues, not indeed in the Holy City to heal the wounds or avenge the wrongs of the Church, but in London; not to weave again the broken bonds of Divine peace, but to supersede the Gospel as the cement of the human family. There are many thoughtful Christians, we believe, who only look back on the design of that undertaking with sorrow and shame, who cannot but remember with pain the presumptuous notion that a brief religious ceremonial could neutralize what was vicious in conception; and that a superscription borrowed from the Bible could hallow to God's honour the shrine erected to trade. We are far from desirous to seem to assign causes for what must remain among the Divine Secrets; but it is not to be forgotten that the promised reign of universal peace has been strangely fulfilled. For the good it was to have brought us, we have had little else since then save bloody and ceaseless wars, and death, and within our own borders, or elsewhere, an overwhelming and unparalleled destitution. Surely the words of the historian are significant and appropriate, 'The only common enterprise in which' [*all*] 'the European nations ever engaged, and which they all undertook with equal ardour, remains a singular monument of human folly.'¹

III. We can imagine few things more bewildering to a devout Romanist than the position of the Church at the close of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century. The general question we will examine further on, when we come to consider the relations of S. Bernard to the Church of his time. We desire to speak more particularly of that system which, as we have already said, was to the Church what the feudal system was to the State²—we mean monasticism. Now there was nothing in monasticism more remarkable than the vigour and force with which in its recurrent seasons of decline and corruption it was enabled to renew its youth, and return to the principles of its institution. In S. Bernard's own day Clugny had fallen into the temptations of wealth and luxury, and drew from S. Bernard a long and characteristic rebuke. S. Denis at Paris was even worse, and refused to submit itself

¹ Robertson as before. As regards the Crusades, there seems to be an overstatement here.

² It must be borne in mind that it was the Papacy itself which made them independent of Episcopal control, and so hastened their corruption.

to the advice of Abelard. From the story of the latter we have the following description :—

‘On the bleak and savage coast of Brittany, on a promontory to the south of Vannes, there was a monastery called St. Gildas de Rhuys. The shore is covered with large masses of pointed granite rocks. The surrounding country is full of sombre and marvellous monuments of druidical architecture and worship. To be the abbot of this lonely convent, Abelard was now invited. He accepted the offer, and at once undertook the new charge. Painful, even insupportable, must have been his life near Troyes, to cause him to look on such a change as a happy one. Amid a semi-barbarous race, whose language was unintelligible to him, without friends, without sympathy, the care-worn Abelard assumed the command of a poor monastery of dissolute, unscrupulous monks. He could hear the melancholy plash of the Atlantic waves, the cold ocean stretched out beyond, and seemed to say that he could fly no more—that here he must rest and suffer. Night and day he was tormented by the incorrigible wickedness of his new subjects. They were shameless. They kept concubines in the abbey, and lived surrounded by their illegitimate offspring. He found the lands of the monastery were completely in the power of a neighbouring petty tyrant, and the monks expected their abbot to furnish them with the means for their self-indulgence.’¹—Pp. 309, 310.

Among the many services which S. Bernard has rendered to his kind, not the least beneficial and important was the reformation which he introduced through his own foundations into the monastic bodies. The conventual life as he found it was a failure. Mere seclusion could not, indeed, at any time scare away the busy fiends from the heart, nor overbear its hot and insatiable cravings. Besides, the selfishness engendered by the monastic rule, in obedience to which every order was a force separated from, not centralized in, and shaped as it were to bear upon, society, must have fomented, if it did not originate, the recurrent evils of the system. In the times of S. Bernard monasticism was a patent acknowledgment that the Church was unable to leaven and spiritualize the world. Each convent was but a fortress into which had retreated the vanquished spiritual hosts. Bernard’s

‘Brothers, Guido and Gerard, are knights, and what are they even now doing? Besieging the castle of Grancy with the new Lord of Burgundy, Hugh II., surnamed the Pacific, son of him who lies buried at Cîteaux. So is every one slaying or being slain, blockading or being blockaded, attacking or being attacked. It is a fierce world. The thoughtful and refined natures have little hesitation in quitting it. Dukes and princes, peasants and paupers, are ready to leave their luxury or their misery, and to seek a haven of shelter where, during this short life, they may say their prayers, and lie down for the long sleep in peace. And such a haven was then open, and inviting to all. Between the clash of arms and the din of wars,

¹ See Roscoe’s edition of De Potter’s *Vie di Scipio de Ricci*, Bishop of Pistoia, 1780, and the report of investigations into the iniquitous conduct of the curate of the Carmelite Order at Turin, 1860, for evidence that the causes of Abelard’s complaint remain to this day in conventual establishments.

comes a silvery peal of convent-bells. In the deep, hushed winter's night, the chorus-song of matins is heard in measured cadence, and the last chant of compline goes forth as the summer sun approaches the horizon. There in the thick woods sleeps the monastery from whence those voices and bell-tones are heard. Calm and holy it looks, casting long rays of light into the dark air, as the "lured traveller" hastens to its welcome shelter. For a young, ardent spirit, entering the world, the choice practically was between a life of strife, violence, wickedness, of ignoble or ferocious joys and sorrows; or of sober, self-denying labour and solitude, with a solemn strain in the heart, lightening and prospering the work of the hands."—P. 11.

Our Church is confessedly now much in the same position as the Church was then. She is unequal to the burden of this great people. Our clergy were they twice as numerous would not be numerous enough to meet the wants of the thousands entrusted to their oversight. Hence there has gone forth a cry from all quarters for sisterhoods and brotherhoods; for spiritual unions which identifying their own edification and Divine growth with that of the Church around them will co-operate with our parish priests in labouring in the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts. The establishment among us of such religious centres, guarded, as they would need to be, from the old ills—and, indeed, the national character is too practical to settle down into merely contemplative or ascetical habits—would furnish the best antidotes to two pernicious notions which are as wide-spread at this day, if not more wide-spread than they ever were, though the institution which gave them birth from its own abuse exists no longer among us. We mean revivalism and spiritualism. No men taught more fully—none were more successful in teaching the doctrine of the sudden change than the monks. The real difference is inappreciable between the phrase, *becoming a religious person*, as used then, and as used now. Then it meant passing under some strong compunction, from the troubled circles of vulgar life into the calm and peace of some one of the religious orders. Now it means incorporation into a sect. The spiritual furor, of which we have all had so lately such painful and woeful experience, spread as rapidly of old as we have seen it do in our own day.

"The effect of his preaching was, that "mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends," lest they should be led away captive by that persuasive eloquence. Pale and attenuated to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, his contemporaries discovered something in the mere glance of his eyes, which filled them with wonder and awe. That he was kept alive at all appeared to them a perpetual miracle; but when the light from that thin, calm face fell upon them, when the voice flew from those firm lips, and words of love, aspiration, and sublime self-sacrifice reached their ears, they were no longer masters of themselves or their feelings. This occurred whenever Bernard preached to great numbers. He spoke; the mere sound of his voice was grateful to the

loving admiration which surrounded him. Presently rose a murmur from the sea of faces, which rapidly swelled into a shout of "crosses—crosses." A daily repetition took place of the same phenomena—Bernard's appearance in a district; the simultaneous rush and tumult of the whole population to see and hear him; and then the assumption of the Cross by the able-bodied male inhabitants. Bernard himself says that scarcely one man was left to seven women.'—Pp. 417, 418, 420, 421.

Surely here we have proof abounding that there is not *much difference* between now and then, save that we look in vain for the saintliness and genius of a Bernard. But let us listen to Mr. Morison.

'It is difficult to judge of such a man, placed as we are with respect to him. He is quite below our ordinary intellectual horizon, and only by a considerable ascension can he be seen at all. What was considered wise in his day is accounted foolish in ours. What was thought true in his time is regarded as absurd now. Our planet has gone seven hundred times, and more, round the sun, since he [the sun or S. Bernard?] was on it; some billions of human beings ran their lives through, and died here in the interval; and it would be strange, indeed, if the human mind had remained unchanged amid ever-changing nature. Changes, indeed, have come and gone since then (*sic*). Systems and philosophies have arisen, and gathered broad populations under their dominion, and seemed so large, so complete, so true, that men have thought, as they have thought endless times before, that the goal was reached, the problem solved; that to them at last was the light given which would show and teach them all things; so different were they from their "unenlightened ancestors," who had no such golden rule [*i.e.* as the light above mentioned]. Alas! the hour of hope and triumph was short. The systems and philosophies were found as mortal as the men who made them. They, too [the systems we presume], waxed old, and shrunk, and from being (apparently) complete and true, became incomplete and false, till at last men would hear them no more, and cast them aside as lumber, useless or obstructive. For behold, a new light is mounting in the eastern sky, rosy with the dawn of another hope. [Do we understand (?), one rising light is made rosy by the dawning of another!] Again, it must be repeated that Bernard is far off.¹ Not only his system and philosophy, but half a dozen other systems and philosophies, which have supplanted his, and each other, have been cast aside as valueless since he lived.'—P. 368.

The Bathos! to be sure. And Mr. Morison brandishes his philosophies before us with as much sleight of pen as his master does his Silences. Now if there be any meaning in this pretentious twaddle, we challenge Mr. Morison to give us, in plain, unvarnished English, what he means. And how can he venture to impute to the half-lettered Bernard such a literary entity as a system and a philosophy? He was a master, indeed, of the philosophy of Christianity. Yes. It *is* harder for Mr. Morison to judge of the abbot than he imagines. The man who from infirmity of thought, or incorrigible vanity, can write such stuff as is contained in this extract is morally incapable of appreciating—whatever may be his horizon—the sacred sim-

¹ We have tried this particular clause every way, even diagonally, but have failed to accomplish a solution.

plicity of Bernard's character. A writer who *will* think and write thus, and then attempt the life of S. Bernard, 'has nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.'

The other fatal outgrowth of monasticism—with a brief notice of which we will draw to a close these opening remarks—is spiritualism, under which term we would be understood to comprehend all that command of, all those communications with, the invisible world, which we hear asserted—miracles, prophecies, visions, dreams. It cannot surely be pretended for a moment, that on these points we possess a superior intelligence to that which was enjoyed by the contemporaries of S. Bernard. Some partial differences indeed, but not improvements, we can note. The faculties of spiritualism are no longer now limited to, and exercised alone by, spiritual persons. More persons affect to possess them; and whether they be real or unreal, they are only found exercised avowedly through or in behalf of Christ by some obscure Irish friars,¹ or the vigorous

¹ We once stood beside the late excellent Father Mathew, when a number of crippled and diseased persons were placed near him, to be touched by him as he passed—none of them were reported on that occasion to have been healed. He explained, that if they believed that God in this way blessed the ministry of his Church, and the Church through it, what could he say?

In what we have said in the text, we have designedly omitted all references to the imagination as a sanative agent in cases of non-organic disease. But there seems considerable difficulty in distinguishing organic and pseudo-organic ailments. In the interesting case mentioned by Douglas, (*Criterion*, London, 1754, page 205), we have much that reminds us of the wonder-workings of an earlier and a later day. It is the case of a gentleman of distinction and piety, from the County of Waterford, who, in 1662, began to have a steady but wholly unaccountable impression on his mind, that by the 'stroking' of his hand he would be able to cure the king's evil. He attempted this, and was successful; and then he made trial of other diseases, prefacing his acts with prayer. His fame having been spread far and wide, he was invited to England in 1666, by Lord Orrery, and in Warwickshire and Worcestershire he effected many cures; upon which, at the command of Lord Arlington, Secretary of State, he was summoned to London, where he beyond any doubt performed very remarkable cures, an account of which, in answer to the calumnies which were circulated against him, he published in a letter to the Honourable Robert Boyle, London, 1666. This letter contains testimonials from Robert Boyle, Bishops Rust, Wilkins, Patrick, and the eminent physician, Sir William Smith, to the cures effected by Mr. Valentine Greatrakes. It is acknowledged that many received no benefit from the operation of the hand, and many relapsed. Upon this, the author makes these remarks whatever they may be worth:—

'Greatrakes was no worker of miracles; but whether the concurrence of Greatrakes' stroking with some cures was only accidental, while other adequate causes operated; or whether, if his stroking had an efficacy, this was owing to some peculiarity in his complexion, or some singular virtue of certain effluvia from the body of the stroker; or whether impressions made on the minds of the persons stroked might not, in some cases, procure relief, I shall not take upon me to determine, but only observe that though the means immediately connected with the cures were, to all appearance, as inadequate as any can be supposed, yet there can be no pretence for having recourse to supernatural causes to account for them—since, for aught we know, such means may have some hidden efficacy—some peculiar sanative efficacy (which, perhaps, was the case of Greatrakes' strokes), or else if there were no such virtue and efficacy, they may prove the occasion of exciting causes known to be adequate to act.

emissaries of Mormonism. Thaumaturgic spiritualism, on the other hand, whether wholly resting on imposture or practically aided by some half obscure unformalized physical agencies, is the fashionable orthodoxy of society. This system and philosophy at all events has not been supplanted, has not come to nought. We believe that many of the miracles wrought by S. Bernard were real and righteous acts of healing. Facts, which Voltaire and Sismondi do not venture to dispute they account for, by attributing to fanaticism. Assuredly the person, who may be the conductor to others without himself catching some insidious disease, may also through some equally subtle immaterial process of nature be the minister of health under certain circumstances. Is prayer ever answered? If so, is not prayer a miracle? Was not miracle the first, is it not promised as the last, gift of the Church? Is not the Church the anointed guardian of those sacred channels, along which will rush in the consummation the full-breasted floods of the Holy Ghost? Is not the Church losing—it may be because we have such few examples of eminent believers among us—her right judgment on this subject, and therefore allowing a baleful superstition to make head and propagate itself in the world?

Undoubtedly the Church ought to have the same faith, and hold the same attitude as regards the restoration of her miraculous powers, as she does hold, or professes to hold with regard to the last advent of the Son of Man. In this respect; as, alas! in how many others, we find a sect constituting itself the witness to a long disregarded, if not actually discarded, catholic verity.

In an age wanting in refinement, an age of railroads, Mr. Spurgeon, and the 'musical glasses,' an age distinguished by much social disunion and discomfort, the like of which was not unknown to Scotland one hundred and fifty years ago, where flourished 'the good old rule—

'The simple plan,'
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can;'

in such an age which was not permitted to see Mr. Carlyle 'mounting the sky,' 'rosy with the dawn' of Mr. Morison—in such an age flourished Tesselin, a brave, rich, red-headed knight, Lord of the Castle of Fontaines,¹ near Dijon, with all its appurtenances, including a little chapel, which desecrated at the French Revolution was restored through the piety of the king Louis Philippe. Burgundy may in truth be regarded as soil holy to the monastic rule; for on it, four centuries earlier, the

¹ Our own beautiful Abbey of Fountains, near Ripon, Yorkshire, owed its re-establishment and building directly to S. Bernard; and its name, indirectly, to S. Bernard's birthplace.

blessed Columbanus, a servant of God, in his manly independence and humility, unfettered freedom of thought and word, and tenderness of heart bearing a strong likeness to Bernard, had set up his three monasteries, and originally Fontaines itself, we believe, was one of his foundations. The sketch which Mr. Morison has given us of the father and mother of Bernard, and of Bernard's own conversion, does so much credit to his taste and skill, that having had, and still having, so much cause to differ from the author, we gladly introduce him to our readers in his happiest vein.

"Tesselin was not simply a fighting baron; he belonged to a class of men who were not so rare in the Middle Ages as we are apt to suppose—men who united the piety of monks to the valour of crusaders.¹ Of Tesselin, we read that his manners were gentle, that he was a great lover of the poor, of ardent piety, and that he had an incredible zeal for justice. He used to wonder that men found it painful to be just; or that fear or covetousness should make them forsake the justice of God. He was a most brave knight; but he never took up arms except for the defence of his own land, or in company with his Lord of Burgundy. On one occasion he was drawn into a quarrel, and a single combat was arranged between him and his adversary. The day and place of meeting were fixed—the enemies appeared. Tesselin was by far the stronger man, and his victory would have brought him no little advantage. His courage was undoubted. But the feeling that all this was radically wrong overpowered every other. Divine exhortations to charity and peace, divine condemnations of violence and strife, crowded on his mind. He determined to be "reconciled to his adversary." He offered terms which he knew could be accepted. He relinquished the point in dispute. Tesselin's wife was a fitting partner for such a man—earnest, loving, and devout. Her name was Alith. She was a great favourite with the monkish historians of her illustrious order, and they have left a portraiture of her, pale and shadowy indeed, yet presenting a conceivable image. She bore Tesselin seven children—six sons and a daughter, Humbeline. Her boys she offered to the Lord as soon as they were born. Piety and humbleness of mind distinguished her even more than her husband. Charity, too, of the most practical kind she exercised in her neighbourhood. She sought out the poor in their squalor and misery, attended to and relieved their sick, cleansed their cups and vessels with her own hands. The latter years of her life were passed in devotions and austerities, which were monastic in all but the name. By scantiness of food, by simplicity of dress, by the avoidance of worldly pleasures; by fasting, prayer, and vigils she strove after that ideal of self-sacrifice and holiness, which was alone attractive and beautiful in that age. S. Bernard was passing from boyhood to youth when his mother died. It was her custom, on the festival of Saint Ambrose (the patron-saint of the church at Fontaines), to assemble a number of clergy in her house, and "to the glory of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the above-mentioned Saint, solemnly to refresh them with food and wine on that day." A few days before the anniversary which was to be her last, it was revealed to her that she would die on the festival. On the vigil of the feast she was taken ill with fever. The next day, after the celebration

¹ Our own poets and romance writers teach us that they were frequent enough. Blemished by some errors in taste, and departures from nature, Ivanhoe is, nevertheless, a valuable help to the knowledge of the inner life of this epoch.

of mass, she asked most humbly that the Body of the Lord might be brought to her, and received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. She then bade her friends proceed to their entertainment as usual. But while they were at meat she sent for her eldest son Guido, and requested him, as soon as the feast was over, to bring the guests to her bedside. They assembled around her, and she told them that her death was near. They immediately began to chant a litany, supplicating God for her soul. She joined in with them, and sang devoutly till her very last breath. When the chorus of voices toned forth the words, "Deliver her, O Lord, by thy Cross and Passion," in the act of making the sign of the cross, her life and psalm of praise ceased together; and after her breath had fled, her hand remained erect and fixed, as she had elevated it to perform her last act of faith.¹—Pp. 2—8.¹

The young Bernard had been already sent to school to Châtillon, where he gave promise of realizing by his proficiency the hopes formed of him. He was habitually studious and retiring, and 'marvellously cogitative.' His opponents in after years taunted him with having been zealous and ambitious in the pursuit of literary fame, but unsuccessful in the pursuit; and with having given himself to the composition of 'comic songs and polished verses,' and striven to surpass his brothers 'in rhythmical contests.' His mother's death left him free to fix upon a course of life. His experiences of a secular state did not commend it to him. His kinsmen endeavoured—as he was too delicate and fragile for the calling of a knight—to make him adopt the literary life.

'Bernard acknowledges that his spiritual progress was almost stayed by this snare. To what extent he yielded we do not know. Such an impetuous character would not be likely to bring lukewarmness to studies so popular and so exciting. At such a time, too, of intellectual activity following a long apathy, the novelty of study and the attraction of knowledge are intense—even violent crowds, amounting to thousands, crossed high mountains and broad seas, and endured every inconvenience of life, to enjoy the privilege of hearing Abelard lecture. While still undecided as to his ultimate course, he was proceeding to join his brothers, who, with the Duke of Burgundy, were at their usual occupation of besieging a castle. He doubtless felt he had fallen from the high resolves and aspirations of his early youth. His life of holiness and prayer, which had seemed to open before him under his mother's example and conversation, had faded away now, and although he was not a knight, killing and plundering, he was still in the world and of the world, loving knowledge and its human rewards. Self-reproach and shame at this spiritual retrogression filled his mind with heaviness and grief. In this mood he rode along over the bare moor or through the tangled forest, thoughtful and sad. Presently he came to a church. But by this time the dark cloud of doubt and wavering had broken and vanished before the rising sun of faith. On his knees in that wayside church, and in a torrent of tears, "he lifted his hands to

¹ The statement that she was received and carried to the abode of the Blessed, is made in forgetfulness of the imposed dogma that being uncanonized she must have gone to Purgatory,

heaven, and poured forth his heart like water in the presence of the Lord." From that hour his purpose of entering the monastic life never faltered.'—Pp. 10—14.

The particular text which seemed to excite S. Bernard, speaking to him in the depth of his heart, as he describes it, were the words: 'Come unto me all that travail and are heavy laden.' And many years afterwards, in describing his conversion to his monks, he referred to this incident: 'I am not ashamed to confess that frequently, and especially at the beginning of my conversion, I have experienced great hardness and coldness of heart. I sought Him whom my soul desired to love—Him upon whom my frozen heart might rest and gather warmth; and as no one came to help me and to melt the thick ice which bound all my interior senses in its chain, my soul became more languid, weak, and benumbed, giving way to grief and almost to despair, and murmuring inwardly, "Who can endure such cold." Then all at once, at the first sight, perhaps, of some spiritual person—or, perhaps, at the mere remembrance of the dead or the absent—the Spirit of God began to breathe upon these frozen waters, they flowed again, and my tears served me for food day and night.'

We commend this well-told incident to our churchmen who have been ordained in confirmation to do the Church's work, and who, in that laying on of hands, have received the grace of the Divine call. The fire of holy resolution was kindled in his heart. He had no rest. Nor did he let his brothers, his uncle, his sister-in-law rest until he succeeded in drawing them to his own side, and inducing them to renounce the world with himself. Entering a church with his converts, he heard the sixth verse of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians read, and he caught from the words an exhortation to further self-dedication and exertion. In his twenty-second year, A.D. 1113, Bernard with his companions adopted the rule of S. Benedict, and with admirable humility, instead of originating a new order, they became Cistercians.¹

In 1098—fifteen years before this—the abbey of Cîteaux had been founded by Robert Bishop of Molesme. And his successor, S. Alberic, in the following year, drew up its statutes. The third abbot was a Dorsetshire man, Stephen Harding. The whole rule of S. Benedict was rigorously kept, but this—as so commonly happens with enthusiastic recluses—was not enough for S. Bernard; he so reduced his strength by his severe asceticism, that within two years he had impaired his constitution, and never ultimately recovered his natural vigour. During his illness he

¹ It was the same humility made him decline the frequent appointments he received to Episcopal and Archiepiscopal honours.

was visited by the celebrated William of Champeaux, Bishop of Chalons, by whom indeed he had been consecrated Abbot of Clairvaux, who, having received from Stephen Harding 'leave 'to direct and manage Bernard for one year only,' no doubt contributed by his friendly interference to the preservation and restoration of Bernard's health.

It is said of S. Columbanus that his favourite place for studying the Holy Scriptures was in the retirement and amid the delicious shades of the forests of Burgundy. This love of Nature was shared by Bernard in even a stronger degree. The beauteous forms of the outward creation were not to him as 'is a landscape 'to a blind man's eye;' but they were instinct with those remoter, those heavenly, charms, which it is not in thought to supply nor vision to impart. They were everywhere sacramental presences of that loving and self-communicating God who feeds the soul and builds up the heart of man. Bernard's love of Nature was no instinct of blind love; it was rooted in the strong faith he had of the abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost, with whom communication was vouchsafed to him.

'According to his own showing in after-life, there was another influence to which he owed more than to all his austerities, and that was his love of, and communion with, nature. His ardent imagination, which gave a mystic and manifold meaning to outward facts, his love for peace and meditation, his truly christian and jubilant heart, which ever gave thanks for all things; all contributed to give him this fond delight in nature, and made him say to a friend and pupil, "Trust to one who has had experience. You will find something far greater in the woods than you will in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters. Think you not you can suck honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty rock? Do not the mountains drop sweetness? the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys stand thick with corn?" In fact, theology and external nature were Bernard's only subjects of intellectual meditation. In the world of thought theology reigned without a rival—but of all states of mind suited to enjoy and delight in external nature, the religious and emotional, unskilled by systematic scientific thought, is perhaps the most calculated. One can conjecture the procession of burning thoughts, the rapture of ecstatic, admiring love, which would command Bernard's mind, when he entered the gloomy forest, or watched the sailing clouds, or gazed at the setting sun filling the west with liquid fire. No cold abstractions came between him and those marvels. He thought of no "theories," "causes," or "effects;" and "laws" and "phenomena," in their modern sense, never crossed his mind. This glorious phantasmagoria of creation, what was it? The result of a word from God. He was accustomed to say that whatever knowledge he had of the Scriptures, he had acquired in the woods and fields; and that beeches and oaks had ever been his best teachers in the Word of God.'—Pp. 23, 24.

We may then, on his own authority, dismiss as wholly incredible the monkish legend that he passed by the Lake of Geneva without having ever seen it. We may rest assured that one

who so loved Nature would be incapable of that pious apathy with which the unbelieving historian believes him to have treated the 'beauties of that incomparable landscape.'¹ Let the tourist never look on it without thinking of S. Bernard.

The arrival of Bernard at Cîteaux marks the period in which commenced the prosperity of that brotherhood. The monastery grew in fame and in numbers; and already La Fertè and Pontigny had been established. It soon became necessary to send out another colony, and Abbot Stephen Harding selected Bernard, now twenty-four years of age, to be the head of the new community.²

'Twelve monks and their young abbot—representing our Lord and his apostles—were assembled in the church. Stephen placed a cross in Bernard's hands, who solemnly, at the head of his small band, walked forth from Cîteaux. The monks who were to remain accompanied them to the Abbey gates, for Bernard's powerful and assimilating nature had won all hearts, and the day of his departure was a sad one in Cîteaux. Till they reached the limit of their own land they walked so closely together that it was not easy to say which were going and which were to remain; but the gateway revealed the emigrants. A Cistercian might not leave his own grounds on any pretext without permission. Bernard struck away to the northward. For a distance of nearly ninety miles he kept his course, passing up by the source of the Seine, by Chatillon of school-day memories, till he arrived at La Fertè, about equally distant between Troyes and Chaumont, in the diocese of Langres, and situated on the river Aube. About four miles beyond La Fertè was a deep valley opening to the east; thick umbrageous forests gave it a character of gloom and wildness; but a gushing stream of limpid water, which ran through it, was sufficient to redeem every disadvantage. In June, 1115, Bernard took up his abode in the valley of Wormwood,³ as it was called, and began to look for the means of shelter and sustenance against the approaching winter. The rude fabric which he and his monks raised with their own hands was long preserved by the pious veneration of the Cistercians. The monks had thus got a house over their heads; but they had very little else. Beechnuts and roots were to be their main support during the winter. And now to the privations of insufficient food, was to be added the wearing out of their shoes and clothes. Their necessities grew with the severity of the season, till at last even salt failed them; and presently Bernard heard murmurs. He argued and exhorted; he spoke to them of

¹ Gibbon displays on every occasion of mentioning him, an ingenious hatred of S. Bernard. He carries this so far that on one occasion—referred to by Mr. Morison—he endeavours to foist in a filthy pun on the chaste language of the saint. He tells the story of Arnold of Brescia, as if the 'fierce exhortations' of S. Bernard, contained in one letter to the Pope, and one to a private friend, and both written in 1140, had caused the death of Arnold in 1155, two years after Bernard himself had departed this life.

² Cîteaux is now (1839) a sugar-factory. The site of the library, and probably church, is a play-house; and the cell of S. Bernard has been sacrificed to the utility of the factory: and three villages have been constructed out of the materials of the monastery and its dependencies, so M. Ratisbonne informs us. Surely the blame rests with the Church, who neglects so grievously the memorials of one she prays to.

³ Or Absinthea—to be thenceforward, The Valley of Brightness—Claire-Vallee.

the fear and love of God, and strove to rouse their drooping spirits by dwelling on the hopes of eternal life and divine recompense. Their sufferings made them deaf and indifferent to their abbot's words. They would not remain in this valley of bitterness, they would return to Cîteaux. Bernard, seeing they had lost their trust in God, reproved them no more, but himself sought in earnest prayer for release from their difficulties. Presently a voice from heaven said, "Arise, Bernard, thy prayer is granted thee." Upon which the monks said, "What didst thou ask of the Lord?" "Wait, and ye shall see, ye of little faith," and presently came a stranger, who gave the abbot ten livres. On another occasion he said to brother Guibert, "Guibert, saddle the ass, go to the fair, and buy us salt." Guibert answered, "Where is the money?" "Believe me," said Bernard, "I know not the time when I had gold or silver. He is above who holds my wallet and my treasures in his hands." "If I go forth empty, so shall I return." "Fear not, my son, go in peace. He who holds our treasures will be with thee on the way, and will grant thee all these things for which I send thee." Guibert received the abbot's benediction and obeyed, though still more than doubtful of the use of his errand. He proceeded on the ass,—the solitary animal in the possession of the community—to the castle of Risuellum, where the fair was. As he approached his destination, he met a priest—"Whence comest thou, brother, and whither art thou bound?" He told the questioner the object of his expedition, and drew a sad picture of the misery and suffering to which he and all the monks under Bernard were reduced. The tale so wrought upon the priest, that he took him to his own house, gave him half a bushel of salt, and fifty *solidi*, or more. Guibert soon hastened back to Clairvaux, and told Bernard all that had occurred to him. "I tell thee, my son," said Bernard, "that no one thing is so necessary to a Christian as faith. Have faith, therefore, and all will be well with thee all the days of thy life." From that day forth, we are told, Guibert and the other monks held the words of Bernard in greater reverence than they had done before. After this crisis was over, a brighter prospect opened on Clairvaux. Indeed, it would seem that a new monastery was in a measure bound to win its way to public favour by first of all getting nearly extinguished by cold and hunger.¹—Pp. 27-32.

Having tracked the course of S. Bernard to this point, where he appears as a successful founder, it will not be out of place to supply an omission of Mr. Morison, and to say a word or two of the fortunes of that body at large which, as to genus Cistercians, rejoiced to call themselves after their own founder Bernardines. Some 120 houses were established during the lifetime of S. Bernard,¹ and 500 within the first fifty years of the creation of the order. We learn that the White monks² succeeded in founding

¹ At the request of Innocent II., Bernard sent Bernard of Pisa and twelve monks to found at Rome the Abbey of St. Anastasius, or the Three Fountains. This Bernard became afterwards Eugenius III.

² Stevens, Continuation of Dugdale's Monasticon, Vol. II. 31. We may add that Bernard was canonized twenty-one years after his decease by Pope Alexander III. The Alpine Pass of the great S. Bernard is in no way connected with the Abbot of Clairvaux. That house was erected, more than a century and a half before the time of our S. Bernard, on the site of an old temple of Jupiter, by a Savoyard nobleman, Bernard de Meuthon, and is inhabited by monks of S. Augustine. Until the outbreak of the French Revolution the Abbot of Cîteaux remained General of the whole Order.

in all no less than 6000 houses. We Englishmen ought to take a special interest in all that concerns S. Bernard; partly because he was formed under the care of the sturdy Stephen Harding of Sherborne; partly because the order was very successful in England. Their first settlement was that at Waverley in Surrey, in 1128, after which they established the abbey of Furness in Lancashire. In 1437 Archbishop Chichele founded at Oxford the College of S. Bernard for the roofless brethren of the order. S. Bernard's is now S. John's. But a memorial of its original designation is to be found still there. In the upper part of the college tower may be seen the statue of S. Bernard. One peculiarity of these foundations was, they were established at a prescribed distance from each other. They were also all dedicated to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. S. Malachi introduced the order into Ireland, founding one monastery which became the parent of four. When the days of visitation began in England, the houses of the Bernardines were found to have receded as much as any others from the strict rule of the original institution. In the twenty-sixth year of Henry VIII. the order possessed in England no less than seventy-five houses—some thirty-six of these ranking among the greater monasteries—and twenty-six nunneries, with revenues, in all amounting to nearly £20,000. One alone of the nunneries had an income of £200 a year. The rules of S. Benedict, it is true, did not expressly include poverty. They were—silence, humility, and obedience; but none of these could fairly be expected from brethren, some of whom called sixty equipped horses all their own, and who lived in proportional luxury.¹

To return to the abbot: trouble from without soon found its way into the newly-established brotherhood. His kinsman, Robert, the child of the sister of that sainted woman, Alitha, and now only sixteen years of age, was decoyed away by a carnal repugnance to monastic austerities, and the comparatively indulgent attractions of Clugny. There he remained for four years, till Abbot Pontius passed away, when he was restored to Clairvaux by Peter the Venerable, who succeeded. Less painful, but a more dangerous, occurrence was the withdrawal altogether from religious life of Fulk, a regular canon, tempted by 'an old 'uncle and worldly riches.' The letter too, in this case, though

¹ The reader will be careful to distinguish between S. Benedict of Nursia (Italy), the founder, 529, and Benedict, Abbot of Aniane (France), restorer of Western Monasticism, 817. Stephen Harding, by introducing a custom of mutual supervision, and uniting several Abbeys into Monastic Unions, may, in truth, be regarded as a third founder of Western Monasticism. The rules of S. Columba and S. Benedict were substantially the same. The former wore the white, and the latter the black dress. S. Bernard's houses wore white. S. Bernard's cowl, of a greyish white, is still preserved at the Monastery of S. Victor, near Paris.

not successful at the time—it is addressed ad Fulconem *puerum*, by 'frater Bernardus Peccator'—was not ultimately unattended with good results. Fulk, indeed, 'remansit in sæculo;' but he ultimately became Archdeacon of Langres.¹ Here is a sample of a letter to a most attached, but rather too exacting friend, and, what Bernard could not abide—admirer,—in its sharpness it conveys a wise caution.

'If no one knoweth the things which are in a man, except the spirit of man, which is in him; if man seeth the face only, but God searcheth the heart, I marvel—nor can I marvel enough—by what means you could weigh and measure our mutual love for each other, so as to express an opinion, not only of your own, but of your neighbour's heart. It is an error of the human mind, not only to think good evil, and evil good, or true false, and false true, but also to take things certain for things doubtful, and things doubtful for things certain. It is, perhaps, true what you say, that I love you less than you do me; but I am quite certain it cannot be certain to you. How then can you affirm that with certainty of which you are far from certain? Wonderful! Paul does not trust himself to his own judgment; but says, "I judge not mine own self." Peter bewails the presumption by which he deceived himself. When speaking from himself, he said, "Although I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee." David confesses his own self-ignorance; and praying, exclaims, "Remember not my offences." But you, with I know not what boldness—not only concerning your own heart, but even concerning mine—openly declare, that loving more I am cared for less. And these forsooth are your words—and I wish they were not yours, for I do not know whether they are true. Whence, I ask—whence do you know that I am loved by you better than you are by me? Is it from what you add in your letter, that those who go from these parts in your direction do not bring you from me any proof of love and friendship? But what proof or token of love do you expect from me? Are you vexed that I have never answered even one of your numerous letters? But how could I think that the scribblings of my inexperience could ever delight the maturity of your wisdom? I remember who said, "Little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." And when did you ever need any assistance and it was not given to you?'—P. 64.

The letters to Ogerius and to William of S. Thierry, on the subject of their resigning their respective charges, are full of admirable advice, and advice useful even now. It was about this time S. Bernard commenced those wonderful letters—some of them indeed deserving to be called sermons²—which addressed to

¹ So stated in the superscription of the letter apud Mabillon.

² Thus he says to Ogerius:—"And now you have got all the wisdom of the most elegant and eloquent Doctor of whom you have begged, at such a distance to be taught. You have asked for a sermon, and you have got a sermon, and one 'long enough, too.' There is more humour still in the following:—"What you 'ask of me touching Norbert, viz. Whether he be going to Jerusalem, I cannot tell you. I saw him, and spoke to him, a few days ago, and from that heavenly flute—I mean his mouth—I heard many things; but on this point nothing at all. But when I spoke of Antichrist, and asked his opinion, he declared that he knew 'most certainly that he—Antichrist—would be manifested during this very generation which now is. When I pressed him to give me the reasons of his certitude,

princes and popes, and chiefs in both the secular and religious estate, down to humble sisters and needy neighbours, were to produce such a lasting effect on the world. Friendly, political, spiritual, theological, and mystical things occupy nearly 900 pages of Migne's reprint of Mabillon. Some, like the seventy-seventh, are more treatises than letters. In this epistle we have S. Bernard demolishing a theological opponent, and expressing an opinion as to the salvation of infants dying unbaptized (§ 9) which, in harmony with the judgment of Gerson, Gabriel, and Cajetan, is opposed to the Council of Trent, and Bellarmine and his company. Then there is that sweet note to the Countess of Blois, consoling her for the fall of her eldest son, and offering up prayers for his restoration to grace, which prayer God was pleased to grant. His 56th letter speaks of his doubts as to the immediate advent of Antichrist, an event which Mabillon's note tells us J. Picus of Mirandola, in the 15th century, conjectured would take place in the year of grace 1994. Letter 279 complains to the Count of Champagne how one of his vassals had poached and carried off certain pigs belonging to the Abbot of Chatillon, but confided to his (Bernard's) care. Letters 107 and 108 are truly noble and admirable. Letter 138, which Mr. Morison gives, is deserving of perusal. Addressed to our Henry I., it suggests, in the most delicate way, the propriety, and indeed the urgent need there was for him to remit some money to his Holiness who was 'only in need of everything.' S. Bernard tells his Majesty that of course he knows 'what is best to do.' If he did, in Bernard's sense of best, he did not do it. There is the 279th letter, his pathetic and last address to his beloved uncle Andrew, given by Mr. Morison; as are also letters 143, 144, 145, 204, 206, which are all very beautiful. From the 178th, after this hurried glance at S. Bernard's correspondence, we will make the following extract in Mr. Morison's translation:—

'I speak boldly because I love faithfully, nor is that love sincere where any uncertainty keeps up suspicion. The complaints of my Lord of Treves are not confined to him alone, but are common to many others, and chiefly to those who have a sincere affection for your person. There is but one voice among our faithful bishops, which declares that justice is vanishing from the Church; that the power of the keys is gone; that episcopal authority is dwindling away; that a bishop can no longer redress wrongs nor chastise iniquity, however great, even in his own diocese; and the blame of all this they lay on you and the Roman Court. What they ordain aright you annul; what they justly abolish, that you re-establish. All the worthless contentious fellows, whether from the people or the Clergy, or even monks expelled from their monasteries, run off to you, and return boasting that they have found protection, where they ought to have found retribu-

'his answer was not of a kind to make me adopt his view as undoubted truth. He finished by saying that he should not see death till he had witnessed a general persecution of the Church.'

tion. Your friends are confounded, the faithful are insulted, the bishops are brought into contempt and disgrace; and while their righteous judgments are despised, your authority also is not a little injured:—Of a truth God is angry with schismatics; but he is far from well pleased with Catholics:—Many wonder, many are scandalized when such men as these bishops are defended, supported, honoured, protected; men whose lives and morals are infamous to a pitch which would disgrace, do not say bishops, but any laymen you please. I am ashamed to write this, nor ought you ever to have heard it. Granted that while no one accused them they could not be deposed, ought those whom general rumour denounces to be the special objects of promotion from the Holy See?—Pp. 222, 223. The letter is to Pope Innocent.'

It is not too much to say that, under no imaginable circumstances, at the present day, could such a letter as this be written within the obedience of the Roman Church.¹ The fearless exposure of existing and terrible corruptions, and the fearless charging of all upon the chief ruler and responsible person, are above all praise. Development, organic and dogmatic, has changed the surface of the Church.¹ He who complained so bitterly 700 years ago that the episcopate was being superseded, what could he say now were he to witness its utter prostration? Had Bernard lived to witness the commercial successes of Tetzels, and the shameless covetousness of Leo X. there is little reason to doubt that he would have spoken his mind with the vigour and conscientious plainness of Luther, and probably it was in no slight degree owing to the similarity of feeling that Luther expressed himself in terms of such high admiration of the Abbot of Clairvaux. 'If there has ever been a pious monk who feared God, it was S. Bernard, whom alone I hold in much higher esteem than all other monks and priests throughout the globe.'

But if the Abbot of Clairvaux proved himself the 'complete letter-writer' of the Middle Ages, the eminence and success which he achieved in this line of composition was very gradual. It is not difficult to trace the slow formation of the Bernardine

¹ In a former note occurs the name of Norbert, founder of the Premonstratensian order of monks, of whom Bernard makes mention in his 56th letter. He was Archbishop of Magdeburg. Miscalling him Archbishop of Florence, Bramhall says that he 'affirmed by revelation (for he protested that he knew it most certainly) that "Antichrist was to be revealed in that age." And about this time the Waldenses (of whom S. Bernard saith, that "if we inquire into their faith nothing was more Christian, if into their conversation nothing was more irreprehensible") made their secession from the Bishop of Rome; and not long after, in the year 1120, published a book to the world, that "the great Antichrist was come;" that the present governors of the Roman Church—armed with both powers, secular and spiritual—who, "under the specious name of the Spouse of Christ," did "oppose the right way of salvation," were Antichrist'.—Works, Vol. ii. 451. We have been unable to verify the reference for the last statement. Bramhall's note says: Serm. 65 in Cantic. Op. tom. i. p. 991. G. H., Paris, 1586. The passage is not in Mabillon. Mr. Morison, at p. 393, justly complains of Migne's having expurgated a most important and damning passage from a letter of Fulk, Prior of Deuil.

style and refined expression. The same may be said of his sermons, some of which are as capable of modern use as any sermons of days before our own—certainly a great deal more suited for the modern pulpit and modern congregations than the homiletical compositions of our own eighteenth century divines. We shall proceed to lay before our readers some extracts from S. Bernard's sermons, selecting some from Mr. Morison's works—who, in part, avails himself of Mr. Flower's translation—and some from among the untranslated sermons. We shall commence, as Mr. Morison does, with the Homilies on the Annunciation:—

'The angel Gabriel was sent from God! I do not think that this was one of the inferior angels, who, for any cause, are used to carry frequent messages to earth. And this is manifest from his name, which, being interpreted, means "the Strength of God!" And also, because it is not related that he was sent by any Spirit better than himself (as was customary), but by God himself. For this reason, then, it is written, "from God!" Or this, perhaps, was the reason—lest God should be thought to have revealed his counsel to any of His blessed Spirits before He did so to the Virgin, excepting the Archangel Gabriel, who was found among his class to be of such excellence as to be worthy of this name and this message. Nor does the name disagree with the message. For who was more fit to announce Christ—that is, God's power—than he who was honoured by a similar name? For what is strength but power? Neither is it unfit or incongruous for the Lord and the messenger to be called by the same name, as, although the appellation in both is the same, this similarity has not the same cause. In one sense is Christ the strength or power of God; in a different sense is the angel called by the same name. The angel only nominally; Christ substantively.'

To that city, therefore, was the angel Gabriel sent by God. To whom? To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph. Who was the virgin so venerable that she deserved to be selected by an angel—so humble that she was espoused to a carpenter? Beautiful is the union of virginity and humility, and very acceptable is that soul to God in which humility commands virginity, and virginity adorns humility. But what veneration is due to her whose fecundity exalts her humility, and whose maternity consecrates her virginity? You hear she was a virgin: You hear that she was humble. If you cannot imitate the virginity of the humble, strive after the humility of the Virgin. Virginity is a laudable virtue; but more necessary is humility. One is of admonition, the other is of command. To one you are invited, to the other you are compelled. Of one it is said, "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it;" of the other it is said, "Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." One is rewarded, the other is exacted. You may, in a word, be saved without virginity. You cannot be saved without humility. Humility may be pleasing even though it has lost its virginity; but without humility, I make bold to say, that even Mary's virginity would not have been acceptable. "*Upon whom shall my Spirit rest except upon the humble and meek?*" Upon the humble, he says, not upon a virgin. If, therefore, Mary had not been humble, the Holy Spirit would not have rested on her; and if He had not rested on her, He could not have impregnated her. For how could she have conceived of Him without Him? It is clear, then, that in order for her to conceive of the Holy Spirit, as she herself says, "He regarded the lowliness of His

handmaiden" rather than her virginity; and if she pleased through virginity, she conceived through humility. Whence it is plain that her humility was the cause of her virginity being pleasing.'—Pp. 57—59.¹

We can neither discover 'ambitious and gaudy rhetoric,' nor 'the conspicuous absence of high spiritual thought' in this passage. It may be common-place; but it is surely not out of place—his audience considered, and the bias of ecclesiastical thought upon the subject, which he so fully discusses—spiritual in one sense it is as inviting to practical holiness; possibly not spiritual in Mr. Morison's view, on this very account, and it may be also, because savouring over much of dogma. 'Their (the 'sermons) intrinsic worth, or rather worthlessness, does not need discussion. But they are curious, and even valuable as evidences of what effect a highly stimulating objective theology will have on a passionate mind when unprotected by thought and knowledge of a non-religious character. In Bernard's time, the mythology which had gathered round Christ's religion impelled and occupied, without rival or restraint, the warmest temperaments and most active intellects. The facts, and the supposed facts, of this mythology were regarded as far the most important in the history of the world.' (P. 60.) There is, perhaps, a studied ambiguity about this passage which alone keeps us from pronouncing it offensive to every true Christian judgment. Among the many mysteries—for they are many—lying in and surrounding the incarnation, which, we should like to know, form the facts, or *supposed* facts, of this curious 'mythology?' But Mr. Morison only betrays his anti-Catholic predilections when he makes his supremely awkward efforts to be transcendental. So very necessary is common sense in the constitution of a good Christian.

We pass on to the sermons on the Canticles, by which S. Bernard will always be best known. These sermons, delivered in the auditorium, or 'parlour,' of the monastery either at early morn or near sunset, are the noblest productions of the mind of one whose forte was *not* composing, but acting. The numerous

¹ To the same effect, in his famous 'Apology,' addressed to the Cluniacs, who, under the worldly rule of Pontius, would-be Abbot of Abbots, had grievously fallen away from the true obedience of S. Benedict, S. Bernard says, on a kindred subject:—"You calumniate your brethren concerning corporeal observances; and the greater things of the law, its spiritual ordinances, you leave undone—straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Great is your error. Great care is taken that the body be clothed according to the rule, but the soul is not provided with the heavenly vesture which the same rule prescribes. A man without a tunic or a cowl would not be considered a monk: are piety and humility less necessary? We in our tunics and pride have a horror of leathern garments—as if humbleness in skins were not far preferable to pride in tunics. . . . Again, with our bellies full of beans, and our minds of pride, we condemn those who are full of meat; as if it were not better to eat a little fat on occasion, than to be gorged even to belching on windy vegetables."—P. 141.

sermons on this subject preserved to us—they number 86 only—exhaust in the sermon way the first two chapters. His successor at Clairvaux expounded the succeeding two. The following is from the 6th sermon:—

‘But I must not pass over in silence those spiritual feet of God which, in the first place, it behoves the penitent to kiss in a spiritual manner. I well know your curiosity, which does not willingly allow anything obscure to pass by it; nor indeed is it a contemptible thing to know what are those feet which the Scripture so frequently mentions in connexion with God. Sometimes he is mentioned as standing on them, as, “We will worship in the place where thy feet have stood;” sometimes in walking, as “I will dwell in them, and will walk in them;” sometimes even as running, as, “He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.” If it appear right to the apostle to call the head of Christ God, it appears to me as not unnatural to consider his feet as representing man—one of which I shall name mercy, and the other judgment. With these feet, I say, he walks through devout minds, incessantly purifying and searching the hearts and reins of the faithful. Happy is that mind in which the Lord Jesus has placed both of these feet. You may recognise that mind by these two signs, which it must necessarily bear as the marks of the Divine footprints. These are hope and fear—the first representing the image of judgment, the other of mercy. Justly doth the Lord take pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy; seeing that fear is the beginning of wisdom, of which also hope is the increase, and charity the consummation. These things being so, in this first kiss which is received at the feet is not a little fruit; only be careful that you are not robbed of either kiss. If you are pricked by the power of sin and the fear of judgment, you have pressed your lips on the foot of judgment and truth. If you temper the fear and pain by regarding the Divine goodness, and by the hope of forgiveness, you may know that you have embraced the foot of mercy. It profits not to kiss one without the other, because the dwelling on judgment only casts you into the abyss of desperation, while a deceitful trust in mercy generates the worst kind of security. To me also, wretched one, it has been given sometimes to sit beside the feet of the Lord Jesus, and with all devotion to embrace first one and then the other, as far as His loving-kindness condescended to permit me. But if ever forgetful of mercy, through the stings of conscience, I have dwelt too long on the thought of judgment, at once cast down with incredible fear and confusion, enveloped in dark shadows of horror, breathless from out of the deep, I cried, “Who knoweth the power of thy wrath, and through fear of thee who can reckon thy displeasure;”—if it has chanced that I have then clung too closely to the foot of mercy, after forsaking the other, such carelessness and forgetfulness have come upon me that my prayers have grown cold, my work has been neglected, my speech has been less cautious, my laughter more ready, and the whole state of both my outer and inner man less firm. Learning then from experience, not judgment alone, not mercy alone, but mercy and judgment together, will I sing unto thee, O Lord. I will never forget those justifications; they both shall be my song in the house of my pilgrimage until mercy being exalted above judgment, then misery shall cease, and my glory shall sing to thee for ever, and not be silent.’—Pp. 205—207.

Still finer and more striking is the following from the sermon on the Passion:—

‘On account of the great love wherewith Christ loved us, neither the Father spared the Son, nor the Son Himself to redeem his servants. Great

indeed was it, for it exceeds all measures, passes all limits, clearly outstripping all. "Greater love," He saith, "hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.) Thou, O Lord, hadst greater still, laying it down even for thine enemies. For whilst we were yet enemies, we were reconciled to Thee and Thy Father by Thy death. What other love can be, has been, or will be, like Thine? Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; Thou sufferedst for the unjust, dying for our sins, for thou camest to justify sinners freely, to make slaves brethren, captives coheirs, and exiles kings. And nothing surely so clearly sets forth alike His patience and humility, as that He gave up His soul to death, and bare the sins of many, entreating even for transgressors, that they might not perish—a faithful saying, and worthy of all acception! For He was offered because He willed. He not only willed and was offered, but it was because He willed. He alone had the power of laying down His own soul, none took it from Him; He voluntarily offered it. When He had received the vinegar, He said, "It is finished." Nothing remains to be fulfilled. Now, there is nothing for which I have to wait. And bowing His head, being made obedient unto death, He gave up the ghost. Who could so easily fall asleep, on willing it? Death, indeed, is a great weakness: but thus to die is matchless power. For the weakness of God is stronger than men. The madness of man may lay wicked hands upon himself and kill himself; but this is not to lay down one's life, it is rather to destroy it by forcible means than to lay it down at pleasure. He alone gave up His soul unto death, who alone returned by His own power to life. He alone had power to lay it down, who also possessed the full power to take it up again, having the power of life and death. Worthy then is love so inestimable, humility so wonderful, patience so insuperable; worthy clearly is this so holy, unpolluted, and acceptable a victim. Worthy is the Lamb who was slain, to receive power, to accomplish that which He came to effect, to take away the sins of the world. But I say that the sin which prevailed upon the earth was threefold. Do you understand me to mean the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life?—a threefold cord which is not easily broken; therefore many draw, yea are drawn by, this cord of vanity, but that former threefold cord has deservedly greater power among the elect. For how could not the remembrance of His patience repress all pleasure? How should not the recollection of his humility utterly extinguish the pride of life? for that love is beyond question worthy, the thoughts of which can so fill the mind and claim the whole soul to itself, that it completely destroys the sin of curiosity. Powerful, therefore, against these is the Passion of the Saviour. But I have been thinking of explaining how the power of the Cross blots out a threefold sin of another kind, and this perhaps you may hear with great advantage. The first I would call original, the second personal, and the third individual. Original sin, indeed, is that greatest one which we derive from the first Adam, in whom we have all sinned, for whom we all die. The greatest clearly, in that it seizes not only upon the whole human race, but upon every individual thereof, so that there is none, not even one, that can escape. It extends from the first man unto the last, and the poison is dispersed from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. But in another way also it is diffused over the whole of life; from the day, I mean, on which his own mother conceived any one, to that on which the common mother receives him. Else, whence that heavy yoke which is upon all and the whole of the sons of Adam, and that from the day of his coming forth from his mother's womb, until the day of his burial into the mother of all? We are conceived in sin, cherished in darkness, and brought forth in pain. And canst thou doubt the sufficiency of his obedience,

which absolved every one who was under the curse of the first offence. Truly, not as the offence so also is the gift. For sin came from one sin for condemnation, but grace for justification from many sins. And grievous beyond question was that original sin which infected, not only the person, but the nature itself. Yet every one's personal sin is the more grievous when, the reins being let loose, we give up on every hand our members as servants to unrighteousness, being enchained, not only by another's but our own sin also. But most grievous was that especial one which was committed against the Lord of Glory, when wicked men unjustly killed the Just Man, and wretched homicides, or rather (if one may so speak) Deicides, laid their accursed hands on the very Son of God. But what didst Thou do? In the very uplifting of thy hands, when the morning sacrifice was now being changed into the evening offering—on the very strength I say of that incense which ascended into the heavens, covered the earth, and bestrewed even hell itself, worthy to be heard for Thy reverence, Thou criedst, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Oh, how ready art Thou to pardon! Oh, how great is the multitude of Thy mercy, O Lord! Oh, how different are Thy thoughts to our thoughts! Oh, how strong is thy pity even over the wicked! A marvellous thing! He cries, "Forgive them," and the Jews, "Crucify him." His words are soft as oil; but theirs are very spears. Oh, patient charity, and compassionate also! "Charity suffereth long;" this is enough. "Charity is kind," is more than sufficient. "Be not overcome of evil," is abundant charity, but "overcome evil with good," is superabundant; for it was not the patience alone, but the goodness of God that led the Jews unto repentance, because bountiful charity loves, and loves ardently, those with whom it bears. Patient charity puts off, waits, bears with the offender; but kind charity draws, allures, would have him converted from the error of his way, and, in short, covers a multitude of sins. O Jews! ye are stones, but ye strike a soft stone, from which resounds the ring of mercy, and the oil of charity bursts forth! How wilt Thou, O Lord, overflow with the torrent of Thy bliss those who long for Thee, when Thou thus pourest out the oil of Thy mercy upon those who are crucifying Thee.¹—Pp. 373—380.

The following is a good example of Bernard as an expositor and Latin writer. The passage is from the 43rd Sermon on Canticles; the subject, '*Fasciculus myrrhæ dilectus meus mihi, inter ubera mea commorabitur.*' (Cantic. 1. 12.)

'Tu quoque, si sapis, imitaberis sponsæ prudentiam, atque hunc myrrhæ tam charum fasciculum de principali tui pectoris, nec ad horam patieris avelli; amara illa omnia, quæ pro te pertulit, semper in memoria retinens,

¹ Morison, from Flower's Translation. Mr. M. takes no notice of the Poems of S. Bernard, which to the number of seven, are found in Migne's reprint, Tom. iii., 1307—1330; the fourth of which is the '*Jubilæus Rhythmicus de nomine Jesu*,' parts of which are happily to be found in many of our more modern Hymnals. Mabillon prefixes a warning to the reader respecting these poems, and, because metrical compositions were forbidden to the Cistercians, judges them away from the Abbot of Clairvaux. Such a rule may, indeed, have touched any offices composed for public worship; and for this reason S. Bernard may have avoided rhythm in drawing up the office of S. Victor. Berengarius, and his other opponents, objected to Bernard that he had, in his youth, been given to the composition of '*cantiunculas, et urbanos modulos.*' In fact, there is every internal evidence that they are the productions of Bernard's mind and heart; and it is quite impossible to fix on any other writer to whom they can, with any probability, be attributed. To the Hymn *Salve Regina*, the verse said to have been extemporised by him, as he walked up the cathedral of Spire, and beginning, '*O clemens,*' was added.

et assidua meditatione revolvens, quo possis dicere et tu; *Fasciculum myrrhæ dilectus meus mihi, inter ubera mea commorabitur.* Et ego, Fratres, ab ineunte mea conversione, pro acervo meritorum quæ mihi deesse sciebam, hunc mihi fasciculum colligare, et inter ubera mea collocare curavi, collectum ex omnibus anxietatibus et amaritudinibus Domini mei: primum videlicet, infantilium illarum necessitatum; deinde laborum quos pertulit in prædicando, fatigationum in discurrendo, vigiliarum in orando, tentationum in jejunando, lacrymarum in compatiendo, insidiarum in colloquendo; postremo, periculorum in falsis fratribus, conviciorum, sputorum, colaphorum, subsannationum, exprobrationum, clavorum, horumque similium quæ in salutem nostri generis silva evangelica copiosissime noscitur protulisse. Ubi sane inter tot odoriferæ myrrhæ hujus ramusculos minime prætermittendam putavi etiam illam myrrham qua in cruce potatus est, sed neque illam, qua unctus est in sepultura. Quarum in prima applicuit sibi meorum amaritudinem peccatorum; in secunda futuram incorruptionem mei corporis dedicavit. Memoriam abundantie suavitatis horum eructabo, quoad vixero; in æternum non obliviscar miserationes istas, quia in ipsis vivificatus sum. Has olim Sanctus David cum lacrymis requirebat: *veniant mihi, iniquiens, miserationes tue, et vicam.* (Psalm cxviii. 77.) Has et alius quidam sanctorum cum gemitu memorabat, dicens: misericordiæ Domini multæ. Hæc meditari dixi sapientiam, in his justitiæ meæ perfectionem constitui, in his plenitudinem scientiæ, in his divitiis salutis, in his copias meritorum. Ex his mihi interdum potus salutaris amaritudinis, ex his rursum suavis unctio consolationis. Hæc me erigunt in adversis, in prosperis reprimunt, et inter læta tristiaque vitæ præsentis via regia incedenti tutum præbent utrobique ducatum, hinc inde mala imminencia propulsando. Hæc mihi conciliant mundi judicem, dum tremendum potestatibus mitem humilemque figurant; dum non solum placabilem, sed et imitabilem repræsentant eum, qui inaccessible est principatibus, terribilis apud reges terræ. Propterea hæc mihi in ore frequenter, sicut vos scitis; hæc in corde semper, sicut Deus scit; hæc stylo meo admodum familiaria, sicut apparet; hæc mea sublimior interim philosophia, Scire Jesum, et hunc crucifixum. Non requiro ut Sponsa, ubi cubet in meridie (Cant. i. 6), quem lætus amplector mea inter ubera commorantem. Non requiro ubi pascat in meridie quem intueor Salvatorem in cruce. Illud sublimius, istud suavius; panis illud, hoc lac; hoc viscera reficit parvulorum, hoc replet ubera matrum: et ideo inter ubera mea commorabitur. Hunc et vos, dilectissimi, tam dilectum fasciculum colligite vobis, hunc medullis inserite cordis, hoc munite aditum pectoris, ut et vobis inter ubera commoretur. Habete illum semper non retro in humeris, sed ante præ oculis, ne portantes et non odorantes, et onus premat, et odor non erigat.

When we come presently to examine Bernard's attitude towards the Church of his own time, we shall have, for the last time, to quote briefly from his writings. But, in fact, it was owing neither to his letters, nor yet his sermons, overpowering as they are reported to have been, and as we find them, that he owed his almost magical influence with his contemporaries. His personal influence was due more to his presence than to his pen. In fact, he stands almost alone in the annals of the Church as the Peacemaker. His life was spent in seeking and ensuing Peace. In every undertaking, whether in the Church or in the State, Bernard was called to preside or promote the matter in hand. Six assemblies or councils of the Church owed

their success entirely to S. Bernard: the Council of Troyes, 1128; the Council of Etampes, 1130; the Council of Rheims, 1131; and the Council of Sens, 1140. Lastly, there was the Council of Rheims, 1148, and the Assembly of Vezelai, 1146. The most important events in the 'Life and Times' of Bernard group themselves around these gatherings; and we propose examining them in succession.

I. The Council of Troyes met under the presidency of the Legate Mattheu; and in compliance with its most urgent request, Bernard, then in poor health, consented to attend. The markets of Champagne—and, among the towns of Champagne, of Troyes in particular—were so numerous attended that it was the interest of the Counts to protect and escort safely the wealthy traders who frequented these fairs. These armed escorts probably furnished the first idea of the Knights Templars, a body to be enrolled for the protection of the pilgrims to the Holy Land, and the safe keeping of the route to Palestine. Hugo de Pagani, who first formed the plan of the order, discovered that in ten years it had only enrolled nine members. Hugo, of course, betook himself to Bernard, and the memory of the Council of Troyes survives solely in consequence of the part it took in founding the order of the Knights Templars. Mr. Morison says:—

'Bernard's share in this matter does not appear to have extended beyond a general furtherance and approbation of the new order. The rule of the Templars, which it is often said he drew up, was the work of a later period. But his relations with Hugh, the first Grand Master of the Temple, were of the most friendly nature; and at the latter's request he wrote a tractate in praise of the "new warfare,"¹ which is highly characteristic both of the times and of Bernard himself. His "exhortation to the Knights of the Temple" was composed probably four or five years after the Council of Troyes.'

The order thus incorporated and consecrated, so to speak, by S. Bernard survived the changes and chances of two hundred years. The assassination of the order, we can use no milder phrase, is one of the darkest events in mediæval history. Like the Jesuits, they only acknowledged themselves bound to the pope; and like the Jesuits, they were suppressed, and by another Clement—but in a very different way. Of one ecclesiastical usage they were the faithful witnesses; keeping, we may well believe, the traditions of S. Bernard. They celebrated the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ without

¹ The jannissaries, or 'new soldiers,' of Amurath I., embodied in 1361 (twenty-one years after the suppression of the Templars), and all being apostates from the Christian faith, present some points of resemblance to the Christian order. But more prosperous they flourished through five centuries, and actually exercised the despotic power which the Templars were so near obtaining. They were both suppressed with a like murderous violence.

the elevation of the host; a usage which, found one hundred and fifty years later in the time of S. Bonaventura, was still wholly unconnected with adoration. Two centuries after the extermination of the Templars, followed the suppression in England of the Monks of S. Bernard. The Templars were Monks of the Augustinian Order.

II. But Bernard was soon to be called to form and pronounce the judgment of Europe, or of the Church, on a matter of much more importance. In 1130, Honorius II. died; Peter Leonis, ex-monk of Cluny, the grandson of a Jewish usurer, and Gregory of S. Angelo, were both candidates for the seat of Peter. The former had been drawn to the cloister by the influence of S. Bernard. The latter had the majority of votes in the Sacred College, and obtained his election on the same evening that Honorius died, and before Peter Leonis had drawn together his faction. 'The party of Peter forthwith went through the form of election with their pope, dressed him in the proper pontificals, and declared him vicar of Christ under the title of Anacletus II.'

'Rome now contained two armies of ferocious partisans, who soon intermixed their spiritual threats and curses with worldly devastation and bloodshed. Anacletus began the attack by laying siege to the church of S. Peter: bursting open the doors and making a forcible entrance into the sanctuary, he carried off the gold crucifix, and all the treasure in gold, silver, and precious stones. He was so satisfied with his success, that he assailed and despoiled the churches of the capital one after another. Through his ill-gotten gains he bought over the powerful, while he constrained the weak to take his side. Innocent II. was driven to great straits. His friends, the Frangipani, could with difficulty protect his person. He determined to fly from the turbulent city. Two galleys containing himself and his few faithful adherents, dropped down the Tiber, and landed him safely at Pisa. Again taking ship he sailed for S. Gilles, in Provence, and began his journey into France.'

With his usual wicked perversity, Gibbon slurs over all this, as indeed do Roman Catholic Biographers; and tells us that it was only the success of Innocent that branded Anacletus as anti-pope. There is no doubt that Anacletus had broken his secret compact with the Sacred College; and that Innocent, against whom no fault was alleged by his opponent, had been elected before his opponent actually entered the field. His conduct too, was very dignified as well as prudent. Northern Europe favoured him; Cluny, forgetful of her own son, adopted him; he lodged there eleven days, and consecrated the Abbey Church. But the consequences of such a schism were very terrible, and to mitigate these, Louis VI. with the bishops of the French Church held a council at Etampes, for the purpose of fully discussing the respective claims of the hostile popes. Bernard does not appear up to this time to have looked into the

question; but the king and bishops invite him 'in a special manner,' and he 'confessed afterwards, that he went in fear and trembling.'

'Fasting and prayer preceded the opening of the Council, which at once began its deliberations by unanimously agreeing that "a business which concerned God should be entrusted to the man of God," and that his judgment should decide the views of the assembly. He examined the whole question of the double election, the respective merits of the competitors, the life and character of the first elected; and when he opened his mouth the Holy Ghost was supposed to speak through it. Without hesitation or reserve he pronounced Innocent the legitimate Pope, and the only one whom they could accept as such. Acclamations received this opinion, and amid praises to God, and vows of obedience to Innocent, the council broke up.'

This was a giddy eminence for one to stand on who had only reached thirty-nine years of age. But the singular humility of Bernard saved him from the possible evil effects of such homage. And we may add, what higher praise could be bestowed on that generation, than that it understood and appreciated such a character? France decided for Innocent, so did England, Henry, after a personal interview, acknowledging the supremacy at once of Bernard and his client. Bernard hurried then to the half-hostile emperor, and found, and fought, and vanquished him at Liege. Then William X. of Aquitaine owned the power of the minister of peace. Bernard proceeded to Rome, and by peaceable proceedings, by conversing and inquiring, he quietly won over the adherents of Anacletus; and the most determined of his supporters, Roger of Sicily, was upon the point of capitulating, when Anacletus by dying put the whole question to rest. Victor, who succeeded him for a few days, found the position of Innocent impregnable, and wisely withdrew from any contest.

III. The council of Rheims was the immediate result of this acknowledgment of Innocent. It sat fifteen days, and its seventeen canons, mainly touching the morals of the Clergy, were repeated in the second general council of Lateran. The pope presided in person, and subsequently gave further impulse to the decline of Monasticism, by releasing the Cistercians—to the great annoyance of the Cluniacs—from the necessity of paying tithe. But there were other results of this schism, this horrible spectacle of a house divided against itself—of priest, thirsting to shed the blood of brother-priest—which have lasted to our day. As an interpreter of Scripture, Bernard must be regarded as something of an innovator. We have seen how he sought by communings with visible nature to understand the invisible. Laying down the rule, that there is in Scripture a threefold sense, 'historicum, moralem, mysticum,' (serm. xcii. De Diversis,

op. i. col. 1214), he interprets these mystically.¹ And thus, he it was who originated the interpretation of S. Luke xxii. 38, that the two swords of the temporal and spiritual executive are in the hands of Peter and his successor. Bernard did not, indeed, go the whole length of modern Roman interpreters; he refuses to the pope the wielding, even the unsheathing, of the temporal sword. 'Exserendus est nunc uterque gladius in passione Domini, Christo denuo patiente, ubi et altera vice passus est. Per quem autem nisi per vos? Petri uterque est, alter suo nutu, alter suâ manu, quoties necesse est evaginandus.' (Ep. cclvi). Thus he wrote to Eugenius. Another interpretation, and one even more important, is that put forward amid the excitement of the schism, and communicated in a letter, in 1131, 'ad magistrum Gaufredum de Loratories.' (Ep. cxxv). He there brands Peter Leonis with the designation of the Apocalyptic Beast; in so doing unintentionally laying the foundation of a school of prophetic interpretation, which has borne such wonderful fruits. Here is the passage:—

'Bestia illa de Apocalypsi, cui datum est os loquens blasphemias, et bellum gerere cum sanctis (Apoc. xiii. 5—7), Petri Cathedram occupat, tanquam leo paratus ad prædam. Altera quoque bestia juxta vos subsibilat, sicut catulus habitans in abditis. Illa ferocior, ista callidior, pariter convenerunt.'

This application of the Apocalypse, the extravagancies of Exeter-Hallism notwithstanding,² is valuable for many reasons. It involves, in the first place, an acknowledgment most fatal to modern theories of papal impeccability; then, it recognises the existence of an apostasy within the charmed circle of the Sacred

¹ *Veni in hortum meum, soror mea sponsa* (Cantic. v. 1.) Alibi dicitur, *Introduxit me rex in cellarium suum* (Cantic. i. 3); alibi dicitur, *in cubiculum suum* (Cantic. iii. 4). In horto est historicus, in cellario moralis, in cubiculo mysticus. In horto, id est in historia, continetur triplex Trinitatis operatio, &c. Thus it will be seen that Bernard anticipated the maxim of Aquinas (Summa, p. i., Q. 102, Art. 1). In omnibus quæ S.S. tradit, pro fundamento tenenda veritas historica et desuper spirituales expositiones fabricandæ. No attempt had been made as yet to restrict the use of the Bible. Innocent III., in 1199, was the first who endeavoured to prohibit the general study of it. On the contrary, such writers as Anselm and Bonaventura, and in the Eastern Church John Damascenus, earnestly recommended the devout study of the Holy Scriptures. In his letter to Hugh of S. Victor Bernard claims the liberty—perhaps he was the first of his day to do so—of explaining Scripture as he thought right, provided he did not contradict the Fathers and the Rule of Faith. Epist. 77.

² In a sermon on Antichrist, by the present Canon McNeile, a very outrageous use has been made of the above-quoted passage. The preacher employs the passage, as, no doubt, others have done since on his authority, to prove that even at such an early date, and by such as Bernard, the Pope was regarded as Antichrist. We notice so antique a folly now simply because we have not discovered any retraction of it. It was ably exposed at the time by Mr., now Dr., De Burgh. It is quite evident that Mr. McNeile had never read the letter itself, and that he did not understand the sentence he quoted, nor the pun upon the Antipope's name.

College.¹ Lastly, it suggests—and thus falls in with what we regard as the only reliable Apocalyptic scheme—that an erring Christian Teacher—and many considerations seem to strengthen the opinion that that teacher will be the most forward in the world's view—will prove himself the agent and ally of Antichrist. Anyhow, Bernard exercised a permanent influence, in some measure, as did S. Augustin, upon the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. The times were ripe, indeed, for prophetic studies. If no other result flowed from that fearful schism, which was healed by the influence of Bernard; it originated, undesignedly, a new course of prophetic speculation.

The year after the termination of the schism—which was in 1137—Bernard was called to mourn over the death of his beloved brother, Gerard, when he poured forth that matchless stream of devout and impassioned tenderness—the funeral sermon on the death of his brother—the twenty-sixth of his sermons on the Canticles. The following year, Malachi was at Clairvaux, on his way to Rome, where he besought his Holiness to allow him to live and die at Clairvaux. Had Innocent acceded to this request, the question of the Pallium, which has since been so much discussed, would never have arisen. Whatever the bestowal of this might import, Innocent refused it until 'a general council of the bishops, clergy, and chief men of 'the country' was convened, and then application made for it, 'as the wish and approbation of all.' Then taking the mitre from his own head, he placed it on Malachi; he gave him also the stole and maniple, which he himself was in the habit of using, and dismissed him with the kiss of peace and his blessing. Nine years after, in the year 1148, Malachi was destined by the love of God to end his days where he desired. On his way a second time to Rome, he rested at Clairvaux. Bernard wrote the life of his friend; it is the most uninteresting of all his compositions, but the conclusion of it redeems it. Malachi said:—

¹ Joachim, Abbot of Flora, was himself originally a Cistercian. Following Bernard in a few years, he seems to have adopted some of his Apocalyptic theories (on this see further on); as he imitated him in his endeavours to exalt the papacy. To Joachim we owe the notions that characterise the Protestant Eschatological School—the year-day theory, that the *City* Rome is Babylon, that Rome is the birthplace of Antichrist. He told Richard Cœur de Leon, in 1190, that the mystical Antichrist (distinct from the *person* which was to come) was already born. We learn from Mr. Gregorovius (*Die Grabmäler der Römischen Päpste*, 1857) that there is a prophecy current among Romanists that there will be yet ten Popes; after these there will be a terrible persecution of the Holy Roman Church; and Peter of Rome the Second will feed his sheep in much tribulation; this passed, the seven-hilled city will be overthrown, and there will ensue the judgment.

"Beloved, the day draweth nigh which, as you well know, I have ever hoped would be the day of my departure. I know in whom I have put my trust. He who in his mercy has led me to the place which I sought, will not deny me the last end I have wished for. As regards this poor body, here will it find a resting place. As concerns my soul, the Lord will provide, who saves those who place their hope in Him." On the feast of All Saints he was visibly dying. Towards evening he called the monks to his bedside, and looking up at them, he said, "Greatly have I desired to eat this passover with you. Thanks be to God, I have had my desire." Then placing his hand on each one, and giving his blessing to all, he bade them go to rest, as his hour had not yet come. They went and returned towards midnight. Several abbots who were staying at Clairvaux were present. "With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, we followed our friend on his homeward journey. In the fifty-fourth year of his age, in the place and at the time he had foretold and chosen, Bishop Malachy, taken by angels from out of our hands, happily fell asleep in the Lord. Truly he fell asleep. All eyes were fixed upon him, yet none could say when the Spirit left him. When he was dead he was thought to be alive; while yet alive he was supposed to be dead. The same brightness and serenity were ever visible. Death seemed to have no power over them, it seemed to increase them. He was not changed, but we. Marvelously and suddenly the sobs and grief were hushed. Sorrow was changed into joy, song banished lamentation, faith had triumphed. And in deed wherefore should we bewail Malachy above measure, as if his death were not precious,—as if it were not rather sleep than death,—as if the port of death were not the portal of life? Malachy, our friend, sleepeth, and shall I weep? If the Lord has given sleep to his beloved one, and such a sleep, in which there was the inheritance of God, the reward of the Son, the fruit of the womb—which of these tells me to weep? Shall I bewail him who has escaped from tears? He rejoices, he triumphs, he enters into the joy of the Lord; and shall I make lamentation over him? All things being prepared in the Church of the Holy Mary, mother of God, in which he had been well pleased, Malachy was committed to the tomb, in the year of the Incarnation, 1148. Thine, O Jesus, is the treasure which is entrusted to us. We keep it to be restored to Thee when Thou shalt think meet to ask it. We pray only that he may not go forth from hence without his companions, but that he, who was our guest, may be also our leader, to reign with Thee and him for ever and ever, Amen."

And who will withhold the 'Amen,' to that most touching prayer?

IV. The first visit of Malachi had been in 1139; in 1140, was held the important Council of Sens, in which, confirming the censures of the previous assembly at Soissons, Abelard was condemned. Before entering on this, the most notable event of his life, it will be well to examine the services rendered by Bernard to the Church, in defence of the truth. This will bring before us the relation in which generally Bernard stood to the religious thought, and the Church, of his day. We have already recited his solemn protest addressed to Innocent, touching the abuses of the pontifical authority and influence. Innocent was followed by Eugenius, Bernard's own son in the faith; but he did not, unhappily for himself, close his days without treating with the most marked ingratitude the eminent churchman to whom he

owed his election. The troubles of his declining years, (he died in 1143), might have been at least mitigated, had he stooped to avail himself of the advice of his discarded friend. Celestine II. succeeded in 1144, and ruled for five months. Lucius II. succeeded Celestine, and having died in 1145 from the effects of a blow inflicted by a stone, during the disturbances excited by Arnold of Brescia, was in his turn succeeded by Eugenius III. During all this time, the Church was harassed by continually recurring heresies: we, of course, are well aware that there are no heresies now in the Church of Rome. There is no difference of opinion upon matters of doctrine; opinion is one, and that is right. But it was not so in the days of S. Bernard; nay, it was not so with himself. We learn, from a curious note supplied by Mr. Morison (p. 388), that S. Bernard was in a vision of the night seen by one of his own Cistercians, suffering in purgatory, for at least twenty years, to atone for the heresy propounded in the following letter to the clergy of the Church of Lyons, condemning them for instituting a festival of the immaculate conception, and *exposing the heretical notions involved in such a celebration*. After some opening remarks complimentary to that church, he thus proceeds—writing about 1140 (Ep. 174):—

‘Unde miramur satis, quid visum fuerit hoc tempore quibusdam vestrum voluisse mutare colorem optimum, novam inducendo celebritatem, quam vetus ecclesia nescit, non probat ratio, non commendat antiqua traditio. Nunquid Patribus doctiores, aut devotiores sumus? At valde honoranda est, inquis, Mater Domini. Bene Admones: sed honor Reginae judicium diligit. Virgo regia falso non eget honore, veris cumulata honorum titulis, infulis dignitatum. Honora sane integritatem carnis, vitæ sanctitatem; mirare fecunditatem in Virgine, Prolem venerare divinam. Extolle nescientem, vel in concipiendo concupiscentiam, vel in pariendo dolorem. Prædica reverendam Angelis, desideratam gentibus, Patriarchis, Prophetisque præcognitam, electam ex omnibus, prælatam omnibus. Magnifica gratiæ inventricem, mediatricem salutis, restauratricem seculorum: exalta denique exaltatam super choros Angelorum ad celestia regna. Hæc mihi de illa cantat Ecclesia, et me eadem docuit decantare. Ego vero quod ab illa accepi, securus et teneo, et trado: quod non scrupulosius, fateor, admiserim.

Highly—and beyond the limits of orthodoxy as we believe—as Bernard revered the Blessed Virgin, he knew nothing of her deification. He proceeds to compare the cases of Jeremiah and the Baptist. Like them he pronounces the Blessed Virgin to have been holy from the womb:—

‘Fuit procul dubio et Mater Domina ante sancta, quam nata: nec fallitur omnino sancta Ecclesia, sanctum reputans ipsum Nativitatis ejus diem, et omni anno cum exultatione universæ terræ votiâ celebritate suscipiens. Ego puto, quod et copiosior sanctificationis benedictio in eam descenderit, quæ ipsius non solum sanctificaret ortum, sed et vitam ab omni deinceps peccato custodiret immunem: quod nemini alteri in natis

quidem mulierum creditur esse donatum. Decuit nimirum Reginam virginum singularis privilegio Sanctitatis, absque omni peccato ducere vitam : quæ dum peccati mortisque pareret peremptorem, munus vitæ et justitiæ omnibus obtineret. Sanctus igitur ortus, quoniam immensa prodians ex utero sanctitas sanctum fecit illum. Quid adhuc addendum his putamus honoribus ? Ut honoretur, inquiunt, et conceptus, qui honorandum prævit partum : quoniam si ille non præcessisset, nec iste esset qui honoratur. Quid, si alius, propter eandem causam, etiam utrique parenti ejus festos honores asserat deferendos ? Sed de avis et proavis idipsum posset pro simili causa quilibet flagitare : et sic tenderetur in infinitum, et festorum non esset numerus. Patriæ est, non exilii, frequentia hæc gaudiorum : et numerositas festivitatum cives decet, non exules. Sed profertur Scriptura supernæ, ut aiunt, revelationis : quasi et quivis non queat Scriptum æque producere, in quo Virgo videatur idipsum mandare et de parentibus suis, juxta Domini mandatum. Unde ergo conceptionis Sanctitas ? An dicitur sanctificatione præventa, quatenus jam sancta conciperetur, ac per hoc sanctus fuerit conceptus ; quemadmodum sanctificata jam in utero dicitur, ut sanctus consequeretur et ortus ? Sed non valuit ante sancta esse quam esse : si quidem non erat antequam conciperetur. An forte inter amplexus maritales sanctitas se ipsi conceptioni immiscuit, ut simul et sanctificata fuerit et concepta ? Nec hoc quidem admittit ratio. Quomodo namque aut Sanctitas absque Spiritu sanctificante, aut Sancto Spiritui societas cum peccato fuit ? Aut certe peccatum quomodo non fuit, ubi lubido non defuit ? Nisi forte quis dicat de Spiritu Sancto eam, et non de viro conceptam fuisse : sed id hactenus inauditum. Et si licet loqui quod Ecclesia sentit, et verum ipsa sentit : dico gloriosam de Spiritu Sancto concepisse, non autem et conceptam fuisse ; dico peperisse virginem, non tamen et partum a virgine. Alioquin ubi erit prærogativa Matris Domini, quæ singulariter creditur exultare et munere prolis, et integritate carnis, si tantumdem dederis et matri ipsius ? Non est hoc virginem honorare, sed honori detrahare. Si igitur ante conceptum sui sanctificari minime potuit quoniam non erat ; sed nec in ipso quidem conceptu, propter peccatum quod inerat : restat ut post conceptum in utero jam existens sanctificationem accepisse credatur, quæ excluso peccato sanctam fecerit nativitatem non tamen conceptionem. Quomobrem etsi quibus vel paucis filiorum hominum datum est cum sanctitate nasci ; non tamen et concipi : ut uni sane servaretur sancti prærogativa conceptus, qui omnes sanctificaret, solusque absque peccato veniens, purgationem faceret peccatorum. Solus itaque Dominus Jesus de Spiritu Sancto conceptus, quia solus et ante conceptum sanctus. Quo excepto, de cætero universos respicit ex Adam natos : quod unus humiliter de semetipso ac veraciter confitetur : *In iniquitatibus*, inquiens, *conceptus sum, et in peccatis concepit me mater mea* (Ps. l. 7). Cum hæc ita se habeant, quenam jam erit festivæ ratio Conceptionis ? Quo pacto, inquam, aut sanctus asseretur conceptus, qui de Spiritu Sancto non est, ne dicam de peccato est : aut festus habebitur, qui minime sanctus est ? Libenter gloriosa hoc honore carebit, quo vel peccatum honorari, vel falsa induci videtur sanctitas, &c.¹

The subject of the Immaculate Conception was treated exhaustively in this Review in April, 1852. But we have given this celebrated letter in extenso,¹ that it may be seen how wholly irreconcilable with the modern doctrine, respecting the Blessed Virgin Mary were the tenets of Bernard. The distinction be-

¹ There are one or two unimportant omissions.

tween the conception active, and the conception passive, will not save his orthodoxy; nothing can be plainer than that he condemns the doctrine in the whole, and therefore in every part. And since he was condemned, as we have seen he was, *in*, we do not say *by*, his own order, that censure goes to confirm what the letter we have quoted puts beyond doubt. Dr. H. E. Manning indeed in his preface to the life of S. Bernard, by the Abbé Ratisbonne, says:—

‘With what joy would he have hailed the authoritative definition of his own doctrine, perfect in identity of substance, only expressed with more scientific accuracy of mental and verbal analysis.’¹

To say that this statement is wholly irreconcilable with what Bernard himself says is superfluous. But let us contrast it with the words of one whose judgment Dr. Manning must now respect, and who is specially interested in any attempt to harmonize the teaching of St. Bernard with the great modern heresy.

‘Yet it is evident from the tenor of his language that he had no idea in his mind beyond that of active conception.’²

Two sentences more conflicting can hardly be imagined. If for ‘*mental*’ Dr. Manning had said ‘*physical*’ analysis, and had he acknowledged that Bernard knew nothing of that distinction between conception and animation which, however entertained in idea, may be wholly fanciful, as a matter of fact, and is contradictory to all analogies, he would have written, we presume to think, more correctly and more discreetly. Bishop Ullathorne states that Bernard ‘had no idea in his mind’ respecting that passive conception—the infusion of the soul, upon the recognition of which depends the whole doctrine. What then *does* Bernard affirm? Is it a bare corporeal maculateness. Assuredly he affirms that somehow, for some time, in some respect she was

¹ Preface, p. 9, History of Life of S. Bernard, by M. L’Abbé Ratisbonne, translated from the French by the Sisters of S. Mary’s Convent, Greenwich, with preface by H. E. Manning, D.D. (Duffy, Dublin, 1859). ‘The translation,’ this English editor tells us, ‘reads off, not as a translation, but with the facility of an original.’ This sentence preceding that above quoted is as follows:—‘It is remarkable that the very letter closes with a declaration which reads like a prophecy. He protests that, in all he had written, he submitted himself with entire faith to any judgment which should be afterwards made by the Church. “I reserve,” he says, “this point, and all others of the same kind, to the authority and judgment of the Roman Church; and if I had advanced anything contrary to the decision which shall be made by it, I am ready to correct my opinion.” What Bernard does say is, “Quæ autem dixi, absque præjudicio sane dicta sint sanius sapientis, Romanæ præsertim Ecclesiæ auctoritati atque examini totum hoc, sicut et cetera quæ ejusmodi sunt, universa reservo; ipsius, si quid aliter sapio, paratus judicio emendare.” How much of prophecy there is in this, and how far Dr. Manning gives a fair and candid version of Bernard’s words, our readers can easily decide.

² Bishop Ullathorne, Exposition, p. 141: London, 1855.

'*in sin.*' It comes to this: Bernard had one doctrine, Bishop Ullathorne has another, which he says himself Bernard had no idea of. With a boldness which would be amusing only that it savours so much of Italian effrontery, Dr. Manning tells us that between these two there is a perfect identity. How great would have been Bernard's own joy (may we say amazement?) at discovering this perfectness of identity, the preface writer tells us:

'He would have rejoiced with all the powers of his reason and of his heart, as the fathers of the Ante-Nicene ages would have rejoiced, if they could have heard the definition of Nicæa and the more perfect distinctions of the Athanasian Creed.'

According to Bishop Ullathorne, the Canons of Lyons were the persons who would indeed have been glad. The Roman Catholic Biographer—who abounds in the miracles of S. Bernard, who discreetly omits all mention of the murderous doings of the factions in Rome mentioned above, exhibits considerable adroitness in his dealing with this letter. He calls it indeed the 'Memorable letter to the Chapter at Lyons;' but he thus indirectly alters the address, while he omits the whole argument.

'At a time when all kinds of novelties were seizing upon men's imaginations he thought it his duty to point out to the Pope a solemnity, the subject of which had not yet been positively pronounced on by the Church.'¹

The italics are our own. Is it not strange that on this particular and most important subject the Pope should have disregarded a suggestion given by one whom he always was guided by! And still more curious that Bernard should never have written to the Pope on the subject at all! Nor yet to the Bishops whom in his 189th letter he calls to this duty—'*quorum esset ministerii de dogmatibus judicare!*' We need scarcely add that there is not a shred of evidence in the rest of the writings of Bernard, any more than here, that he ever brought the subject before the notice of the Supreme Pontiff.²

One of the most important of the writings of Bernard is the tract in five books '*De Consideratione*,' addressed to Eugenius III, a Pope over whom S. Bernard continued to exercise such influence, that as Bernard himself says in his 239th letter, '*Aiunt non vos esse Papam sed me.*' What Bernard thought of the very centre of the church of his day, may be gathered from the following somewhat lengthy but instructive extract,

¹ L'Abbé Ratisbonne, p. 245. This writer, p. 127, states that S. Bernard's admirable treatise on '*Grace and Freewill*' forms the basis of the Tridentine decree on this doctrine. Our limits compel us to forego investigating the correctness of this statement.

² Anselm, Bernard's predecessor, is very out-spoken. '*Virgo tamen ipsa, unde assumptus est, est in iniquitatibus concepta, et in peccatis concepit eam mater ejus, et cum originali peccato nata est, quoniam et ipsa in Adam peccavit, in quo omnes peccaverunt.*'—*Cur Deus homo*, ii. c. 16.

from the little work just referred to. We quote from Mr. Morison and include his comments.

'The Pope, he observes, is occupied from morning to night in hearing law-suits, "and would that the day were sufficient to the evil thereof; but the nights are not exempt. Sleep enough is hardly granted to exhausted nature, when you must be up again to hear quarrels and disputes." Eugenius, he says, can scarcely ever get an hour to himself; and when is he to pray? when to teach the people? when to edify the Church, if he is to be always disputing or hearing others dispute? Rome, whether the capital of the Pagan or the Christian world, continues as ever to be the centre to which "all things atrocious and shameful" find their way. "The ambitious, the grasping, the simoniacal, the sacrilegious, the adulterous, the incestuous, and all such like monsters of humanity, flock to Rome, in order either to obtain or to keep ecclesiastical honours at the hand of the Pope." Causes must be heard, doubtless, but let it be in a becoming manner; for the present fashion is plainly execrable, and one which is unbecoming, I do not say to the Church, but even to the market-place. I indeed wonder how your religious ears can endure the pleadings of the advocates, and the clash of words which lead rather to the perversion than to the discovery of the truth. Correct this evil custom; cut off the tongues which talk vanity; shut the deceitful mouths. These advocates are they who have taught their tongues to speak lies, being eloquent against justice, and learned in the science of falsehood. They destroy the simplicity of truth; they obstruct the paths of justice. Nothing with such facility makes truth manifest as a short and unperverted narrative. I would wish you therefore to decide upon those causes which must come before you carefully, yet briefly withal, resolutely avoiding vexatious delays. Let the cause of the widow, the cause of the poor, of him who hath not wherewith to give, come before you. The rest you can leave to the decision of others; indeed many are not worthy even to be heard. But such is the impudence of some, that, when their whole case bears upon its very face the marks of ambition and intrigue, they yet do not blush to demand an audience. In a word, the whole Church is full of ambitious men, and has no more ground to be horrified at their schemes and plots, than has a den of thieves at the spoil of wayfarers.'

'This was not the first time that Bernard had lifted up his voice against the evils which an excessive centralization was bringing on the papacy. Priest and churchman as he was in every fibre of him, he could not endure corruption, incapacity, or injustice, even when they borrowed the robes of the sanctuary for their protection. On the contrary, and in this respect, he only resembles most of his illustrious contemporaries; he believes in outspoken honesty, as perhaps the sharpest, but also the most efficacious, remedy in all cases which affected the real health and excellence of the Church. In other words, neither he nor his contemporaries were banded together to defend a system *per fas et nefas*, regardless of their implements. Doubtless, he would not allow any tampering with "Catholic verity," or permit any fundamental changes in Church discipline. But the fact that a man pretended to hold "Catholic verity," or was an ardent supporter of Church discipline, was not enough to make Bernard think him perfect, in spite of grievous faults or even vices—in spite of narrow-mindedness, licentiousness, and cruelty.¹ That the papal supremacy in the Middle

¹ A very notable and interesting case of this is to be found in the very fearless, if not actually bitter, hostility shown by Bernard to one Rodolph, a monk, who, in the excitement attending the opening of the second Crusade, got up a most cruel persecution of the Jews, and well-nigh succeeded in exterminating them. 'Had

Ages conferred great benefits on Europe is a position which few will now be inclined to call in question. As a counterpoise to the brute force of feudalism, its services can with difficulty either be valued or over-estimated. To grant, or rather to maintain, so much does not preclude us from the further statement that the papacy had hardly reached its acme of beneficence, before it began to be injurious to the world. Like the despotisms of the Cæsars, the despotism of the Popes first relieved its subjects from intolerable evils, and then inflicted on them evils as great or greater. An unflinching centralization was gradually established, by which all independent life and energy were withdrawn from the members, and condensed at Rome. The episcopal office was lowered and weakened, both in reality and in public estimation, by the swarm of legates who were spread over Europe. These ecclesiastical proconsuls were chiefly employed to observe and to combat all attempts at local self-government in the provinces over which they were appointed. By their close connexion with the Holy See, they towered high above the national bishops in influence and authority. If they were able and upright, they only added to the prestige of Rome; if they were rapacious and incompetent, they only humbled to a great degree the local clergy, who bore their exactions as they best could; for an appeal against the Pope's legate was not a measure from which much could be hoped. As these pretensions increased, the pecuniary needs of Rome increased in a similar or greater ratio. The belief throughout the West was universal that any cause could be made to triumph at Rome, if well supported by money. As the popes wanted money very much indeed, and appeals to Rome contributed a great deal of money, it was their policy to stimulate and foster the tendency to appeal, to the utmost of their power. The party which appealed had already secured the favour of the Roman Church. Wealthy culprits were naturally ready to hasten before a tribunal where gold was more potent than innocence. The revenues of the papacy were vastly increased; externally the monarchy of the Pope rose in grander proportions of majesty and power. But the seeds of the foulest corruption were planted at the base of the mighty fabric, and grew with little interruption till the great catastrophe in the sixteenth century.

‘Bernard only saw the beginnings of these evils; but he saw enough to make him give forth “no uncertain sound” with regard to them. “It appears to me,” he says, “that appeals may become a great evil if they are not managed with the greatest care. Appeals come to you from all the world. This is a testimony to your supremacy. But if you be wise, you will not rejoice in the supremacy but in its usefulness. Would that appeals to you were as profitable as they are inevitable! Would that, when the oppressed cry out, the oppressors were made to feel it, and that the wicked could not wax proud over the sufferings of the poor! What can be more fitting than that the invocation of your name should afford relief to the oppressed, and, at the same time, offer no refuge to the crafty? What, on the other hand, can be more perverse, more alien from the right, than that the evil-doer should rejoice, while the sufferer wearies himself in vain? Are you without compassion for the injured man, the measure of whose injuries is filled up by the labour of a journey to Rome, and the expenses attending it? For how long will you neglect or refuse to notice the murmurs of the whole world! How long will you slumber? When will you awake to this confusion and abuse of the right of appeal? Appeals are

not the tender mercy of the Lord,’ says a contemporary Jewish writer, ‘sent that priest (Bernard), none would have survived.’ Mr. Morison notes how both Voltaire and Gibbon illustrate their own precious philosophy by attributing the humane efforts of Bernard to a feeling of rivalry against Rodolph.

made against law and rights, against custom and order. Bishops are appealed against, that they may not presume to dissolve or prohibit unlawful marriages, or punish or restrain in any way either rapine, theft, or sacrilege. They are appealed against that they may not depose or repel unworthy or infamous persons from the sacred offices. What remedy will you find for this disease? Now you will ask, perhaps, Why do not those who are thus unjustly treated come before me, display their innocence, and expose the guilt of their adversaries? I will repeat what they are in the habit of replying: We will not be vexed for nothing. At the Roman Court are men who readily favour appellants, and encourage appeals. As we must yield, it is better to yield here than at Rome; cheaper to lose our cause at home, than, after a tedious journey, across the Alps.

"I speak of the murmur and complaint of the churches. They declare that they are being mutilated and dismembered. None, or very few, are there who do not suffer from, or gravely fear, the wounds I speak of. You ask, And which are they? I will tell you: Abbots are withdrawn from the authority of bishops, bishops from that of archbishops, and the latter from that of patriarchs or primates. By doing this you prove you have a plenitude of authority, but scarcely of justice. Remember the deed, or rather crime of Ahab, who was lord of all, yet lusted after another's vineyard. May God preserve you from hearing the words which he heard: 'Thou hast killed and also taken possession!'"

These passages are to be found in the 2nd chapter of the third book '*De Consideratione*.' The following, a portion of which is quoted by Gibbon in his sixty-ninth chapter, with the remark, that though 'this dark portrait is not coloured by the pencil of 'Christian charity; yet the features, however harsh and ugly, 'express a lively resemblance of the Romans of the twelfth century'—is from the 2 cap. lib. iv.

'Whom can you mention in that vast city, who received you as Pope, without the intervention of reward, or the hope of it? Then, especially, your courtiers aimed at authority when they made vows of servitude. They pretend to be faithful, that they may the more conveniently injure those who trust them. In the future you will have no place or determination from which they will consider you have a right to exclude them, no secret into which they will not thrust themselves; and, if your porter were to cause only a little delay to any one of them at your doorway, I would not like to be in that porter's place. And now, judge from my description whether I do not know something of their manners. In the first place, they are cunning to do evil, but how to do good they are ignorant. They are hateful to heaven and earth, on both of which they have laid violent hands; impious they are towards God, but with regard to holy things, seditious and envious among themselves, cruel towards strangers, who, loving no man, are loved of none; and, as their pretension is to be feared by all, they inevitably fear all. They cannot endure subjection, yet they are incapable of ruling, faithless to their superiors, intolerable to their inferiors. They are shameless in asking favours, truculent in refusing them, importunate to receive, restless till they do receive, ungrateful when they have done so. They have taught their tongues to speak great things, but they do very little. They are great promisers, but scanty performers; most subtle flatterers, and most biting detractors, natural dissemblers, and most malicious traitors.

'Among such men you, their pastor, move about, covered with gold and gorgeous apparel; what do the sheep get of it? If I might speak out,

they are demons rather than sheep, which graze in these pastures. The zeal of churchmen now is never warmed but for the preservation of their dignity. Regard is now paid only to rank and honour : no notice, or very little, is taken of sanctity. Humility is so despised at the Roman Court, that you will more readily find men really humble, than willing to appear so. The fear of the Lord is regarded as simpleness, not to say as folly. A thoughtful man and careful of his conscience they declare to be a hypocrite. A lover of peace and retirement they pronounce to be a useless person.¹

Upon these passages Mr. Morison thoughtfully remarks :

‘These passages have not only the merit of singular earnestness and force, they show the lofty character of Bernard’s mind, and the far-reaching glance of his intellectual vision. His mind almost seems to pierce through the gloom of four centuries of the future, and to anticipate Luther’s denunciations against the sins of the papacy. Indeed, to any who can look below the surface, to any who can see through the varying costume which each successive age throws over the deeper characteristics of human nature, there will appear much in the Abbot of Clairvaux to remind them of the great Saxon Reformer. The same vehemence, not to say hastiness, of temper, the same fearless disregard of consequences in denouncing falsehood and sin, the same dauntless courage, the same real humility and gentleness under all their [whose ?] divine wrath. This similarity becomes almost startling, if we compare the language in which they both speak of Rome and its inhabitants. The Catholic Abbot evidently remembered his visits to the metropolis of Christianity, with feelings differing but little from those which the founder of Protestantism imbibed there twelve [we presume Mr. Morison means three] generations afterwards.

Such were the opinions of Bernard on the all-engrossing topics of his day. What he would have *done* had he been allowed to witness the failure of all he *said*, it is perhaps not easy to conceive. He only outlived Eugenius by one year, and then there arose a Pontiff who knew not Bernard. We must again and again be reminded that it is not an obscure monk who thunders forth this solemn censure against the whole administration and the supreme administrator of the Church, but the most eminent Theologian of the day. It has been well said that, whether their tenets respecting personal election be true or not, Calvinists must act as if they were not true—be as anxious and industrious in making their calling and election sure, as if there were no foregoing irreversible and absolute decree. So members of the Roman obedience must think, and act, and suffer, as if infallibility and all the divine and holy qualities that it involves were wholly non-existent. Of course, aided by Dr. Manning’s ‘mental and verbal analysis,’ we might say that Bernard is not censuring here what he seems to censure, but something wholly different ; but wanting Dr. Manning’s acuteness we cannot imagine what.²

¹ Rome had but little changed apparently since the days of Catiline and Horace.

² We should like to have Dr. Manning’s analysis of the following, in Book iv., cap 7, of the ‘De Consideratione :’—‘Consideres ante omnia Sanctam Romanam

Bernard now filled the place that Anselm had vacated, and he was in some respects better qualified than our great primate to make head against the scholasticism of the monk Abelard, and the liberalism of the demagogue monk, Arnold. There can be little doubt that the efforts of Bernard succeeded in stopping the spread of, and eventually removing, the *political* notions of Arnold, whose cruel death—he was burnt alive; but M. Ratisbonne, employing his verbal and mental analysis, says ‘he suffered on the scaffold’—must be answered for by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and the vigorous Englishman Pope Adrian IV. We are as far as possible, however, from justifying the revolutionary violence of Arnold. If the Roman court is to be converted to the faith ‘that the Kingdom of Christ is not of this world,’ perhaps more success will attend the endeavours of Passaglia from the Chambers of Turin than the factious declamations of the unfortunate Arnold. But it displays in a very clear light the tenderness of Bernard, and the merciful character of the Popes over whom he had any influence, that they were content, as Gibbon somewhat incautiously admits, to wander about in exile, when they might have caused the temporal sword to be unsheathed against the demagogue.

Arnold had been the pupil of Abelard. Abelard was a native of Brittany and of illustrious lineage, and the senior of Bernard by twelve years. They had already met at Morigny in 1131 in attendance on the Pope; but, although Abelard had previously fallen under the censure of the Church, none but friendly relations subsisted between him and Bernard. Already for many years Abelard’s sorrow and shame were before the world. We are not going to review that harrowing and romantic tale, familiar to most of us in the polished and pathetic and indecent verses of Pope. The halo, however, that poetry pours around the narrative, is slightly dispelled by the discovery that Abelard, if a handsome man, was shorter in stature than Heloise, and that Heloise herself was deficient in personal attractions. Rightly regarded, their amour was in point of fact nothing more than a common case of common seduction, the wrongs of which neither society nor the church concerned themselves to redress. After their marriage, and when he was yet suffering under the terrible vengeance of Fulbert, Abelard turned monk and wrote his ‘*Liber Calamitatum*,’ a work thoroughly trustworthy. In his early life he had professed to sit at the feet of William of Champeaux; but this great master of dialectics soon found an opponent in his

Ecclesiam, cui Deo auctore preces, Ecclesiarum matrem esse, non Dominam; ite vero non dominum episcoporum, sed unum ex illis. We may observe that S. Bernard did not find, as Psellus his contemporary did, the Blessed Virgin in the Song of Songs.

pupil. Happy had it been for Abelard, had he remained content with the palms gained in the schools! But on his mother's following the example of his father and becoming 'religious,' in an evil moment Abelard took up the study of Theology. His commentary on Ezekiel drew him to Paris, and to the society of Heloise. The result is known. His genius, if he had genius, drooped and withered, scorched up by his passion; and the thousands who had flocked to listen to him rapidly fell away. When, however, he had withdrawn to the cloister, his popularity revived; he gave the world then his work on the Trinity, which was condemned by the Council of Soissons.¹ But it was his 'Introductio ad Theologiam,' which brought his heretical bias to the knowledge of Bernard. Bernard had heard Abelard lecture in Paris, and had found no fault, and most certainly would not have of his own will descended into the arena with such an adversary. Bernard of course could have cared nothing about Abelard's physical heresies. Whether Aristotle was right in making form the essence of all existences, and matter only what determines them, or Abelard right in making matter the essence and form the accident, could have but little effect upon the Abbot of Clairvaux. But Bernard, when forced into an investigation of the complaints against Master Peter, plainly saw the perilous tendencies of his philosophy, and the actual Sabellianism which he set forth. The 'three distinct properties, viz, the brass itself, its fitness for sealing, and its act of sealing,' furnish an illustration which cuts away every doubt as to Abelard's orthodoxy at this time.² But it was of the very nature of

¹ 'On being called, I presented myself before the Council; and without any decision, or examination, they compelled me to burn it with my own hand. And so it was burnt amid general silence. One of my adversaries, in an under-tone, murmured that he had found it asserted in that Book that God the Father alone was Almighty. The legate said he could hardly believe it, even in a child such error was incredible, seeing that the common faith holds and professes "Three Almighties."—Abel. Hist. Calam. quoted by Morison. P. 305.

² M. Cousin, in 1836, discovered in the King's Library, at Paris, several works hitherto lost of Abelard. In his publication of them—accompanied by a sketch and exposition—he regards Abelard as the first champion of free inquiry. The reader will also find the whole subject well reviewed and stated in Mr. Maurice's article on Mediæval Philosophy in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. The following from M. Ratisbonne (p. 260) will supply any links that may be wanting in our notice:—'Abelard, having been matured both in the Platonic doctrines of William de Champeaux, and the Peripatetic teaching of Roscelin, undertook, after having converted both his masters, to conciliate their opposite doctrines, and to amalgamate them, so to speak, into a kind of intermediate theory. This attempt seemed opportune and desirable, for confusion reigned on all sides. The realists and nominalists did not understand each other. The first had, in the heat of the discussion, lost sight of the *idea* which, in fact, escapes amid the vanity of disputation; the second, playing upon words, confounded the artificial abstractions of the mind with true and natural notions. Both were, at the same time, right and wrong, according to the different points of view which they had taken. If Abelard had clearly and lucidly distinguished *notions* from *ideas*; if, in his doc-

Bernard's mind, that he should feel even more than the opposition to Catholic truth, the opposition to the divine love which such teaching embodied. It was not difficult for Abelard to learn that Bernard was agitating and writing about the opinions which were being propagated by him. Taught by the experience of Soissons he resolved to be beforehand with his adversaries, and to challenge them instead of waiting to be challenged. Bernard, although by his calm, loving, mediation, he had already induced Abelard to retract his heresies, might shrink from the open conflict. At the Paraclete he had noticed, but did not force into discussion, the usage of reciting in the Lord's Prayer instead of 'our daily bread,' 'our super-substantial bread.' Again, Abelard had written a savage and ineffectual letter to Bernard on this subject, vindicating what the other did not dispute. This letter was written by Abelard just before he left St. Gildas, after his monks had attempted twice to poison him through his food, and once through the cup of the Holy Eucharist. Bernard again was not provoked. Abelard now demanded to be heard before the

trine of notions, he had recognised the difference which exists between those which have their root in the idea, and those which are only generalizations, elaborations more or less arbitrary of our own, he might have brought the doctors, if not the doctrines, into accordance; and, without trenching upon truths of a higher order, he might have concluded the *realism* of natural notions, and the *nominalism* of artificial notions. But this Abelard did not; and his intermediary system, called *Conceptualism*, was but a new baseless opinion offered to the polemics of the Middle Age. Abelard, like most of the philosophers of his day, admitted but one kind of notions, and taught, with apparent irony, that they were neither things nor words. What are they, then? asked both nominalists and realists at once. Abelard replied by words, not by things. He said that notions were conceptions existing only in the forms of our reason—a solution evidently analogous to the doctrine of the nominalists. All the works of Abelard, moreover, attest this tendency. Abelard is a nominalist, and he it is who, by his talent and the new form which he gave to the system of Aristotle, made the science of words to prevail over the science of things. Thus, without shrinking from any of the necessary consequences of nominalism, he made the art of reasoning the great pivot of philosophy, reduced the search after truth to an exercise of dialectic skill—a kind of rationalistic mechanics applied to science—by means of which he aimed at the construction of a general system of human knowledge. He did more: not content with maintaining the principles of Roscelin, and bringing them into fashion under a new name, he introduced them into the domain of theology, and undertook to explain the dogmas of faith by the mere force of logic. In the system of Abelard faith was but an *estimation*—(*æstimatio* is the word he uses)—that is to say, a provisional opinion; and it was the office of reason to justify this opinion, and prove its truth. Thus, discussing all dogmas, collecting texts and passages from Scripture and the fathers, for or against (*Sic et non*) all theological questions, he reduced matters of faith to problems, in order to resolve them by syllogisms, and to invest them with a logical sanction. This attempt, conducted with consummate ability, roused all orthodox theologians, and especially S. Bernard, against him; all affirmed the Divine object of faith to be above, and independent of, the judgment of reason; and they maintained that rationalistic solutions added nothing to the sanctions which the Divine Word bears within itself (*justificata in semet ipsa*). But the writer has overlooked the fact that Roscelin inclined to tritheism, hence his controversy with Anselm, while Abelard had a leaning to Sabellianism.

august Assembly at Sens, where Sacred Relics were to be exposed to adoring multitudes, and when King and Prince were to be present. Bernard did shrink from the conflict. 'I was 'but a child, and he a man of war from his youth.' The reluctance of a moment was succeeded by the firm resolution to do the bidding of the Church. Abelard came with a troop of disciples; Bernard, as became a Cistercian, with two or three monks. On the second day, in the presence of the King and his feudal lords, the Archbishop and his suffragans,

'Abelard entered, and walked up between the ranks of monks, priests, bishops, and warriors, on each side of him. His eye caught that of Gilbert de la Porree, and as he passed him he whispered the significant line—

"Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet."

He moved on through the hostile crowd. He stopped in the centre of the building and found himself opposite Bernard. In a pulpit, which was in existence up to the time of the French Revolution, stood Bernard, holding before him the incriminated work of Abelard. He read, or caused to be read, the passages he had marked for reproof, explanation, or condemnation. But the lecture had hardly begun, when, to the speechless astonishment of all, Abelard rose up, said he refused to hear more, or answer any questions. He appealed to Rome; and at once left the assembly. A cause for this extraordinary conduct has been variously and unsuccessfully assigned. Bernard's friends declared that, when the heretic should have found his mind clearest and strongest, sudden darkness, confusion, and paralysis fell upon him, which deprived him of speech.¹ A more probable supposition is, that Abelard saw the hopes of a victorious disputation utterly frustrated by the temper of his audience and the conditions of his public defence—whereas an appeal to Rome, now intensely welcome to the growing despotism of the Papacy, would cause delay and difficulty to his opponents, and allow time for his interests at Rome to have effect. And it is quite certain that the manœuvre partly succeeded. Pope Innocent owed so much to Bernard that he could hardly fail to dislike him; and indeed, very shortly after these events, he did break off friendly relations with him.—Pp. 354, 355.

We do not agree with Mr. Morison in thinking there is need of apology for Bernard's answering Abelard's appeal by a strong and exhaustive letter to the Pope. However this may be, Abelard set out on his way to Rome to prosecute the appeal. He rested at Clugny on the way, and the venerable Peter wrote on his behalf to Innocent, praying that Abelard might be allowed to remain at Clugny. In the whole circle of literary remains we believe there is no letter which, in tender courtesy and refinement of sensibility and sympathy, surpasses this letter of the Abbot of Clugny. The request was granted, and Abelard, becoming in heart like a little child, entered into a peace, which was in truth a blissful earnest of the peace which was to be after this life. He met Bernard lovingly and cancelled all that he

¹ So M. Ratisbonne, p. 270. Mr. Morison fails to tell us that Abelard's condemnation was pronounced unanimously.

had written offensive to Catholic ears. There can be no higher proof of the gentleness and winning manner of Bernard than this issue of the controversy. Equally touching is the Abbot of Clugny's letter to the Abbess Heloise commemorating the death of Abelard, after his two years sojourn at Clugny. In the exercise of holy works—

'... the advent of the Divine Visitor found him not sleeping as it does many, but on the watch. His disease grew worse, and in a short time he was in extremity. Then how holily, how devoutly, in what a catholic spirit, he made confession first of his faith, then of his sins; with what heart's desire he received the food for his journey, and pledge of eternal life—the body of the Lord our Redeemer; how faithfully he commended his body and soul to him here and in eternity,—the religious brothers are witness, and the whole congregation of that monastery.'—P. 365.

A free handling 'of received verities, in a becoming spirit' was the rock on which intellectually Abelard went to pieces. It is in truth edifying to witness the dignity of his recantation, and the humility of his repentance. Here are the last words addressed by him to her whom he loved so unwisely, and who survived him the weary term of twenty-two years and three weeks.

'If I have corrupted your mind, endangered your salvation, blighted your reputation, destroyed your honour, forgive me for the sake of Christian charity; forget all the evil I have done to you. Providence wills our salvation; let me not hinder it. Heloise, write to me no more. This is the last letter you will receive from me.

'But wherever I may die, I will desire that my body be carried to the Paraclete. It will be prayers, not tears, that I shall then need. Then you shall see me again, to fortify your piety; and my corpse shall teach you more eloquently than I can do what we love, when we love a man.'¹

We stop not to inquire how the neology of Abelard stands related to the neology of our own day. It needs no very searching analysis to point out the identity of principle; we may observe the same impatience of Catholic definition—because Catholic; the same intellectual presumption and temerity. But we seek in vain in our own time for the fearless outspokenness, independence and childlikeness in self-correction, which may be met in the history of Abelard and his calamities. But

¹ M. Ratisbonne, 273. The writer does not mention the tradition, as well established as any of the thousand miracles of Bernard, how the arms of Abelard opened to receive the remains of Heloise. She died April 21, 1142, aged 63. She was buried 17th May, 1164. Their remains, after many removals, were finally deposited, in 1800, at Père la Chaise. The Convent of the Paraclete, of which Heloise was Abbess—the first convent ever dedicated to the Holy Ghost—was in the parish of Quincey, on the river Arduzon, near Nogent-sur-Seine. When visited, in 1768, the Paraclete was found wanting in all outward charms. The Abbess was in her eighty-second year, was aunt of the then Duke De Rochefoucault, and being fifth in succession as abbess of that convent, she hoped it would become a kind of patrimony. In twenty-five years those dreams were rudely dispelled. The community, in 1768, seemed to know nothing of the story of the first Abbess.

the date of the Council of Sens, or 1140, marks only the beginning of Bernard's efforts as a conservative Ecclesiastic. The labours of the great abbot as against heresy run on to the year 1148, and the Council of Rheims in which he took part while his beloved son in the faith, Pope Eugenius III. presided. He confronted during this time the Petrobrusians, the Henricians, the followers of Tanchelme, who allowed himself to be worshipped as the Son of God, and permitted temples to be erected to his own honour, and those of Christ to be overthrown. He confronted the Apostolicals of Perigueux, the Cathari of Italy, the Patarins of Germany, the Passagiens, the Bonshommes, the Publicans; of most of whom Mr. Morison says¹ nothing at all. There was Eon de l'Etoile who thought himself the last judge, and Gilbert Bishop of Poitiers, who was the last formidable disciple of Abelard. In the Apostolic efforts to correct these heresies, and reconcile those who held them, Bernard seems to have had his ordinary, but no less wonderful, success. Eon was put under restraint by the Pope, and Gilbert retracted, and comparative order was restored in the agitated Church. We easily recount these facts, but we readily also see why Bernard was so prematurely worn out. In good truth the care of all the Churches devolved upon him, and he realized as fully perhaps as any one other servant of God ever did, the trials and sorrows of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Our own measure of Ecclesiastical work is so short we cannot forbear astonishment when we look back upon his sleepless labours, not the least engrossing of which were the duties of devotion. His biographers delight to dwell upon his holiness, or the humility, or the loveliness of his character, as that which at once supported and prospered him in all these Ecclesiastical undertakings. And there is great truth in each of these, and in all of them. But S. Bernard also possessed, what M. Cousin has been the first specially to notice, a surpassing shrewdness and common sense, that which is invariably the highest result of the highest cultivation and exercise of the other faculties of the mind. That Bernard was valued, as we know he was valued by his contemporaries, shows that they were worthy of one another, and reflects the highest credit upon both.

V. The work, which had been left uncompleted at Rheims, was shortly after, and apparently within the same year, 1148, completed at Treves. We must again refer to the eschatological views of Bernard, in connexion with the name of the great

¹ There are many omissions of Mr. Morison's. He takes notice of Humbeline, Bernard's only sister, in a note. And of the youngest brother, Nicard—who was a child, but yet one of the thirty comrades of S. Bernard at the commencement of his religious life—he says nothing at all.

Abbess Hildegarde. The Council of Treves presided over by the Supreme Pontiff in person, aided also by the presence and counsel of Bernard, pronounced upon the writings of the inspired Abbess; who, though a laywoman and 'illiterata,' was often caught away from the world, and learned in the highest place what she taught on earth. So we gather from Mabillon's note to the letter (No. 366) addressed to her by Bernard. The whole of this passage, not the least interesting in the life of the Abbot of Clairvaux, is passed over entirely by Mr. Morison. We follow, but not with entire confidence, M. Ratisbonne's narrative. The Bishop of Mayence, not knowing how to regard the revelations of Hildegarde, consulted Eugenius upon them, and 'it was the 'Abbot of Clairvaux of blessed memory, who prevailed upon the 'Pope not to permit so wonderful a light to be hidden under a 'bushel.' Eugenius became particularly attached to Hildegarde's writings, and, indeed, we are told during the process of examination, which lasted three months, the Pope often took upon himself the office of reader. Let us inquire more closely into the life and writings of this remarkable person.

She became celebrated, it would appear, when advanced in life,¹ and for a long time she was regarded as a visionary, and in truth, in reading her story, one is painfully conscious of the resemblances it offers to certain clairvoyant incidents of our own day. It was on his journey into Germany that Bernard, turning out of his road, paid a visit to the celebrated prophetess. Then he asked to be allowed to peruse her writings, and declared *he was edified by them beyond description.* The books which were presented at the Council of Treves formed a large collection under the one title, *Sci. vias. Know the ways of God.* Portions of these are well called reveries: and do not fail to bring to mind the Teutonic philosopher.

'She saw in her soul the reflection of heavenly things, while the eyes of her body were contemplating the same truths in the phenomena of earth. Thence arose an admirable symbolism between the facts of nature and the divine mysteries, which forms the characteristic peculiarity of her teaching. It is a simultaneous intuition into the two worlds seized upon in their reciprocal and interpenetrating relation. The world—the universe, are transparent to the eyes of the saint; she dives down with a lucid glance, even to the mysterious root of things, and to the central point where finite objects touch upon the infinite. She insists upon the *primary matter of all things*, primitive creation, uncreated wisdom, which she calls the *Vesture of God, His dwelling, His throne.* According to her wisdom, the heavenly city, the Virgin, the Church, afford the closest analogy with this primitive creation. She also gives the name of the *Vesture of God* to the humanity of the uncreated Son; and she says, "the eternal God had, from eternity, in His idea (in His knowledge) this vesture, which is the hu-

¹ She was of honourable family, and died aged 82, Sept. 17, 1179. In 1660 her body was found in good preservation.

manity of His Son." She affirms that music is the voice of the Holy Spirit—a sublime language of which earthly music is only a degraded imitation. She wishes this art, of heavenly origin, to be cultivated with piety, and she gives the name of "sages" who have been its organs, and have lent instruments for its use. We find, in another place, upon the constitution of the globe, words the more remarkable as they appear to coincide with the actual labours of geologists. "I have founded the globe," said the Lord, "in fire, clouds, and water. . . . The stones, the bones of the world, have come out, by fusion, from fire and water; and the *humus*, like marrow, came out green under the influence of the water." However it may be, this solution settles the question [!] lately controverted in geology, between the Neptunians and the Plutonians; some attributed it all to fire, others to water. St. Hildegarde, like the learned men of our day, attributes the terrestrial ossification both to fire and water. In another place, speaking of time and of the final rest of creatures, she thus expresses herself. "All the stars will lose their restless motion of circumvolution, because they will be no more; and all things will rest in eternity." Here again the humble nun has found an echo in the books of several learned moderns. "The earth," says Ritter, "seeks perhaps, by its continued revolutions, the place of its rest." Herschell also teaches that all globes will go and repose themselves in their centre; and this assertion is again repeated in a more poetical manner, by Herder, when he says, "that the flowers of all worlds will be reunited in the same garden."—*Ritter*, p. 399-401.

Whatever may be the value of these poetical fancies with their poetical glosses, it is quite evident that Hildegarde was a very remarkable woman.¹ The circumstances of her birth, however, preclude us from accepting the tradition that she had been uneducated. In her letter to the Clergy of Cologne she speaks with even more freedom than S. Bernard. She does not hesitate to compare them to 'venomous reptiles which delight in caverns.' 'You run hastily in the way in which your youthful passions draw you, and like children without reason, you know not how even to lisp the words of salvation. Oh the malice, the guilty error of men, who will live neither for God nor for men.'

'After having unveiled the schemes of Satan regarding those men who do his works, the Saint predicts the terrible schism which has actually arisen in modern times, and reveals some of the most remarkable circumstances attending it.—

"I who am that I am, I say to those who listen to me—when these things shall come to pass, a people blinded by error, and more wicked even than those which are now going astray, themselves deceivers, shall fall as a ruin upon the deceivers. They shall pursue you, without ever being weary; and shall bring all your iniquities into open daylight. And puffed up with a false zeal for the house of the Lord, they shall apply this imprecation to you "*the way of the wicked shall perish*." And yet these men who, stirred up and seduced by the devil, shall thus act towards you, shall appear with pale calm faces, and regular demeanor. They will make alliances with the princes of this world. Now, the people who shall treat you thus will adopt a costume different and more rude than yours; they will cut their hair in another style, and appear before the eyes of men

¹ S. Hildegarde's collected works are published by the Abbé Migne in one volume, NO. CXXI.—N.S. E

most holy and of irreproachable lives. And yet the devil is with them. By means of the spirits of the air the devil has communication with them. Those who at this time shall have become weak in faith will be caught in the snare of this seeming piety. Now these seducers are not they of whom it is said that they shall follow Satan, when at the last day he shall rise even up to heaven, to make himself like to God, as he did at the beginning: "*they will only be the bud, as it were, and the precursors of them.*"—The truths to which she most energetically calls the attention of Christians, are those which bear relation to Antichrist, and the last days of the world. The saint thus begins: "There will come a time, in which men, seduced by the son of perdition, will bring doubt upon the faith of the Church, and will say, with anxious heart—What must we believe about Jesus?"

"Then the Catholic faith will waver amongst the nations; the Gospel and the doctrine of salvation will be neglected; the relish of the Word of Life will be lost, and the ardour of love shall grow cold. O Pastors! *I who am* am about to reveal those things which till now have been sealed up in Holy Scripture. For the time is appointed when the Son of iniquity is to come. Strengthen yourselves and take courage, O all ye, My elect, and keep guard against the snares of death. Behold what the Spirit says to the Church, concerning the time of the last error—'The Son of perdition shall be thrown down, and hell will vomit its corruption upon earth, face to face, in the perdition of perdition.'

"But the head must not be without a body and without limbs. The head of the Church is the Son of God; the body and the limbs are the Church and His children. Now, the Church has not yet attained to the fulness of her stature. She will go on developing until the number of her children is fulfilled. 'Then,' says the Lord, 'I will dissolve its elements together with all that is mortal in the flesh of man. . . . Already is the sixth number finished and the seventh begun; it is a time of rest. . . . You then, O men! who shall be alive at that time, you have got another period to pass through; and then will arise the homicide who will undertake to overturn the Catholic faith.'"—*Ritter*, pp. 406-409.

After acknowledging in the words of the Gospel that the exact season of Antichrist is unrevealed to man, she goes on to describe his manifestation as a *parody of the Incarnation of the Divine Word*. It is this, in many respects, most scriptural view of the most important truth which gives so much interest to her utterances on the subject.

"Christ came neither at the beginning nor at the end of time. He came towards evening, at least, when the heat of the day was declining. What happened then? He opened the marrow of the law, and gave vent to the great floods of virtue. He restored to the world holy virginity in his own person, that the divine germ, impregnated by the Spirit, might take root in the heart of men. The homicide also will come suddenly: he will come at the hour of sunset, at the time when night succeeds day. O ye faithful, listen to this testimony, and preserve it in your memory as a safeguard, so that terror may not find you unprovided, nor the man of sin, taking you at unawares, drag you to perdition. Arm yourselves with the weapon of faith, and prepare yourselves for a fierce battle.

"The man of sin will be born of an impious woman, who, from her infancy, will have been initiated in profane science, and all the artifices of the devil. She will live in the desert with men of perverse mind; and will give herself up to crimes with the more unbridled licence, as believing

herself authorized therein by communications from an angel. And thus in the heat of burning concupiscence, she will conceive this son of perdition without knowing who is his father. She will then teach that fornication is permitted; she will give herself out to be a saint, and will be honoured as a saint.

"But Lucifer, the old and cunning serpent, will fill the worthless fruit of her womb with his infernal breath, and will make himself entirely master of the fruit of sin; who, as soon as he will have attained to the age of manhood, will himself assume the office of master, and teach a false doctrine. Soon afterwards he will rise in insurrection against God and his saints; and will acquire so great power that, in his foolish pride, he would raise himself to the clouds, and as in the beginning, Satan said, "I shall be like unto the Most High," and fell; so in the last days he will fall, when he shall say, in the person of his Son. "I am the Saviour of the world."

"He will make alliance with kings, princes, the rich and powerful men of the earth; he will condemn humility, and exalt every doctrine of pride. His magical art will simulate the most wonderful miracles; he will disturb the air; he will command the thunder and the tempests, and cause hail and horrid lightning; he will remove mountains, dry up rivers, and clothe with fresh verdure the barren trees of the forest. By his deeds he will exercise influence over all the elements, over dry land and water; but he will put forth his infernal power chiefly over men. He will seem to restore health, and take it away; he will drive away demons and restore life to the dead. How shall this be? By sending some possessed soul into a corpse, there to remain a short time; but these sort of resurrections will be but of short duration.

"At the view of these things some will be overcome and believe in him; others, without giving him entire credence, will still hold to their primitive faith, whilst, at the same time, they will desire the favours of the man of perverse mind, or fear his displeasure. Thus many will be seduced amongst those who, keeping the eye of their soul closed, live habitually amidst externals; and men will say in the general perplexity of the Church—Is the doctrine of Jesus true or false?"

"At this time Enoch and Elias will appear. These two venerable men, extraordinary by their age and their stature, will bear testimony before the children of God, that the son of perdition, the minister of Satan, has come upon earth only to effect the perdition of men. They will traverse the places in which he has spread abroad his doctrines, and will perform miracles by the power of the Holy Spirit! The faithful will be strengthened, the faith revived; but the wicked will begin to tremble."

"But the man of sin will make one effort more; and swollen with pride, he will attempt to raise himself above all things that he may be adored. He will go up into a high mountain thence to ascend heaven; but a clap of thunder will cast him down, and the Lord will destroy him with a breath of His mouth. . . . As soon as the impious one shall be cast down, many erring souls will return to the truth, and men will make rapid progress in the way of holiness; and as David recalled his wife to whom he had been united, though stained with adultery, so the Son of Man will recall the Synagogue, and make it enter into his grace.

"Then will the spouse of Christ arise strong and powerful, with wonderful beauty, and her magnificence will shine with a cloudless brightness. All will acknowledge that the Lord alone is great. His name shall be made known by all creatures, and He will reign for ever."—*Ritter*, pp. 409-412.

Sealed by a canonized saint, and approved in council by the supreme Pontiff, these theories are, if not altogether, assuredly almost *de fide*. Before the days of Hildegarde the prevailing opinion was, that the Antichrist—still more closely parodying the Incarnation—would be born of a virgin. Then it was believed he would be the offspring of a bishop and nun. He was ever looked for in the Church. But the last opinion on this head to which the Infallible Chair committed itself was that propounded in 1213 by Innocent III., who said the Antichrist was Mahomet, and who looked for a verification of this interpretation on the expiring of the 666th year of the Hegira, then imminent, the *number of the beast* being understood by the infallible interpreter, speaking *ex cathedra*, to be the number of the years of his duration.¹ The age of Bernard—if not Bernard himself—it must be admitted, exercised a permanent influence over the direction of Apocalyptic interpretation.

VI. While the Councils of Rheims and Treves were pursuing their ecclesiastical labours, the second crusade was coming to utter ruin and disaster. As there had been a first crusade, it was every way reasonable that there should be a second. Indeed, the victories which crowned the labours of the first crusaders made a second undertaking all the more necessary and desirable. In promoting the establishment of the Knights Templars, Bernard had already manifested his anxiety that the chieftains of the West should be finally victorious in the East, little dreaming how much the same knightly body would hasten on defeat and misery in the end. But here, as we saw was also the case in the heresies of the Church, the zeal of Bernard took no offensive or officious form. He does not undertake the office of Peter the Hermit till specially summoned by one whom to disobey were to sin. In this shrinking from the public exhibition of himself, and from unimposed responsibilities, we see additional evidence of that common sense of which we have already spoken, as a great characteristic of S. Bernard. Wrought upon by the strong stimulus of his irresistible and passionate rhetoric, 140,000 knights and near a million of foot-soldiers joined the expedition. The enthusiasm of Europe in the cause had been failing when intelligence arrived that Edessa, the first Christian city, as tradition named it, which Baldwin III.—then

¹ The German Emperors, in their strifes with the Popes, not rarely called them mystical Antichrists. See Hagenbach, Vol. ii. p. 127. Giesler calls attention to the fact that the great cathedrals of the continent rose in this age; at a critical season, when the end of all things was believed to be at hand. (ii. 1, § 27, n. h.) Hagenbach (vol. ii. 128) says the mind of the age manifested itself in the works of Christian art, in which those subjects were preferred which had reference to the doctrine of the last things.

a minor under the regency of his mother Melesinda¹—had been unable to succour, had yielded to the Atabek of Mosul. There were other circumstances which embarrassed the undertaking besides this disaster. Aleppo was now in the hands of Nouredin the Great, who was a terror alike to paynim and Christian: Egypt was under the rule of Saladin the Great; but the greatest obstruction which the Crusaders had to encounter was to be found in the treachery and artifice of Michael Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople. By a curious coincidence, the only success attained by an expedition designed against the East was achieved in the West, Lisbon having been delivered by the navy of the Crusaders from the dominion of the Moors.

In the year 1146, at Pasch, was held the assembly at Vezelai. Louis VII. was mourning over the massacre, perpetrated three years previously, of above three thousand Christians, at Vitry.

‘On the declivity of the hill which overlooks the plain of Vezelai, the people were assembled. The king and his knights were there, the beautiful and haughty Eléanor was there, the crowd of poor hard-worked peasants were there, each grade by its dress and bearing showing to what class of society it belonged. But now, nobles and courtiers, even the young king and his queen, have ceased to be the centre to which all eyes are turned, for Bernard of Clairvaux has come. Pale and attenuated to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, his contemporaries discovered something in the mere glance of his eyes which filled them with awe.’²—P. 419.

It was resolved at Vezelai that the preparation for the Crusade should be continued for a year. Towards the autumn, Bernard began his tour into Germany. The Germans had not hitherto taken much interest in the Crusades; and it was generally believed that Conrad III. was indisposed to the undertaking, but after the celebration of mass at Spire, the Emperor was suddenly converted to the enterprise, and Europe rose to arms; but the outrageous conduct of the Germans at Philippopolis and Constantinople converted the reserved and watchful Greeks into eager and plotting enemies. The Germans pressed into Asia, without waiting for the French. The French, eager to follow, learned too late that the army in advance, betrayed and forsaken by the Greeks, had been cut to pieces, and not more than one-tenth ever appeared again. When Louis and Conrad met they wept aloud on each other's necks. Equally

¹ She was one of S. Bernard's correspondents. See Letters, 206, 289, 351, 352.

² Corpus omne tenuissimum, et sine carne erat. Ipsa etiam subtilissima cutis in genis modice rubens; illo nimirum quidquid caloris inerat naturalis, assidua meditatio, et studium sacræ compunctionis attraxerat. Cæsaries ex flavo colorabatur, et candido; barba subrufa (M. Ratisbonne's ghastly frontispiece presents no beard), circa finem vitæ ejus respersa canis. Statura mediocritatis honestæ, longitudo tamen vicinior apparebat. Vita, 2da Opp. t. IV. p. 480.

disastrous were the fortunes of Louis—nay worse. The Greeks, for a sum of money, agreed to receive into Attalia and shelter the remains of the army of the Crusaders. The moment that Louis and his train had sailed for Antioch, the Greeks apprised the Turks of the actual condition of the pilgrims. Here is the horrible scene which virtually closed the second crusade:—

‘The low wall under which they crowded offered no shelter from the Turkish archers, who, posted at convenient places, shot them down at their ease. In the meantime the Greeks crushed hale, and sick, and putrifying corpses into a narrow and filthy space, and quietly waited for the result. A body of three or four thousand preferred death by the scimitars of the Turks to a lingering suffocation by mephitic gases. They sallied forth, and attempting to cross a river, were repulsed and cut to pieces by the Turks. But marvellous to relate, such was the scene of wretchedness presented by their camp, that even the fierce moslem heart was touched with pity; they nursed the wounded, and fed the sick and starving. This mercy of the Turks gives one a feeling of awe. How unutterable must have been that woe which could pierce down to the humanity of a Turk through his love for Islam, through his duty and delight in the slaughter of unbelievers. The Greeks made slaves of such of the pilgrims as were strong and serviceable. The contrast between the Christians and pagans of the East was so great, that numbers of the pilgrims embraced the Mohammedan faith.’

Bernard was still weary with disputing against the heretics, and he had scarcely dried the tears that flowed at the departure of the sainted Malachi, when he received tidings of this fearful and appalling catastrophe. At once discontent and sorrow brooded over Europe. Every tongue was busy with the name of Bernard, every heart was condemning him. Had he not preached the Cross?—had he not prophesied its success? We must needs have formed but a poor and partial estimate of the Abbot of Clairvaux, we could have had but a feeble conception of the grandeur of his soul, had we not witnessed him in the straitness of this great adversity, when a sudden blight fell at once upon his name and fame? But these things he recked little of, provided he could stand clear in his great account. He sought comfort in the Holy Scriptures, and the defeats of Israel, even when Moses was the guide. In the first chapter of the second book of the ‘*De Consideratione*,’ a work written during this travail and sorrow, he thus writes:—

‘We have fallen on evil days, on which the Lord, provoked by our sins, has judged the world before its time, with justice, indeed, but forgetful of his wonted mercy. He hath not spared this people, nor hath He had regard unto His own name. Do not the Gentiles say, where is now their God? and who can wonder? The sons of the Church, and men called Christians, have been overthrown in the desert, slain with the sword, or destroyed by famine. How confounded are the feet of those who bring good tidings, who publish peace! We promised good things, and behold disorder. As though we had been guilty of rashness or levity in that undertaking. And yet with no uncertainty did I run that course, but at

your command, or rather at the command of God through you. The judgments of the Lord are righteous, as each of us knows ; but this *one* is an abyss so deep, that I dare to pronounce him blessed, whoever is not scandalized in it.

Thus humbly and devoutly did he bend himself to this great cross, sorrowing at once for the cause of God, which seemed frustrated, and the sufferings of man. Whatever vain thoughts he might have harboured respecting his own influence and administrative powers, and his writings bear no traces of such, God in His great love and mercy thus laid low—defeating, by this irremediable defeat, whatever desire of life and action might have struggled to make itself felt in that surrendered heart. Further—there was a mercy within this mercy ; for it is most probable that Bernard did not hear the whole history of the overthrow, as he certainly did not survive to learn all the successes of the great Saracen chief, which prematurely cut short the life of Pope Urban IV. Little comfort could it have yielded him to know that the capture of Ashkelon, which he so oft foretold, was completed on the day and hour when he expired ; but his beneficent spirit would have rejoiced to learn that all the worthy aims of the Crusade were eventually achieved, when, in 1187, the magnanimous Saladin, yielding to piety what he could have vindicated from force, guaranteed to the Christians the possession of the Holy Places, and the inviolability of the pilgrims.

The fatigues, consequent on his laborious journeyings, began to tell on his exhausted frame. While already suffering, he found himself called away to compose the factions which were harassing Metz and its utterly helpless Archbishop. The same blessed success attended this last effort of the peacemaker. He returned to be prepared for death, by the successive deaths of those who were most dear to him. First to go away was that holy servant of God, Archbishop Suger, truly, and truly named the father of his country ; whom the fervid eloquence of Bernard had so many years before called from the beaten track of an outward religionism to minister in the very innermost sanctuaries of the Spirit. Though he had withstood Bernard in the matter of the second crusade, their mutual attachment knew no abatement on this account. 'I have loved you,' says the Abbot of Clairvaux in his 266th letter, to Suger, now ripening for the last change, 'from the beginning and will do so for ever. I say 'it boldly, I cannot be separated for eternity from one I have so 'loved. He does not perish for me ; he goes before me. Only 'be mindful of me when you have arrived at that place whither 'you are gone before, that it may be granted to me to follow 'you swiftly and to be with you again. Never think that your 'sweet memory can fade from my mind, although, alas, your

'presence is withdrawn from me. Yet is God able to grant you
'to our prayers, and preserve you to our necessities, and of these
'we need not entirely despair.'

Yet a little while and Theobald Count of Champagne, Bernard's long tried and devoted friend, fell asleep in Jesus. And then next after the lapse of some months, the mild presence of Eugenius III. was seen no more among mortal men. Mr. Morison closes his book so well, that we shall quote his last sentences.

'Bernard had no wish to remain behind these beloved friends. When, in accordance with his beautiful faith, he attributed a slight recovery to the prayer of his sorrowing monks, he said to them: "Why do you thus detain a miserable man? You are the stronger; you prevail against me. Spare me! spare me! and let me depart." The unwearied activity of mind, which had hitherto distinguished him, gradually faded away; the marvellous brain, which had grasped and influenced more or less every question and event in Europe for a whole generation, fell by degrees into peaceful repose. Public affairs ceased to interest him. When his cousin, the Bishop of Langres, came to him about some business, he found he could not attract Bernard's attention: "Marvel not," said the expiring saint, "I am no longer of this world."

'The weeping multitude of his friends, in the delirium of grief, implored him not to leave them, to have pity on them, and to stay with them. The last earthly struggle he ever knew had commenced in Bernard's soul. Things temporal and things eternal, the earthly and his heavenly home, the love of God and the love of man contended within him. But for a moment. Raising up his "dove-like eyes," he said he wished that God's will might be done—

'It was, for he was dead.'—Pp. 497, 498.

The solemn, chant of 700 monks, breaking the morning stillness of those wild dells, at nine of the clock on the 20th August, announced to the world that S. Bernard had entered into peace; in the year of the Incarnation 1153, in the year of his exile 63rd, in the 40th year of his cloister life, and the 38th of his abbacy and in the first year of the pontificate of Anastasius IV.

We must draw to a close a subject over which we linger with affection. We have strenuously forbore to dwell on those blemishes of temper, which occasionally marked what Bernard said and wrote; or to discuss the one fault which is to be found in the history of his life.¹ This reason requires, and truth demands that we should acknowledge, and piety may well rejoice that this is all that is to be confessed. In such an age, that such a man should see in the papal monarchy the one and only safeguard and guarantee of order and true freedom, and that, therefore, he should have laboured might and main to aggrandize the power of the Roman Pontiff, was inevitable—was

¹ Page 393.

justifiable. That he should have regarded the monastic system with undue partiality, was inevitable also, and, all things considered, pardonable. That being a monk, and debarred from those homely associations which lighten toil and sweeten life, he should have poured forth all the tenderness of a passionate and loyal nature to the Blessed Virgin, was inevitable also, although neither to be justified nor pardoned. In his most fervent addresses to the mother of our Lord, he seems wholly unconscious of, and he never betrays, the natural-instinct which lies at the root of that veneration; nor does he seem aware of the ignorance he exhibits of the fact that the perfection of our nature, as it is in either sex, is consummated now in the ascended Lord. So deeply did the Holy Spirit work on his character, that in his devotions the Blessed Virgin never appears as a royal mistress, or an imperial woman, or a crowned beauty; sonneted as she has been since his time by the warmer Rizzios of the church, and that profanely enough. Sweet indeed as honey and the honey-comb, are the words of him who teaches us to love our Lord, as he himself had learned to love him, 'dulciter, prudenter, fortiter,' fondly, wisely, bravely. It was right of Christendom to hail him as the *mellifluous teacher*. In his weary pilgrimages to sow the divided earth with peace and love, he ever brought with him calmness and refreshment. Amid a stormy world,

'He passed like night from land to land,
He had strange power of speech.'

The blessings he brought to others he reaped himself. If ever of mortal man it could be said with truth,

'He on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise,'

this could be said of the Abbot of Clairvaux. The gratitude of the Church has named him also the last of the Fathers: a true designation which involves a melancholy truth, a fact which it concerns others more nearly than ourselves to account for. After him there arose within the Roman obedience 'no king like unto him.' Others have risen, but of another race. Theological pedants, and systematizers, and economists. Not one possessing the genius, the manhood, the courage, the devotion, of S. Bernard. And pausing here beside the ever fragrant memorials of that fruitful life, the holy reliques of his burning thoughts and heavenly aspirations, we cannot forego giving utterance to the prayer that rises unbidden to our lips, that the great Head and Lord of the Church would vouchsafe to raise up among us such another teacher, as wise, as winning, as tender, and as true as he, to reconcile and compose agitated Christendom, and to harmonize the discordant and distracted Church.

ART. II.—*Ingoldsby Letters*. Collective Edition. Vol. I.
Routledge and Co. 1862.

THE book which we have placed at the head of this article is a reprint of certain sarcastic letters on the subject of the Revision of the Prayer-Book, which have appeared at various times in different London and provincial newspapers. As far as we can judge from internal evidence, it appears to owe its form to a recollection of the celebrated 'Peter Plymley' letters, and its title to the fortunate coincidence of the name of the rectory of which the writer is incumbent with Mr. Barham's well-known *nom de plume*. It does not concern us here to enter into the question—how far this appropriation of a well-known title is perfectly justifiable. Undoubtedly, letters written at Ingoldsby are Ingoldsby letters; still, somehow, the case seems to bear a strong family likeness to those of imitated trade-marks. It is very unlikely the name would ever have been given to the book if it had not already gained celebrity; and, doubtless, it has found many purchasers from the impression that it had a closer connexion with the 'Ingoldsby Legends' than a fortuitous coincidence of name. This, however, is chiefly a question of good taste. Certainly it is a bold step to assume a title which recalls to the memory such successful writers as Sydney Smith and Barham. Any adventurer may appear in the lists, if it so please him, bearing the crest of the Plantagenet and the motto of Du Guesclin, but such assumption will only add a keener edge to ridicule, and provoke a still more inextinguishable laughter, if a speedy tumble on the sand prove him to possess neither the strong arm of the one nor the practised skill of the other.

Another question suggested by these letters is a more important one; it is, within what limits it is allowable to employ a humorous or sarcastic mode of treatment in dealing with the very serious subjects which are handled in them. This may, indeed, appear to have been in some degree settled by the general acceptance of the writings of Sydney Smith, especially of those 'Peter Plymley' letters, on whose lines the present work seems modelled. But even from these we may arrive at some tolerably clear indications where the boundary is to be drawn. In treating of serious subjects, wit and sarcasm may lawfully, within certain limits of good taste, be subsidiary to argument, but they must not be substitutes for it; they may lawfully be directed against an opponent, but they must not involve or ridicule anything which, for an earnest mind, possesses an inherent

reverence. They are weapons tempting from their facility, but very treacherous and dangerous to their employers—weapons which only a chosen few can wield aright, apt, like the Australian boomerang when used unskilfully, to return to the thrower's hand only to inflict a wound. Few things, indeed, demand more earnest protest in the literature of the present day than the reckless spirit in which this mode of treatment is employed, even on the most important subjects. Nothing is more dangerous, both to writer and to reader, than to approach such subjects in such a frame of mind; nothing which so rapidly deteriorates the character and lowers the whole tone and standard of thought; nothing which so utterly hinders the very perception of those great truths which can be only seen in the pure clear light, and through the still untroubled atmosphere of reverence and faith. When this vice seems growing over the whole literature of a nation; when, in treating of subjects of serious import, an epigram is habitually accepted for an argument, and a jest for an investigation of principle; when a keen sarcasm or a brilliant witticism is habitually deemed a sufficient substitute for patient thought and earnest reasoning, even in treating of topics of inherent dignity, and persons whose offices at least demand respect, even if it were denied to their individual merits; then it is time, indeed, for earnest protest, lest the character of the national literature be lowered beyond the power of recall—lest its very powers of patient investigation and thoughtful reasoning be smitten with paralysis—lest, casting by its crown of reverence and faith, it lose the light which flashed from them as from the jewels on the breastplate of the high-priest of old—lose also, in the departure of that light, its very faculty of insight into truth. Doubtless, as we have said, both ridicule and sarcasm have their lawful place in dealing even with matters of high import, and topics demanding careful and even reverent thought. They may lawfully be used to draw attention to the truth, to enable its force to penetrate through artificial defences of prejudice or obstinacy, to expose at a glance those subtle fallacies which can hardly be made apparent in any other way to minds too indolent or slow to follow, link by link, through a closely-woven chain of argument; but they must not take the place of correct and truthful argument, they must not be employed as if to hurl a sarcasm at the position of an enemy answered the same purpose as to dislodge him from it by the power of conviction. This is the real secret of the great influence which Sydney Smith's writings undoubtedly exerted over the public mind at the time of their original appearance. His wit attracted to his reasoning, and his humour predisposed his readers to listen favourably to his arguments; but the secret

of his strength was in the plain common sense which was at the bottom of the quaint felicities of his diction, in the soundness of his logic, the clearness of his reasoning, the inherent truth of the principles which his peculiar talent enabled him so to present to his readers' minds that they were forced to take them in at a glance, to see all round them as it were, to comprehend those various bearings which they had hitherto been able to ignore.

With him, indeed—at least in his more serious works—the very flashing and sparkling of his fun is as sure an indication to the reader of some underlying truth or principle which will at least repay a careful study, as the iridescence of the surface of the ocean is a certain token to the herring-fisher of the spots in which the heaviest shoals of fish are waiting for the casting of his nets. It is quite true, as was once said to him by a defeated and partially convinced opponent, that he had 'such a way of putting things;' but if the things which he put had not commended themselves to deliberate reason, he would have had but little real hold upon the thought of his time, he would have gained a reputation little less ephemeral than the passing popularity of some fashionable jester of the day. His wit and humour had the same relation to his serious argument as its feather to the arrow which it steadies in its flight, or its keen steel head which gives its power of penetration. To attempt to use them in the place of argument would be to substitute for the stout shaft those feathered reeds and poisoned barbs of the old Indian warfare, which shivered harmlessly upon the warrior's harness, and had achieved their worst results in the production of a festering scratch.

It may seem that these canons of criticism are too trite and obvious to be worth dwelling upon here; but when we find a clever and well-read man, like the author of these letters, seeming totally unconscious of them; when we find him reasoning, if the word is applicable under the circumstances, as if anything which can be looked at from an absurd point of view is, therefore, in itself absurd—as if any argument about which foolish jokes can be made is, therefore, destitute of wisdom—then it seems not out of place to recall the reader's attention to them as affording the true standard by which works of this kind must be judged. For the peculiar tone of his book the author, indeed, gives us rather a peculiar reason. He tells us (p. 123) that, having for two years tried in vain the effect of '*solid argument*,' he had come to the conclusion, not that there might be something unsound in the arguments themselves, or in the cause which they were designed to support, but that he had better resort to different weapons, and try the effect of wit and ridicule where solid argument had failed. As far as the omission of solid argument

is concerned, his intentions are certainly most perfectly fulfilled. Of the quality of the wit and humour which are supplied in their place, we can only say that to us the wit seems chiefly angry petulance, and the sarcasm mere ill-nature. The tone in which he approaches his subject, and the treatment which it receives at his hands, are well illustrated by a passage from his first letter. He is quoting as follows from the *Times*' report of the meeting of Convocation in 1858 :—' The recent passing of the Divorce and Matrimonial Bill, the attempt which is being made to bring about a revision of the Liturgy . . . imparted more than ordinary interest to yesterday's proceedings.' On this he comments: ' Is it seemly that the first important business to be taken in hand by this Church Legislature should be the impugning an Act of Parliament which received the Royal Assent so lately as last year?' Then, in the next sentence: ' That the clergy, in solemn synod, should be the portion of the community that first sets the example of openly defying the acts of the Imperial Legislature is a bad omen of either their ability or temper to discuss calmly or wisely the affairs of the Church.'

The first thing that suggests itself in these remarks is the attitude taken in them towards the Church, and the theory which they imply as existing in the writer's mind as to the relation between Church and State. The spiritual authority is utterly ignored, the Church's authoritative declaration of the law of God entirely overridden by the Act of Parliament expressing the will of man. It never seems to have occurred to the writer's mind that there is any grievance in having all Church laws and rules set contemptuously aside, any hardship on individual clergymen in an attempt to compel them to disobey what they believe to be the will of God and the mind of the Church to which they owe allegiance. To 'Ingoldsby' the Church is evidently a mere department of the State. Any spiritual commission or special authority to deal with spiritual truths, any internal and essential power or function existing from the Presence in that Spiritual Body of the Head of all, seem never to have occurred to his thoughts; to him the highest office of the Church is to act as a repeating frigate to the larger vessel of the State, the greatest sin to put forth any signs of self-existent and inherent life, to oppose any varying opinions, either of individual consciences or of its own decisions, to the will of the 'Imperial Legislature.' This might appear to be meting out hard justice to 'Ingoldsby,' if it were a comment on those sentences only which we have just quoted; but these sentences only too truly sum up the whole spirit, the whole tone and temper of the book—only too fairly represent the frame of mind in which we always find him when approaching the subject of the Church. His

highest view of a reforming body in the Church is a Royal Commission, whose acts are to be registered by Convocation; his idea of the reverence due to Bishops is derived from the fact of their possessing incomes of 'from 5,000*l.* to 8,000*l.* a-year' (p. 136) (how he must scorn a Colonial Bishop); while he has embodied his perception of the work and nature of the Church into the following novel *articulum stantis vel cadentis ecclesie* :—

'Till another century has decided whether the Church is to stand or fall—that is to say, *whether it is to adapt itself to the times*' (the italics are his own), 'or to persevere in the preposterous idea of adapting the times to what itself was three hundred years ago.'—P. 288.

But one of the most offensive among the many offensive passages in his book (yet from which it would be unjust perhaps to draw the conclusion which is usually come to, as to the motives on which those men habitually act themselves who habitually seek in the very lowest springs of action an explanation of the conduct of others) is as follows. He is speaking, we hope in the rash haste of anger, of the clergy who signed the Westminster petition against the revival of the Liturgy, and he dares to speak thus libellously: 'A reference to the Clergy List will 'show that the Bishops and Archbishops of the English Church 'have in their gift three thousand pieces of preferment.' Then, in a note: 'Supposing, which it is not unreasonable to do, that there 'are, on an average, *three* expectants for each of these preferments, it is not difficult to account for the 9,500 signatures to 'the celebrated Westminster manifesto of 1860.'—P. 202.

But the book is swollen to its present bloated size by a long series of personal and most offensive attacks upon several of the Bishops, in which we cannot but admire the boldness, at least, which selects as objects of an adverse criticism the Bishop of Oxford's eloquence (whom, by the way, he twice takes pain to inform us took a second class), the Bishop of Lincoln's acquaintance with the opinions of the clergy in his diocese, and, under shelter of Dr. Rowland Williams, the Bishop of S. David's divinity. True, that all these personalities, bitter at all times, rising almost into scurrility at the mention of the Bishop of Oxford—whose very name seems to excite Ingoldsby in the same unaccountable way in which a red cloak irritates a bull—have no very evident connexion with the subject of the book, although they make up more than two-thirds of its contents; nor do we seem helped in any appreciable degree to a sounder judgment on the question of the revision of the Liturgy when we have formed our judgments on several of the points which he proposes to us, when we have pronounced sentence on the Bishop of S. David's alleged inconsistency, on the connexion between episcopal patronage and the signers of the Westminster

petition, on the appointment of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Duncombe to the deanery of York, on the fact that for their own purposes and in the plenitude of their wisdom the Liberation Society have thought fit to issue a series of papers called 'Church Progress Tracts,' or, indeed, when we have decided whether the quotation at page 117, 'a man full of words shall not prosper upon the earth,' be most truly applicable, as Ingoldsby thinks, to the Bishop of Oxford and his eloquence, or to the writer during 'three whole years of agitation' of 'above 3,000 letters from my own pen, with newspaper articles, reviews, and pamphlets beyond calculation.'—P. 211.

And so in our notice of the book we might at once have struck out as *nihil ad rem* that far greater portion of it which consists of these purely personal witnesses; but since Ingoldsby has chosen to connect virulent attacks on the Bishops with his benevolent schemes for the amelioration, as he deems it, of the Prayer Book, we cannot but show the two in the connexion in which he has deliberately preferred to place them: we cannot pronounce a judgment upon the book without giving as a reason the tone and spirit in which it is evidently written, without enabling our readers to realize for themselves this self-appointed and most ardent champion as he has deliberately¹ and of set purpose chosen to represent himself in his own republished pages.

With one more extract and a short comment we shall finish our unpleasant task of expressing an opinion on the personal merits of the book, and proceed to the more pleasing labour of considering it as the exponent of the present popular views upon the subject on which it is written.

The thirty-second letter is chiefly devoted to replying to an article from the *Quarterly*, in which, not very wisely perhaps, or in very good taste, it is insinuated that 'a smart pamphlet on Church Reform' is a good recipe for changing 'a prebendary into a bishop.' This not very hurtful insinuation appears, for he refers to it twice, to have been found perfectly intolerable by the sensitive virtue of Ingoldsby; for though he has no scruple in imputing the most corrupt motives, as we have already seen, to his brethren in the ministry, yet it seems that even the shadow of such an imputation passing over himself is a burden which can in no way be endured. And so, stung evidently in a very sensitive part, he proceeds to rebut the accusation by some instances from his own experience. First he informs us (p. 216) that the Rev. Anchor Thompson, who gained the Burnett prize, value 1,800*l.*, actually received no episcopal pro-

¹ We say 'deliberately' emphatically; for the most virulent of these letters were written in 1858, and are now reprinted in 1862, but without the softening of one bitter word, or the omission of a single personality.

motion for three years, when the town council of Newcastle-upon-Tyne promoted him to the Mastership of a Hospital in that town, 'a situation worth from 500*l.* to 600*l.* per annum.'

As, however, Ingoldsby does not inform us that Mr. Thompson ever expressed any opinions on the one side or the other concerning the revision of the Liturgy, it seems difficult to see the bearing of this case upon the question, or to imagine any better reason for its insertion than the desire to raise a vague feeling of mistrust and ill-will towards the Bishops in the minds of the readers of the newspaper in which the letter appeared.

His next instance is of a clergyman who has remained for ten years chaplain of a workhouse although the 'author of half a dozen works upon the Liturgy.' As this is the only reason which Ingoldsby gives why the clergyman in question should have been promoted, it will probably occur to most minds that the authorship of 'half a dozen works,' probably in direct opposition to the views of the Bishop of the diocese, can scarcely of itself be considered a very strong claim upon the Bishop for preference over the other clergymen of the diocese in the distribution of his patronage. But the extract to which we particularly wish to draw attention is from his third instance. The Rev. — 'was a first class man in classics, second class in 'mathematics and physics, elected Fellow of Balliol by examination, appointed to a Crown living by his own account (*sic*) in 1834, and in 1847 presented by a lay patron to a living, of which Ingoldsby elsewhere tells us with great unction that the value is 'nine hundred and fifty pounds per annum.'

So far there seems no ground for complaint. Fellows of colleges are usually presumed by Bishops to be so far provided for by the college that their claims need not come into competition with those of their parochial clergymen. Indeed, there is no intimation that the clergyman in question was ever engaged in parochial work in any diocese before his presentation to the Crown living. But now comes Ingoldsby's complaint:—

"And now, in his sixty-first or second year comes the Episcopal patronage, showered on the head of this distinguished member of the University of Oxford. He is appointed! *rural dean* by his Diocesan and offered an HONORARY STALL in — Cathedral, which post, seeing that the acceptance costs more than the preferment is worth, Mr. — very prudently declined. . . . An *honorary stall*, a *rural deanery*! our too sensitive flesh and blood revolts from the idea. Many a curate would turn away in disgust from the offer of either."

Ingoldsby is a beneficed clergyman of some standing; he holds a college living, of the exact value of which he is so con-

¹ The italics and large letters are Ingoldsby's. We have omitted the name of the clergyman in question, though given by Ingoldsby, simply from feelings of delicacy.

siderate as to inform us; and a charming picture of his rectory forms the vignette to this volume, with a couple (not clerical as regards the gentleman) forming a delightful group in front, looking very much as if engaged in a flirtation, but probably really employed in exchanging mutual confidences on the intolerable burden of an unrevised Liturgy. Also, he is a Church reformer by profession, and has been engaged in the enormous quantity of correspondence to which we have elsewhere referred. Therefore he must know what appointments are in any Bishop's gift; he must know that generally *rural* deaneries and *honorary* canonries are all he has to give, at least to many of the clergy who happen to have better livings than those in the episcopal patronage; he must know that no greater honour could be done by a Bishop to a distinguished clergyman entering on a valuable preferment in his diocese than the offer of these very posts which are here treated almost as an insult. What, then, are we to think of this, except to suppose it written as an unprincipled appeal to those unacquainted with the real working of the distribution of the posts of eminence in the Church; an attempt to excite by wilful misrepresentation a feeling of animosity against the Bishops, and through them against the whole system of the Church?

Perhaps, too, it is some matter of wonder why a rural deanery should be treated with such scorn; many of our readers are well aware what influence that post confers, and what a means of good it may become in the hands of an earnest and devoted man; and those who have the good fortune to live in a district where the rural-decanal office is an agency and not a shadow, will think that it must be very sensitive flesh and blood indeed which can 'revolt from the idea' of a position exercising so much influence, and commanding so much respect. But it appears, not in this place only, but all through the book, that Ingoldsby goes upon the great maxim that 'a thing is worth just what it will fetch,' and measures the exact value of each position in the Church by the annual £ s. d. which it brings in to the exchequer of the holder. This is perhaps merely a question of taste; undoubtedly a rural deanery is not prolific in worldly wealth, whatever it may bring forth of certain other fruits which Ingoldsby from his pulpit would probably tell us are not altogether to be left out of a wise man's accounts; neither do we clearly see in what way this very practical view of matters has any bearing on the question of the revision of the Liturgy, except in this, that as Ingoldsby steps forward with a certain ostentation of would-be championship as our leader in these questions, it is right that they who may think of following him should see what manner of man he shows himself to be, as he exhibits himself to us in his book.

Here, then, we close our notice of what may be called the personal merits of the book ; for we do not purpose to do more than just to mention the two closing letters on the disturbances in S. George's-in-the-East, simply discreditable as they are, to have been written even under the excitement of the moment, and still more disgraceful to have been republished after calm reflection. The extracts which we have given might have been multiplied almost indefinitely ; but these, few in number as they are, selected from places where the spirit of the book is most apparent, are quite sufficient for our purpose. Enough has been said to enable our readers to join in the strong condemnation which we feel it our duty to pass on the whole tone and spirit of the book, and our regret that the letters of which it is composed should have been printed in a collected form. It may gratify the author's animosity to gain a wider circulation for his attacks upon the Bishops, or his self-complacency to acquaint the public with such facts as that he was 'proctor when the Bishop of Lichfield took his Doctor's degree at Cambridge;' but neither his self-complacency nor his animosity would receive much real satisfaction if he could but see how every page seems to reflect a distorted image of unsatisfied ambition and disappointed vanity. Neither will the public—accustomed to find personal motives lying at the root of personal attacks, and taught by experience how much private feeling is usually connected with any exceeding bitterness towards public characters—altogether pass over an indication of a certain spirit, kept, for the most part, carefully out of sight, but peeping out almost comically in the subscription of a certain letter '*Yours ever probably*' (the italics are his own), '*The Rector of Ingoldshby.*' And thus, while owning that the subject on which these letters treat is one of enduring and abiding interest, we sincerely regret their republication even out of consideration for the writer's character. As a controversial book, it is too disfigured with bitter personalities to have any abiding influence on the minds of thinking men ; and as a literary performance, it can command none but the most ephemeral applause. Such ephemeral applause, indeed, it may obtain as is given unthinkingly to that cleverness which is really mere ill-nature—such momentary amusement may be derived from its perusal as comes to almost all of us, through the lowest part of our nature, from seeing the weak points of others, especially those above ourselves in rank or station, exposed in the strongest light, and held up unflinchingly to ridicule. But such momentary feelings cannot be repeated or recalled in any except the most unworthy minds. We recover from the surprise, and are ashamed at our own thoughts ; self-respect is wounded at the baseness into which self-love has been betrayed ; and we find ourselves

actually resenting any attempt to stereotype such feelings on our memory. Such attempts will ever fail. We look with pleasure on the quick glancing of a rocket—nay, we own that its momentary brilliancy may save a storm-tossed ship, or symbolize a nation's joy; but when the glare of the firework is over, there is not, usually, much of value to be collected from the scattered fragments of the cartridge paper or the smell of exploded powder.

But there is another point of view from which these letters have a certain value apart from their intrinsic merits or demerits, and to this we purpose to devote our remaining space. It is, as we take them to represent the view taken by a certain class upon the question of which they treat, as they embody what may be called the popular feeling among those—seemingly a diminished number—who are still clamorous for the revision of the Liturgy. Written as they are in what is called a popular style, appealing to every popular (so-called) prejudice, echoing back every momentary outcry of popular unreason, trusting in many of their arguments to the ignorance and unreflecting acquiescence of the readers, we may well take them as valuable to us in this way from their very faults—showing us, in a true mirror, the real feelings that lie beneath the often thoughtless outcry for some further alteration in the Ritual. To this view, then, of the subject we now purpose to devote ourselves, endeavouring to extract what is really valuable by search among the great mass of the rubbish with which it is smothered and overlaid; to ascertain in our search what grounds we may find either for apprehension or for confidence; to learn, by watching the columns of attack, what they consider to be our weakest points, and thus those which have most need of strengthening. And, first of all, we are struck by certain vague and undefined threats of fearful consequences which are to follow if the Liturgy remained unrevised—of a storm that is to burst upon the fabric of the Church if a lightning conductor of the Ingoldsby pattern is not immediately erected—of a great flood which is to sweep away its very foundations if a channel be not immediately dug in the direction indicated by Ingoldsby's engineering skill, to carry away the enthusiasm of the people in a new and safe direction. Thus we read in a very mysterious chapter, headed 'It is too late':—

'Our own opinion, meanwhile, is thus far decided—first, that nothing short of a Royal Commission will effectually meet all the difficulties of the case; secondly, that the time is gone by when mere abridgment will satisfy the demands of those who call for such Commission. In the early stages of the Reformation, it is well known that a slight concession was made on the part of the Pope and his adherents—the doing away, for instance, with the sale of indulgences and relics; the

granting the cup to the laity, and permission to marry to the clergy; the performing the service in a language "understanded of the people," and the like—would have been accepted as a boon, and, in all probability, would have staved off the greater reform for many a year—possibly to this hour. But when, at length, these reasonable demands were tardily offered as a palliative, and in evident fear of something worse impending, they were rejected; and the stern answer of Luther and his small band of heart-and-soul Reformers was, "It is too late." And such, I suspect, would now be the reply of the great body of those who seek, and have long sought, to revise the Liturgy of our Church, and render it more pliant, more various, less faulty, less formal, and therefore more generally acceptable to the people.—P. 143.

And so again, in a warning voice to the Bishops, he tells us of 'a tide which, if much longer resisted, threatens to force its way over all interposing barriers, and will not then be so easily 'controlled' (p. 159).

Now, these utterances seem to us more hastily delivered than easily intelligible, and, in a certain degree, such as might have been expected from the Delphic Pythoness, if she had taken up that very uncomfortable position in which Ingoldsby seems to imagine that she habitually delivered her oracles, 'sitting on her boiling tripod,' (p. 376); but so far as they mean anything, we may take them to imply the existence of a restless spirit, both within and without the boundaries of the Church—a spirit of inquiry into ancient landmarks, and remeasuring old lines of demarcation—a spirit which will not be satisfied by mere authority, which will not be content to walk in the old paths, unless some proof is offered that they are not only old but right. What the consequences are, which are present to Ingoldsby's mind, do not so manifestly appear from these Sibylline and boiling utterances. We are nowhere distinctly told why it is 'too late' to abridge the Liturgy, who are to thunder out the stern 'too late,' or what dreadful event will follow if their thundering does not meet with prompt attention. He does not seem to expect any large secession from the Church. His own scheme, to which we shall come presently, does not present any very serious causes for dissatisfaction; he can hardly contemplate the success of a sweeping assault upon the distinctive doctrines and discipline of the Church, or imagine that the clergy or faithful laity could remain in its communion, if an Act of Parliament were to eliminate from its formularies those truths which are now therein expressed in a fulness and with a clearness which are peculiar to our own communion.

Yet so far we may allow a true meaning to his words as they represent the existence of a temper and a spirit among educated and believing men, scarcely satisfied with the present state of things, and certain consequences, more or less evil, which are likely to ensue, if this temper be unheeded, and this spirit

remain unsatisfied. But even admitting the existence of this spirit as he would represent it, it seems that there is nothing in the admission that should make us fearful—nay, rather, that there is much in it which affords good and hopeful signs for the future welfare of the Church. If there is much in the temper and spirit of which he speaks, which is simply evil, simply the result of discontent and restlessness and impatience of lawful restraint and discipline, there is much also that is good and true, which it is the Church's special work to satisfy, and, in satisfying, to draw into her system a fresh supply of healthful vigorous life. Much of this, and we own it cheerfully even when it shows itself in effects which we deplore, is a sign of a recovered life, of an awakened earnestness, of a spirit of inquiry which will not be satisfied till it arrive at life and light and truth. This spirit, at least, we see in all the schools of the present day, even when it issues in results which seem dangerous to faith and reverence; an intense earnestness of purpose; a passionate, and often almost morbid, craving for truth—truth simple, truth for its own sake, truth separated from all mixture and alloy of evasion, of concealment and of mere expediency; an admiration, carried out sometimes to affectation, of all that is thorough and honest and perfect and real; a willingness to sacrifice anything—often, we fear, belief—in the search for this, the absolutely real and true; and a determination to accept nothing as satisfying to the living soul of man but that which has this life within it. 'Εν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσον, seems to represent the spirit of the present age; and in its existence lies the secret of the acceptance, more or less partial, given by educated and thoughtful men to the various systems of the day. In this we see the reason of the hold taken upon the thought of the time by various succeeding masters—by Carlyle, the worse than Frankenstein, creating distorted images of true manhood, and then falling down and worshipping—by Kingsley, with his genial recognition of the true worth and dignity of human nature, degenerating sometimes into affectation, sometimes into creature worship, sometimes into disregard to those higher truths which lie beyond the provinces of reason and of sense—by Maurice, with his vague, but intensely earnest dreams of reconciling, by crafty subtleties of language, the mysteries of faith with the processes of human reasoning—and even last of all, by Coleaso, with his dull scepticism. In all, the germ for which men looked, the spirit which fitted into the spirit of the times, and which drew into itself men's tempers and affections, was the appearance at least of a certain passionate earnestness, the boldness of the ventures which they made, or seemed to make, in the great search for truth, the simple single-hearted intensity of purpose with which,

each one on his different path, they appeared to be ever stretching forward, pursuing that one end. And it is no cause for wonder or dismay if some of this spirit has found its way into the tone and temper in which men judge of the system and the ritual of the Church; if there are doubts and questionings when seeking there for that which they can find in no merely human system, the simple truth and life; if any parts of the system *seem* to hang on, as Ingoldsby expresses it, 'dry leaves upon a living tree;' if through their own thoughtless ignorance, or through the use of these things as formal and unmeaning by the carelessness of those to whose hands they are intrusted, parts of the Ritual seem to have lost their meaning; if symbolism unexplained seems to conceal, not to express the truth; if ceremonies, used as mere forms, seem as mere empty husks, from which the germ is dropped and the life is gone; then there is no cause for surprise that, out of their very love for those things which are the essence of the Church, such seekers should strive earnestly to remove what seems to them not only a veil which hides the truth, but a covering which has stifled and choked out the life, that the earnestness with which they pursue their purpose should be in proportion to their almost unacknowledged consciousness, that the light and truth for which they long, if not contained within the Church, cannot be found on earth. Yet there is nothing here to make us fear for the future of the Church, nothing for which her system cannot suffice, no want which it cannot amply satisfy. The feeling must be recognised, must be respected, must be answered by an answering life, in all into whose hands the administration of the ritual is intrusted, and according to whom it will be for the most part judged. In faith and truth and all boldness of utterance, the system must be shown forth, and interpreted in its full meaning and entire teaching. Symbols must be explained, not as mere dead and barren signs, but ever containing and expressing truth, containing and conveying, where it is so, the actual grace of God. Prayer must not only be explained to the understanding, but so used as to make evident to the senses, that it is a real offering of the Church unto its Head. The whole ritualistic framework must be explained by reference to the life contained within it from His presence, who is the source of life. The Glory must be shown abiding in these things even now, as in the Tabernacle of the Church in the wilderness. Then men will feel that in this their deepest cravings are met, their highest aspirations satisfied; they will feel their hearts and their affections drawn again, by a higher force than habit, into the old system; they will perceive that the true reform of the Liturgy must be effected, not in its revision, but its use. But this belongs to

another division of our subject. Here we will only say further, that because we feel satisfied of the capabilities of our Liturgy to draw through itself into our system those very cravings which form the difficulty of our position, because we feel sure that the more earnestly and minutely our Liturgy is examined the more clearly its inherent light will be discerned, because we have sufficient faith to feel assured that in it enough is contained to satisfy all earnest cravings, therefore we can recognise to its full extent the measure of truth contained in the vague threatenings of Ingoldsby, and yet not fear the consequences which he describes: we can look over the bright spring blossoms at the dark cloud resting on the horizon, and say, not only fearlessly, but in assured hope, 'Not blight, but a most gracious rain.'

And, indeed, when we come to the more practical aspect of the subject, and endeavour to ascertain precisely the complaints which are embodied in this work, it is somewhat reassuring to find that only one alleged evil is prominently brought forward, and only one remedy suggested for its removal. The length of the service, the weariness consequent on this, the impossibility of the congregation joining fully in all its parts, and, above all (for Ingoldsby, whilst he can find nothing but hard words for dignitaries, has '*verba blandissima*' for other orders of the ministry), the hardship which it entails on the officiating minister—the impossibility of one clergyman, 'perhaps aged or infirm,' reading it impressively throughout—and the detriment which often ensues to the emphatic delivery of the sermon. And so in the chapter in which he gives us his own ideas of the changes which are most desirable, we find them comprised under twelve heads, of which we may give the following brief summary:—The separation of the different parts of the service, so that they should be read, 'either at different times on the same day, or differently on different Sundays.' A few not very important alterations in the Lessons, Gospels, and Epistles, and distribution of the Psalter. Then a demand which, probably, covers a good deal, 'That the occasional services, including the Catechism, should undergo a careful reconsideration, with a view, if possible, to meet the scruples of those who are offended at certain terms made use of therein, without compromising any vital article of Christian faith.' And lastly, 'that the Rubric should undergo a careful revision with a view to adopt it to the present system, and to alter such parts as are found practically inconvenient,' and also to alter 'a few obsolete words which might be better replaced by those now in use.' (Letter xxii. p. 153.)

So far, then, as these proposals by themselves are concerned,

there seems little to object to; on the expediency of many of them our readers probably will have various opinions, *provided that the case admitted of their being discussed upon their own merits, and that they were not bound up with any other considerations.* Many, for instance, would gladly see some variations in the Calendar of Lessons, some chapters altered in those selected from the Old Testament, and, considering the usual character of our congregations, permission given to read the Second Lessons from the Gospels at the afternoon or evening services, instead of always from the Epistles. As for the length of the service, it is doubtful if the public opinion is so unanimous on the point as Ingoldsby and his friends suppose. The services of dissenters we may suppose to be tolerably distinct indications of the popular will on this matter, and they seem to be commonly about the same length as our own; at least, in a large town the hours seem usually alike; the different streams of worshippers habitually unite in going to and returning from the various churches and meeting-houses. But these points have been already discussed in our pages,¹ and we see no reason to modify the opinions which were then expressed. What was then said on two of the subjects here discussed will meet the views of Ingoldsby, as well as those in answer to which they were written:—

‘It is now an established fact, that (speaking of the Sunday Morning Service) its component services may be used separately, wherever it may be desirable. Many town churches have already taken advantage of this permission, which comes now supported not only by the dictates of common sense, but by the express approval of the Bishops. Plainly, there is nothing in the Prayer-Book to forbid or discountenance this division of services.’

And again, speaking of so called ‘obsolete phrases’—

‘From having been used continually and generally, such phrases never become really obsolete. They present no difficulty even to the uneducated persons who fail to understand their exact meaning. Evidently, even on merely literary considerations, it would be a great mistake to obliterate these racy and idiomatic relics of our old English tongue. But they are valuable for higher reasons also. They are venerable from their age and familiar by long usage; they form a link between successive generations who have knelt in the same holy places, and joined in the same holy services. It would be a fatal error to abandon the time-honoured diction of the Prayer-Book, by modernizing and simplifying it, for the sake of attaining what is really unattainable,—a form of prayer lowered to the level of every one’s comprehension.’

We will but add to this a few words on two points, which seem to call for additional notice. The first is, the evident desire shown by Ingoldsby to add to the duration of the ser-

¹ The Revision of the Prayer-Book. No. cvii. vol. xxxix. p. 208.

mon whatever time may be gained by shortening that allotted to the service. We are told (p. 33), that no preacher of the Gospel to the poor could possibly compress his subject, so as to do it full justice, into less than half an hour. 'Some preachers would hardly exhaust it in an hour.' So far as this implies a desire for lengthened sermons, we feel sure that it does not represent the popular feeling on the subject. A lengthened service may be wearisome to some, but we feel sure that a lengthened sermon—a sermon aiming to go round the whole scheme of man's redemption—would prove a far more intolerable burden than any of those which all complain of under the present system. But again, we cannot but call attention to one, it seems to us, mistaken principle which underlies all Ingoldsby's arguments upon this portion of his subject. They all seem based upon the assumption that the service is simply for man's benefit; that the ease, the convenience, the temper of the worshipper, the good which he may feel palpably accruing to himself thereby, is the one great object to be considered in any ritualistic system. As he says, summing up his argument, 'I had been led to think, that half an hour, or even less—say a quarter of an hour or ten minutes—of deep, and earnest, and heartfelt prayer, were of more real value to the soul's health than the *opus operatum* of an hour and a half spent in church.' True; and we will add, if looked upon in that light, it might be more acceptable to Him to whom the prayer is made. But a very momentary thought will show us how much is left out here of that which forms the very germ and principle of all true idea of ritualistic worship. All is merged in the individual worshipper and his 'soul's health,' all is measured by the palpable benefit received by the offerer of prayer. Not one word is said of the glory of God; not one thought bestowed on the idea of the Church militant worshipping on earth in union with the everlasting worship of the Church invisible; not one expression used which is connected with the service as an offering of praise, a free-will offering to the Creator, an offering to be made as lavishly as the pouring of the costly ointment and the breaking of the alabaster box, as an outpouring of that love and gratitude in whose power only worship can assume its highest aspect, as a very forgetfulness of self, or rather a pouring out of self before the Holiest Presence, the adoring utterance of faith as, losing thought of further benefits, yea, losing self itself in wondering contemplation of the mercies given, it passes into rapt and most awful adoration of the source of all good to man. No liturgy, no ritualistic worship, can be based upon true principles, which makes the benefit directly received by the worshipper the central thought on which it turns, the measure

by which its service is allotted. None can embody the true idea of Christian worship whose essence is not in full free offering, made without a thought of gain, in simple thankfulness for His loving mercy and recognition of His very presence; none which does not repudiate the idea of self, as the germ and essence of its life. It is as untrue and shallow a conception of the real idea of Christian worship to speak of it entirely with reference to the uses of the worshipper, as it is to speak of this creation as if framed entirely and simply for the uses and the purposes of man, forgetful of the lesson which its Maker teaches in the glorious decorations, useless for man's purposes, which he has lavished on its every part, in the wonderful flora which bedecks, with very gorgeousness of beauty, the depths of tropic forests, under whose deep arches the echo of man's footsteps is unheard; in the creation of a little flower, to enamel the very snowline of the Alpine solitudes, where its simple beauty can gladden no beholders, save, it may be, the holy angels; it may be—we would speak with utmost reverence—even its Creator.

We have mentioned this because it is a principle which often seems omitted from the popular views on the subject of public worship and of ritualistic services. But to return to more practical details. It may perhaps be said, if the proposed alterations be so trivial, and some possibly not altogether inexpedient, or even undesirable in themselves, why not give way upon these points? What is the meaning of offering such a determined resistance to allowing even these to be made? Our answer is simply this, that admitting, for the sake of argument, that every change proposed by Ingoldsby is more or less desirable in itself, yet there is a great difference between a thing being in itself desirable, and desirable at all times, and under all circumstances, or so desirable as to make it a duty to seek for it at all possible hazards. Even a good thing may be purchased at a price which converts it into an evil; even a good end may be so encompassed with difficulties and dangers that a prudent man will consider it quite out of his reach. There may be greater wisdom in patiently submitting to an imperfection than to the risk that will follow on an attempt to remove it. Many a life has been lost in the attempt to remove a slight blemish by a surgical operation; many a constitution ruined in the effort to bring back the roses to a sallow cheek, or add lustre to the faded eye. And we cannot read Ingoldsby's book without feeling that the changes which he proposes, if they are at all to answer the ends which he has set before himself, must go far deeper than the structural, and enter on the doctrinal portion of the Prayer-Book. The purposes which he hopes to gain

cannot possibly be attained without entering on far deeper questions, and going into subjects far more important than the surface-matter of which he treats. He evidently proposes to set at rest those classes of objections which, under the cover of cavilling at a few words or phrases, are really levelled at the distinctive doctrines of the Church; he proposes, by verbal changes, and shiftings of chapters, and shortening of services, to satisfy those classes of objectors whose views are represented by the petition which he quotes, who couple in one sentence as 'Romish doctrines and practices, auricular confession, priestly absolution, and the easy (*sic*) doctrine of baptismal regeneration,' and pray that her Majesty will order 'such a revision of the Prayer-Book as will destroy for ever the least shadow of a basis for the aforementioned doctrines and practices' (p. 294). And even when he speaks in his own person, his words lead us to the same conclusions. Thus, he asks, 'Have the confessional in Belgravia and the Battle of the Boyne (resting, as they profess to do, upon the *unaltered letter* of the Prayer-Book) been attended with no heart-burnings? Have Messrs. West, Poole, Bennett, Denison, Gresley, Randall, and Liddell met with no opposition?' Thus, then, even from admissions like these, it is evident that the popular idea of the revision of the Liturgy has, with many, aims and objects which lie far deeper than the mere structural amendments which are usually and ostensibly alleged; it is evident, that the chief attacks on portions of the service alleged to be inexpedient, or words and phrases alleged to be 'unscriptural,' or liable to be misunderstood, are really as the one are symbols, the other exponents, of doctrines which are unpalatable in themselves, or from whose consequences men seem to shrink; it is clear that no change would conciliate those who now profess a kind of unwilling enmity to the Church, which left those doctrines still clearly proffered to believers as *the truth*, as portions of that great message which it is the Church's mission to deliver over all the world. And if such reflection may well make us pause, and show us the necessity of great heed and caution in our proceedings, so a little reflection will show us how vain is the hope that any sacrifice of ritualism, that any amount of doubt or vagueness that may be cast round the distinctive doctrines which we hold, can really be expected to win over any great number of those who are now alienated from our fold. It is idle to suppose that earnest men have really left the Church on account of a service a few minutes longer than they thought expedient—of a few, as they conceived, ill-chosen lessons—of a few, so-called, obsolete words in the collects, or ill-expressed sentences in the Liturgy, except so far as therein are expressed

principles to which they object, and doctrines which they will not receive. It is undoubtedly the truth, that the spirit which really lies at the root of separation from the Church is not to be found in mere objections to her formularies, or even doubts about her doctrines, but must be sought for in dislike of all assumption to a distinctive and a separate commission—all claims to any special grace conferred upon its ministry—all pretensions to apostolic office, to apostolic functions, to apostolic authority, to apostolic powers of conveying and dispensing grace. It is this which really lies at the bottom of all dissent, and will continue even if the Church were to yield up to her opponents all definite expressions of doctrine, to abandon all dogmatic teaching, and give up her offices to be altered at their good, or evil, pleasure; this, which would still interpose a barrier against all real communion between the Church and the various communities of separatists, unless the Church were prepared to cease to be a Church at all, to descend on equal terms into the contending ranks, to give up all claims to the apostolic commission, to the priestly office, and to sacramental grace. Such is the real explanation of the result of the Savoy Conference, which is often so much regretted, as if an opportunity had been lost of reuniting a large body of Nonconformists to the Church, by yielding to their demands for change in apparently indifferent things. But those on the spot could see more clearly the real objections which were yet behind. In the words of a recent author:—

‘The Bishops . . . knew that it was in vain to assent to any real changes, for that, if they granted all the proposals of the ministers and altered all the ceremonies and phrases objected to, the Prayer-Book would still be deemed an intolerable burden, so long as its use in any shape was to be constantly and vigorously enforced. The Puritans required the free exercise of the gift of prayer in every part of public worship, and contended that *whatever alterations might be made in the book, it should be left to the discretion of the ministers to omit any part of its appointed services.*’—*Procter on the Common Prayer.*—P. 131.

Such were their feelings then, and such we believe to be their feelings now. It is a spirit which must be met by remedies very different from those which we have been just considering. If any great masses are to be won over to our side from the ranks of dissent, it must be, not by explaining away our distinctive doctrine, but by proving them to contain the truth; not by altering our Liturgy, to suit the prejudices and ever-varying objections of thoughtlessness or ignorance, but by practically asserting it to be the exponent of the deepest mysteries of revelation, the expression of the highest adoration. If the Liturgy is to win its way into the affections of the people, it must be, not by abandoning its principles, or shrink-

ing from its confessions of belief, but by throwing into its system that earnestness and energy and life which can be thrown into it by those, and those alone, who have accepted it after deep thought and in earnest faith and love. If its principles, its *rationale*, its symbolism, were only carefully studied, and habitually explained to our congregations, and clearly shown to be not merely old forms or unmeaning ceremonies, but living preachers of ever-living truths, then, we feel persuaded, and experience has shown, that the common class of objections, mostly arising as they do from thoughtless or ignorance, would soon, if not altogether silenced, be at least visibly diminished. If advantage be taken of the liberty which we do possess—if care be used to express the life, the earnestness, the beauty, and the holiness which really are inherent in our Ritual—if the proper distinctions are made between the different portions of the offices, instead of being rendered, as sometimes now, as one long sermon delivered by the officiating minister—if the people are invited to take their proper part in each—if the prayers are read simply, so as to evidence that the people are praying with the priest, and not the priest reading to the people—if the offices of praise be rendered so that the people can join in the full beauty of its choral melody—if the sermon be short and earnest, not a vague wandering over the whole scheme of redemption, but confining itself to one point at a time, and impressing that only upon the hearers, spoken above all, not as the mere individual opinions of a preacher, but as of one speaking with the Church's voice, by the Church's authority, by the Church's power to preserve and to express the truth committed to her charge—if, in short, our Liturgy were always rendered truly by true men, rendered faithfully by men who thoroughly believe in it themselves, it would be found that the slight objections to its details would soon vanish away, and all voice of murmuring be hushed in the expression of the beauty of its holiness.

Thus far, then, we seem to have arrived at the conclusion, that it is undesirable to concede to the demands of those whom Ingoldsby represents, not only because such concessions, to be of any practical use at all, must go far beyond the limits which are defined in his scheme, and draw largely upon those demands which we see dimly lurking in the distant background, but also because no way seems open to any large comprehension of those really earnest men who yet remain without the Church's fold, except by yielding the most vital truths which are committed to her charge, by such abandonment of her position as would be equivalent to a negation of all her character as a divinely-inspired body, and of her very existence as a Church. But

our last remarks seem to meet the case of a very different class, whose complaints are represented in this work, though far from being in any sense enemies, or even faint friends, either to the doctrine or the discipline of the Church.

Such will be found in almost every congregation—men earnest, pious, and God-fearing, conscientious in their daily life, earnestly desirous of doing what is simply right, attending regularly at public worship, but religious rather than devout; not confounding altogether public worship with private prayer, yet looking on the former rather as an act of homage than of adoration; not without a worthy sense of the Presence hallowing the house of God, yet not reaching on to any very fervent feelings, or quickened into any very lively emotion, in the worship which they sincerely offer, or by the Presence which they truly recognise. Such voices we recognise in Ingoldsby's complaints of the occasional weariness of the service, of the needless repetitions which occur in it, of the impossibility of preserving the attention undisturbed throughout it all; such would assent to Ingoldsby's avowed scheme of change, but protest earnestly against the further alterations which evidently, though not expressed, are in his mind; such desire, simply and sincerely, such a revision, only for the purpose of bringing the service into a length within the compass of what they deem their own powers of attention, of what they suppose the limits of their own faculties of rendering worship worthily. They do not desire any material alteration; they accept heartily the great truths of revelation as expressed in the formularies of the Church; they love the Ritual; they recognise the position of the Church as the commissioned teacher of the truth and minister of the worship of the redeemed. The Prayer-Book is dear to them, not only for its intrinsic merits, but for its long associations with all that has been best and holiest and most truly blessed in their lives; their complaint is rather of themselves than of the Liturgy; their grievance rather in their own weakness than in the heaviness of the burden laid upon them; their desire that no portion of the service may pass by without gathering their own personal offerings into the worship of the Church, without conveying individually to them their own portion of its blessing.

The changes that they seek are slight; they would not have the Liturgy so compressed as to lose its aspect of a worthy act of adoration; they would not have the sermon, like another Aaron's rod, swallowing up the whole service, absorbing into itself the whole idea of worship; still less would they tolerate such a revision as would leave one truth less definitely expressed, or one principle less decidedly maintained. Such calm and earnest voices we appear to hear among the mocking tones

and deceitful blandishments of Ingoldsby; they deserve every attention; and it would be, indeed, a great shortcoming in our Liturgy if it were not elastic enough to meet their honest wants, or satisfy their sincere requirements. But there is nothing in their case which may not be provided for by the Liturgy as it stands, if that liberty is used, which undoubtedly officiating ministers do possess, of separating its component portions into different services: the practical difficulty is in effecting such arrangements as may give the slightly shortened services which are required, without startling familiar associations by too sudden and entire a change, or giving too great a shock to old and long-established habits. Many of those arrangements which are in our power will perfectly meet all real wants, if they are effected carefully, in such a way as to consult the wishes of the congregation, and to prove that they are made, not out of mere desire of novelty, or as taking up the Shibboleth of any party in the Church, but with a simple and sincere desire for the welfare of the flock, as the results of wisdom and experience, and of thought patiently and earnestly given to the requirements of particular congregations. But there are two matters connected with this portion of the subject which, if habitually attended to, would probably remove many difficulties out of the way of those who are endeavouring to make our Ritual effective to its utmost extent. The first is, the establishment of such a free and hearty intercourse between the pastor and his flock as may enable him really to know their wants and grievances, and help them, in turn, to understand and to appreciate his motives—to discriminate between those things which may not be changed, and those in which liberty is possible. Too often that reserve, which is such a prominent feature in the English character, assumes its most morbid and unhealthy aspect, as it takes its place among the many hindrances to the working of the parochial system. The parish priest feels it almost a personal grievance when complaints are made of any portion of the Liturgy: the congregation seeing this, out of respect to what they deem his feelings, shrink from expressing their own in his presence, and cherish a concealed but deep dissatisfaction at some things which might easily be explained, and some which might as easily be remedied.

For the healthy action of the Church in ritualistic and in other matters, we want habits formed of free consultation, and mutual and unreserved communication, not only on personal subjects, but on those which concern the Church between the clergyman and his flock. On the one hand, we want the people to grow accustomed to bring their difficulties and alleged grievances to the clergyman without fear that the very existence of

such would cause him pain and be considered almost as a personal affront. On the other, we want the clergyman to learn to look these things in the face, to recognise their existence, to be able to hear of them without shrinking as from a painful topic, or as if the mention of them touched upon a subject on which he did not like to speak, and thus in which he felt some cause for hesitation or regret. A more habitual explanation of matters connected with our Ritual, both in the pulpit and in parochial intercourse; more habitual mention of the questions belonging to it, as of deepest interest, not to the clergy only, but to every Churchman; more habitual interchange of the causes of dissatisfaction on the one side, and the meaning and intention of proposed arrangements on the other, would remove many difficulties which now seem insuperable, and open paths to many improvements which at present appear almost unattainable. New Churches, too, in newly-formed districts, afford admirable opportunities for trying the practical effect of such separations of the different offices as may seem advisable. In such cases no formidable difficulties would be encountered from the existence of long-established habits, and the fruits of such experience might be brought, with all the prestige of a successful experiment, to bear upon the general system of the Church.

And secondly, the existence of these feelings points us to another want which also must be gradually supplied—the formation among Churchmen of habits of more constant devotion. The posture of devotion long continued is as wearisome and soon becomes as painful to the unaccustomed mind as to the unaccustomed body; both mind and body require to have their powers brought out by the training of habitual exercise before they can apply their real strength to doing any work perfectly, or framing any offering acceptably, as casting into it their very best. So it seems that we require some discipline of the devotional faculties to develop their capacities for taking up their part in the highest expression of the Church's worship; we want something, not belonging only to a few more ardent minds, but the property of all Churchmen, to fill up the gap between the shorter times of private prayer and the full offices of public worship. One of the needs of our day is, a more habitual attendance on Church services on week-days, as well as upon Sundays; a habit growing upon Churchmen of preparing themselves for the grand act of worship on the weekly festival, by frequent acts of worship on the other days; a quickened sense that the work of adoration is not to be considered as belonging only to one day in the week, but as belonging to all time, and hallowing all life. Churches more continually open; the week-day services rendered more habitual; and thus grow-

ing into quickened life, and fervency, and truth; their true position restored to our Wednesdays and our Fridays, our Rogation and Ember days; their true honour given to our fasts and festivals; where it may be, the faithful called to matins and to evensong: these, despite of Ingoldsby's sneers, seem to us the true way of meeting the class of outcries for the revision of the Liturgy, of which we are at this moment speaking; in these seem to us to lie the true remedy for the weariness, the true satisfaction for the requirements, of those who call for changes, not from impatience or from disloyalty, but from experience of their own weakness.

To conclude these remarks, as far as we can gather the ideal of a Liturgy fashioned as Ingoldsby would have it, we should have a Ritual whose distinctive feature would be intellectuality instead of adoration, whose central thought the benefit of man rather than the glory of God. We, too, have our ideal of a perfect Ritual; we, too, have a vision of what the Church should do, and yet may do, in the midst of us here in England. We will put our own ideal side by side with that of Ingoldsby, and leave our readers to decide which of them is most worthy of the Church of Christ, and most likely to be successful in the work which He has given it to do, in uniting to Himself the souls of His Redeemed. And first, as to the very outward structure and aspect of the Visible Temples in which this worship is to be offered, the framework and the building of our Churches. Here, too, we would have a 'revision' of which we find no trace in any portion of this book. We would have them drawing into themselves all that is high and grand and beautiful in nature and in art, and dedicating it anew as a worthy offering to Him who has made the Beautiful in Nature, and implanted in the mind of man his perception of the Beautiful in Art. We would have them taxing to the utmost the imaginings of the architect, embodying in enduring stone the noblest ideals of symmetry and grandeur and proportion. We would have them claiming as their own the sculptor's most perfect reproductions of the graceful and the beautiful, the highest aspirations of the poet and musician, the truest harmonies of colour, the glow and fragrance of the choicest flowers. We would have them testifying not to faith only, but to ear and eye and sense and feeling, that His own Holy Church is the true link between the Creator and His creatures, the means through which He receives their offerings, and, receiving them, is present, as a king in his audience-chamber, ordering that in their offering and in His receiving fresh links shall evermore be formed between His subjects and Himself. And so, too, with the Church, as we consider it not only as the medium through which humanity

offers up its worship to its Creator, but as the minister which that Creator has appointed to supply the needs and cravings of humanity. We would have our churches open at all hours, eloquent in their stillness even when no crowd of worshippers is there, calling in the wayfarer to remind him of that silent Presence which is with him in the anxieties of business, or amid the noise and din and turmoil of the crowded city, bidding him enter and refresh himself by a moment's silent thought and communing—felt the more distinctly to be personal, because solitary—with the Author and the Giver of all true good to man; offering him in those few lonely moments a realizing of that Presence, which may be with him through the long day's toil, and strength, which may keep him pure, holy, just, and loving, amid the temptations to impatience, unbelief, and sin, which, it may be, his very calling brings. And we would have their public services at once worthy offerings to Him to whom their offering is made, and (here, too, fulfilling the double ministry of the Church) addressing themselves to every mood of the human mind, and suiting themselves to every aspect of the ever-changing circumstances of human life. We would have the simple matin service hallowing the first hours of the day with its thoughts of prayer and praise, even as the sweet songs of birds usher in the dawns of the day of toil, on these bright mornings of the opening spring. We would have the Litany, with its solemn prayers and plaintive wailings, stirring to its very depths the conscience laden with unrepented sin, bearing the burden of man's guilt and sorrows up to the Cross itself, and speaking calm stillness to the mourner's fretfulness, as bringing to his view the agony still greater than his own, the sorrow such as other man hath never sorrowed, the burden beneath whose fearful weight no other human strength has bowed. We would have also, in their turn, the glad notes of thanksgivings the most glorious and praise most jubilant swelling upward to that throne 'where cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' repeating all the thankful gladness of humanity, catching up the tones which the touch of joy has struck out upon the inner chords of man's heart, expressing and echoing the believer's feelings as he reckons up his mercies; and while it presents his joy and gladness as thankofferings, while it sanctifies all joy and happiness by laying them down awhile in that Presence whence they come, so, too, bearing up with them the offerer himself into that very Presence, where only there is fulness of joy, at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.

And we would have the evening service close the day with its solemn reverent bidding to the true rest under the shadow of

those wings where evil cannot come ; its solemn commending of the past day, with all its sins and faults, to the mercies of that One whose eye has been on all its deeds ; its peace unutterable, rising like the evening dew in the believer's heart as it tells of the true rest out of labour, the true light out of darkness, the true refreshing out of weariness, the true home out of lonely wanderings, the true awaking out of sleep. This is our ideal, and it is nothing after all but a simple statement of what our Liturgy may be if faithfully, and therefore rightly, used. It offers nothing but what may be found in the Prayer-Book as it stands, without yielding up one of its great truths, or mutilating one of its time-honoured formularies, or letting drop one jewel out of that bright diadem which the wisdom and the piety of our forefathers, and the overruling mercy of the Lord of All, has placed upon our Church's head.

ART. III.—*History of the Modern Styles of Architecture: being a Sequel to the Handbook of Architecture.* By JAMES FERGUSSON. London: Murray. 1862.

THIS very interesting volume forms a worthy sequel to the two on ancient art by the same author, which appeared some years since.¹ Like those volumes, the present is a book rather for the general reader than for the workman; rather for those who interest themselves in architecture as a branch of art study, than for those who actually practise it. In saying thus much, we would not be understood in the least to detract from Mr. Fergusson's merits, but to state that the book appeals to a wider circle than to the narrow ranks of a profession. It is a volume which those who have travelled, and to whom the greater part of the buildings cited are well known, will appreciate as a convenient handbook for reference, either to refresh their memories or for the purpose of comparison, and one which will be even more valuable to those who have never wandered from home, and who will find here a conveniently accessible storehouse of information. And if the labour bestowed on this volume, compared with those which preceded it, has been less grateful to the writer—if he can find less pleasure in the structures which he now describes—if there are, compared with the two volumes of the Handbook, fewer spots in which he can linger with pleasure in the course of his labour of love, we must the more bear him the proud testimony that no less thought, no less assiduity of research, are bestowed on these pages than on those which went before. If the result is less satisfactory, the fault lies, not in the author, but in his subject, and we may well pardon him if he looks regretfully back to the—

Happy years, the pleasing shades,
The fields beloved in vain,

when architects, untrammelled by conventionalism, were not compelled to copy, but were permitted to think; when, unconscious of the laws of styles and orders, they consciously followed their predecessors, only to improve on them; when, unrestrained, they not only did what was right to their own apprehensions, but—rare and enviable destiny—were equally admired by their contemporaries and successors.

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, No. XVII. July, 1857.

Mr. Fergusson commences his task by reminding us that the styles of building which have been described in the previous parts of the work may be called the True Styles, as distinguished from those which form the subject of the present volume, and which may be termed the Imitative Styles of architecture. The edifices of the first class were arranged only for the purpose of being useful, with such ornament as either grew naturally out of the construction, or was best suited to express the uses to which they were to be applied. Whether theoretically correct, whether elegantly decorated, or not, such buildings cannot fail to be purposelike and truthful, and, notwithstanding any defects, must possess some of the most important elements of architectural excellence. The Imitative Buildings, being designed on totally different principles, produce naturally different results on the mind of the spectator. Mere Utilitarian buildings of any age are truthful, of course, but any ornament which may be attempted in these later times is always borrowed, and the architect endeavours to reproduce the styles of a foreign country or of a past age, frequently of both. Even the form of the structure is more or less moulded on these elements, while the ornamentation seldom expresses the construction, and is rarely truthful to the purpose which the building was designed to fulfil. The first result of this is that we can never know by whom a building was planned. It may be a new church, Salem chapel, or a new corn hall, but the design alone will not tell us, whether it was not the work of Greek, Roman, or Mediæval hands, instead of those of the last century, unless we know its history, or unless, which is most probable, some slovenliness of construction, or inevitable modern expedient, betray the age or the author. Hence, too, it follows, that the closer the copy, the higher the praise. The main object of an architectural design has too frequently been to mimic exactly some older structure, regardless whether or not the uses for which the original was built were those for which the modern edifice was intended. Hence, since the date of the Reformation, and since the time when the classical revival invaded architecture, the element of truthfulness is wanting in most of the buildings of Europe. S. Peter's at Rome, S. Paul's in London, are alike imitations of classical art which they follow without literal copyism. Servile copies have been produced in great abundance in later times, and the Walhalla and the Madeleine have alike shown how even the most careful transcripts fail to attain the impossible merit of original designs. This want of truthfulness prevents us from looking on these buildings—

‘ With the same satisfaction as we do on those of the True Styles ; and we never dare to draw conclusions from either their style or their forms,

as to the age in which they were built, or the purposes to which they may have been dedicated; nor can we ever feel sure that the construction we see is a necessary part of the design, and not put there because something like it was placed in a similar situation for some other purpose in some other age.

'All this not only destroys one half the pleasure we experience in contemplating the buildings of a more truthful style, but it degrades architecture from its high position of a quasi-natural production to that of a mere imitative art. In this form it may be quite competent to gratify our tastes and feelings, but can never appeal to our higher intellectual faculties; and what ought to be the grandest and noblest of the fine arts sinks below the level of painting and sculpture; for though these last are naturally inferior, they retain at the present day that truthfulness which the other has lost, and, though now generally ranked with them, in reality architecture excites less interest than they do.'

That the art has lost all ethnographic significance is the inevitable result of what has been stated. It is certainly not impossible that Mr. Fergusson may actually have beheld in the flesh the vision which he describes: 'an Egyptian obelisk being erected in front of a Grecian portico in Portland cement, alongside of a new Norman parish church, to which they are attaching a school-room in Middle Pointed Italian.' That such things may be shows the low ebb to which artistic feeling has dropped at the present time. But though we cannot hesitate to assent to the truth of the historical statement which forms the introduction to Mr. Fergusson's volume, of which we have here presented a summary, yet we hope that we may trace in some of the later works, which he stigmatises as mere copies, signs that a better day may yet be in store for architectural artists.

But we must follow Mr. Fergusson's introduction, which naturally leads us first to Italy, the centre of the classical revival. The volume is so richly stored with what is interesting, that we desire to take as far as possible the course which our writer has traced out, that our survey, brief as it necessarily must be, may give within its narrow limits as complete an idea as possible of the nature of the work:—

'It must also be borne in mind that the revolution in architectural art took its first rise in Italy, and especially at Rome, which was then the spiritual, as it had once been the imperial, capital of Europe. To the Italians it was not the discovery of a strange or foreign art: their language was almost that of the ancient conquerors of the world; their country was the same; the revival was hailed as a burst of patriotism, claiming for their ancestors the glory of having enlightened, as it was admitted they had ruled, the world; and priest and layman joined heart and hand in asserting the indefeasible right of Rome to be considered as the mistress of the world in all ages. Deeply as we are imbued by education with admiration for classical literature, we can hardly appreciate the enthusiasm which swelled the breast of the modern Roman on discovering in the pages of

Livy the great and glorious events which had been enacted within the walls of his own native city, or the feelings with which he read in the books of Tacitus the gorgeous but gloomy pictures of imperial greatness which have immortalized the palace of the Cæsars, whose remains still stood before his eyes. He could read Cicero on the very spot where his orations were delivered, and look down from the Capitol on that Forum which had given laws to the world, and over that city which had been before, and was then, the greatest and most illustrious of the universe. In so far as architecture was concerned, the Roman had daily before his eyes the Pantheon and the Temple of Peace, the gorgeous remains of the Imperial Thermæ, and the Palace of the Cæsars; the porticoes of innumerable Temples were then standing, and the Flavian Amphitheatre, more perfect then than now, was known as the greatest architectural wonder of the world.'

... 'From Rome the contagion spread rapidly to the rest of Italy. There was not a city in the peninsula which was not hallowed by some memory of Roman greatness, not one that was not even then adorned by some monument that called back the memories of the past, and reminded the citizens how beautiful the arts of the classical age had been. The patriotism which is now stirring the depths of the Italian mind is but a faint reflex of that enthusiasm with which Italy, in the fifteenth century, reclaimed the inheritance of the Cæsars; and in addition to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the world, which was then the undisputed prerogative of her great capital, she claimed for her language and her arts their pre-eminence over those of all other nations.'

Mr. Fergusson reminds us that in Italy, which forms the subject of his first book, the architecture of the Renaissance was moulded by artistic as well as by classical influences. The art of painting, the great revival of which had preceded by some two centuries the revival of classical learning, could not fail to exercise great power over the sister art of construction, and buildings were planned rather to be the subjects of pictorial decoration than to be adorned by architectural skill. The Sistine Chapel, and the Chapel of the Arena at Padua, are perhaps as extreme instances as any which can be cited of such buildings. And though devoid of any constructional sublimity, they yet surpass the most theoretically perfect in their deeper interest. But in our judgment on these structures, the manner of their building has scarcely any place. The genius of Giotto and Michael Angelo would have rendered even plainer and less beautiful buildings (if such were possible) more splendid than any embodiment of mechanical skill. We feel, as we gaze at the designs which have been to age after age the sources of inspiration and the centres of regard, that while criticism reverently spares the casket of the jewel, it is impossible for feebler men to tread in such paths with success. The buildings, however, specially dignified by this method of decoration must be always few, limited by the rareness of great painters. Men who could creditably execute cornices and mouldings, which might be ruled out almost without labour, which might be

carved almost without thought, were so much more frequently to be found than even third-rate artists, that architects speedily betook themselves again to the easier and more legitimate methods of structural decoration. But yet the painters of Italy, as a body, left their mark in many a well-designed edifice; and though Mr. Fergusson is probably correct in stating that, in their buildings, they sacrificed too much to picturesqueness, yet we can scarcely agree with him in thinking that they assisted architecture in its course of decay more than, or even as much as, their professional brethren.

The portions of Mr. Fergusson's book which deal with what is more strictly modern architecture are those with which we feel most concern, yet we cannot pass by this earlier part of it without some notice. As we turn over the pages, a kind of panorama of all the most striking buildings of modern Europe rises before our eyes. Among them we find the course of the construction of *S. Peter's* at Rome chronicled, and its gradual development from Bramante's plan—the simplest of the many proposed for the reconstruction of the Basilica—to the greater picturesqueness of that of San Gallo, and, finally, to the daring design of Michael Angelo. Had the building remained as the last-mentioned architect planned it—a Greek cross—many of its defects would have been comparatively inconspicuous. But the lengthening of the nave by Maderno injures the effect of the dome—by far the most striking feature of the structure—internally; and, externally, in many points of view, it makes what should have been the dominant feature completely unimportant. One of Mr. Fergusson's woodcuts, from a photograph, shows how much the dome is hidden by the long flat roof and meaningless façade when seen from the Piazza in front—a fact which one is apt to forget when looking at the gorgeous representations of Piranesi. Many engravings are given of secular buildings in Rome; we may cite the *Collegio della Sapienza*, the work of Giacomo della Porta—a design so devoid of ornament that one hardly knows why so plain a building is pleasing at all; and the *Cancellaria*, one of Bramante's most celebrated designs—a structure free from bad taste, but showing painfully how little, even in the hands of such a master in construction, a resuscitation of a classical style of architecture is adapted to the habits of modern life. A far more beautiful edifice, said to be by the same hand, is the dome of the church of *Santa Maria delle Grazie* at Milan, where the architect felt himself less trammelled by conventionalism, and, consequently, worked with more spirit and freedom. We have often wondered why this building has been so little admired, and can only suppose that travellers hasten by it with such eagerness to gaze and won-

der at the Cenacolo that they cannot spare a look for its neighbour.

From Rome, Mr. Fergusson turns to Upper Italy, where four cities—Venice, Genoa, Florence, Vicenza—may pre-eminently be called cities of palaces. The first claims our most careful attention. There Gothic lingered the longest, and, even after being deposed from pre-eminence, retained a hold over the principles of decoration, and gave unusual vitality to the incoming Renaissance. Mr. Fergusson gives, among other drawings of the later edifices of Venice, an engraving of the Vandramini Palace—a building which contrasts, in the most marked manner, with the two Roman examples just cited. We see in it the work of a man who handled classical details as if they had been his own invention, and not borrowed ornaments. We do not see comfort sacrificed to elegance, or mere unmeaning decoration lavished without any grace, simply to cover a certain amount of surface, but the whole design is rich and varied—a building not too good for ordinary use, and yet brilliant enough to look in keeping with the brightest pageant that was ever celebrated within its walls or flaunted along the Canal Grande—a building which shows us what Renaissance architecture might have become had it been carried on by a race who could have risen to a real mastery of the methods they employed, instead of dwindling into mere copyism with the advance of time. The inner court of the Doge's Palace and the Library of S. Marco tell us the same story; while in many others, as the elegant Camerlinghi Palace and the great mass of the Pesaro Palace, the over-gorgeous richness of the design, though wanting in purity, is handled with a vigour so refreshing that it reminds one how gradual was the decay of the departing spirit of the great mediæval capital of mercantile enterprise.

Genoa, the great rival of Venice in her mercantile supremacy, rivals her also in palatial magnificence. The narrow, dark streets—lanes they might almost be called—of the 'Proud City,' want the poetic features of the Queen of the Adriatic. Dingy pavement ill supplies the place of the bright waves which bring reminiscences of freshness of the sea into the meanest courts of Venice; but yet, in some respects, even narrowness and darkness have advantages of their own; and when the details of the Royal Palace, the Municipality, and the little Brignola Palace, are exhibited in all their crudeness, it is impossible not to feel how much each building gains by being seen, as it is, in contiguity with its neighbour, and how greatly the close grouping of each mass adds to the general effect.

The difference between the Governments of Venice and Florence were not more striking than those of the civic structures of the two cities. Solemn and vigorous in style, the earlier palaces of the fair city on the banks of the Arno yet wear an aspect almost of severity which one would not have expected under the more Southern sky. Other cities possess buildings more magnificent and more brilliant, but no domestic architecture, that we know of, equals in stately manliness the earlier palaces of Florence. The gradual declension of the style from the early power of the Riccardi and Pitti palaces is well marked in Mr. Fergusson's pages, and there is great justness in his remarks, that the vast scale on which these magnificent dwellings were planned rendered it less easy for successors to achieve distinction in the same field.

'The style is only appropriate to the residence of princes as magnificent as the old Florentine nobles were, and cannot be toned down to citizen and utilitarian uses, though worthy of the warmest admiration, as we find it employed in the province where it was first introduced.'

Vicenza, a city possessing a style of its own sufficiently characteristic to have acquired not merely a local, but a European reputation, unlike Venice, Genoa, and Florence, which owe their beauty to the labours of successive generations, has derived this distinction mainly from the energies of one man, the well-known Palladio. Celebrated as this name has become in other lands, it was within the limits of his native town that his energies have left, if not their greatest, at least their most abiding mark. He had the good fortune, too, to be succeeded by Scamozzi, to whom the Piazza di San Marco, at Venice, owes much of its beauty. The labours of these two distinguished men have impressed Vicenza with a character such as few cities of Northern Italy possess. The sternness of Florence, the pride of Genoa, the magnificence of Venice, are not in their way more remarkable than the decorations of this little provincial town, whence has proceeded the type which mainly governed domestic architecture in Europe for some two centuries. And if there is not in Palladio's work the gigantic power of some of his contemporaries, we shall find the cause of his influence not so much in the correctness of the details as in the elegant thoughtfulness and refined taste which seem never to have deserted him. Great defects mar most, perhaps all, of his designs. The ornamental work frequently fails to coincide with the construction; we gaze at the figures which so often crown the cornices with wonder why they have climbed so high, and how they can indulge in those contrasted attitudes at such dangerous elevations; and we feel a kind of sorrow in perceiving how the thoughtful, refined artist who designed works so elegant

and frequently so beautiful, failed to carry through the impossible task which he laboured to perform, to adapt to the requirements of modern life the architecture natural to men, habits, and times completely different from his own. And if such a man failed, who can hope to succeed?

It is curious to compare the influence of an artist in a small town on the 'Terra Firma' of Venice with that of a monarch in the capital of Bavaria. Ludwig I. had certainly, in most senses, greater advantages than Palladio. The resources of a kingdom were at his command. While the architect had to employ stucco instead of marble, and wood where even brick and stucco were too dear, the monarch was hampered with none of these difficulties. The artist was sometimes compelled to insert a story in the basement or the attic of his edifice to suit the requirements of his employer, to place his designs in narrow streets, on that very plot which the Noble Family, his employers, claimed as their own; the king could clear the ground and straighten the thoroughfares, and widen the 'place' where the plan of the building necessitated it. And yet, with what result? That Munich looks only like the model-room of an architectural academy, where one pupil has been ordered to try his hand on Roman, another on Byzantine, a third on Gothic composition. Most of the buildings are theoretically correct, but there are none which, except from curiosity, one would ever care to look at twice. Even in the imperfection of Vicenza, there is a greater beauty than in the technical perfection of the Glyptothec, the Ludwigstrasse, or the Ruhmeshalle. The one is a city of original works, buildings in an imperfect style—a style inferior to the architect's ability, but still elegant and thoughtful in design. The other is a city of copies, executed without regard to their appropriateness to the present age—works of the line and the level, not of the brain and the heart.

We could wish a page or two more had been bestowed on Verona and the works of Sammichele, but we can do more than say that much of what is remarkable in Milan, Mantua, Turin, and Naples, will be found noticed in their due places. The survey given by Mr. Fergusson of the great peninsula of Western Europe, though slight, is very interesting. He observes, very justly—

'That up to a very recent period all architectural travellers in Spain were so fascinated by the elegance and picturesqueness of the Moorish remains of Granada and Seville, or Cordova, that they could not be persuaded to look beyond.'

Recently, however, some attention has been paid to the principal Gothic buildings, but the 'very unfashionable styles' of

the Renaissance have hitherto been deemed beneath the attention of most inquirers. It appears, however, that—

'As far as the Renaissance is concerned, it is only the first burst of it that is really worthy of much attention. The first symptoms of the new style displayed themselves during that period of exultation and of pride that followed on the fall of Granada, and the union of all Spain under the glorious tutelage of Ferdinand and Isabella. It continued to flourish till nearly the death of Charles V., a period during which Spain, from her discovery of the New World, and the position of her monarchs as the greatest sovereigns of Europe, combined with the energy of the great men who then illustrated her councils, stood forward practically as the leading nation of Europe. The enthusiasm and exultation of the first half of the sixteenth century are well expressed in the buildings of that age, but they perished under the iron rule of Philip II. During the reign of this monarch nothing was thought of by him but the extension of his dominions, by whatever means this might be attained. The priesthood were bent on the acquisition of that power which the intolerance of the Spanish character and the dread of innovation enabled them to accumulate, and the laity were engrossed in the pursuit of those riches which the discovery of the New World had opened up to them. Art was not likely to flourish in a nation so occupied.'

The Spaniards of the seventeenth century descended into lower depths and 'broke out into a wildness of style which 'out-Herods the absurdities of Borromini, or the most meretricious examples of the Louis Quatorze style. The forms then used were such as are now relegated to the carver and gilder, and no single instance of anything like grandeur of conception can be quoted.'

Portugal presents few features of interest. In Lisbon, the great earthquake, like the devastations caused by Cromwell's Ironsides in England, is called into requisition to cover all architectural deficiencies.

In France, as in Italy, one is continually tempted to linger in turning over Mr. Fergusson's pages. Renaissance architecture, when introduced to the lands north of the Alps, was an importation at a time when the style had acquired some completeness. It found, too, a people, in great measure, prepared to submit to its sway. Flamboyant Gothic was already declining, when, to compete with it, Francis I. summoned the new style in the full power of its strength, marshalled by such leaders as Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, Primaticcio, and Serlio. Who can wonder if the native art, feeble and decrepid, faded away before such exalted patronage and such high ability? The new current, however, mingled slowly with the main stream. S. Eustache, at Paris, is an example well-known to most English people. One of the earliest specimens of Renaissance Art in France commenced only a quarter of a century later than S. Peter's at Rome; it is still Gothic in principle, but every detail is borrowed from Classical Art. The result, though

generally elegant, is far from completely satisfactory. One perceives, as it were, the contest between the two styles, each struggling for mastery: the *motif* belongs to the one, the execution belongs to the other, and the discrepancy between the two is obvious in every line. Church-building, however, was not a pursuit overmuch encouraged by the gay monarch who then ruled France, or by many of his successors. As a proof, Mr. Fergusson's reminds us that—

‘The great work of Du Cerceau, for instance, published in 1576, contains illustrations of thirty of “les plus excellens bastimens de la France,” but he does not include one single church in his collection. In Mariette's famous folio work there are plans and details of one hundred palaces and civil buildings, but only very imperfect notices of eight Parisian churches.’

We must look mainly to the château and the palace for examples of the reigning fashion in architecture. Fontainebleau is one of the earliest of those works. Here Italians were principally employed on the design; but though the general effect is picturesque, the details are often unpleasing and ill understood. The château at Chambord was more fantastic and more Gothic in feeling. There are also to be found many other specimens, like the Episcopal Palace at Sens, and the house called that of Agnes Sorel at Orleans, which display considerable elegance in their composition, and apply classical methods to modern requirements with much ability. We have often wondered why architects have so much overlooked examples of this kind. Riom is a little city quite full of them, and well worthy the attention of the young architect. The château at Blois, which belongs to a date after these examples, is cold and classical. In looking at it we perceive that architecture had entered on that track of degradation which finally conducted it to the unmeaningness of Versailles—of all the palaces in Europe, probably the largest and the least dignified. Mr. Fergusson truly says, that a considerable effort of thought is required to discover how large a pile the structure is, and this, not from the completeness of the proportions, but from the poverty of the design. Of all the great palaces of France, however, the united Tuileries and Louvre are the best known to the general observer, the most truly typical of French architecture since the date of the Renaissance. To study them and to understand the sequence in which one part of the construction succeeded the other, is to learn the history not only of an art, but of the great nation of whose brilliant capital the united palace forms the most noteworthy feature. Commenced at a time when Gothic was still a style in natural use, and completed only, as it were, yesterday, there is hardly an epoch in French history since the first stone was laid which is not com-

memorated in the structure. From the days when Serlio was summoned to supply, or more probably to overlook, the plans, to those when M. Visconti was called on to finish, how many architects have tried their hands on the design; the deeds of how many generations are inseparably connected with the work! From Francis I. and Catherine de Medici to Louis Philippe and the present Emperor, almost every Government in France has set its mark on the building. The old monarchy—the restored monarchy—the first and second revolutions—the first and second empires—have all contributed to the store of traditions, and most of them to the pile itself. Of the whole design, there can be no doubt that the oldest portion, the Court of Louvre itself, is the most beautiful. The eastern front, with its long line of coupled columns, possesses great elegance, though somewhat cold and formal. The great gallery of the Tuileries, and the garden front of that palace, are far inferior to the original design. Of the works which have recently completed the edifice it is impossible to speak with praise; they are enormous, but not magnificent, highly decorated, but not beautiful.

The period of the first Empire is marked by many striking buildings, all in the strictly classical style, a method which requires for its standard of perfection one only quality—that everything shall be copied. The Madeleine, the Bourse, the Palace of the Corps Legislatif, are the most typical buildings of this class at Paris. No one can deny each of these a certain merit. You cannot doubt that the great structure is a great public building which looks dignified and was probably very expensive, but you must not expect, and certainly would not find, any attempt to render the aspect of the edifice appropriate to the purposes for which it was designed, or even the wants of those who are to use it. The present Empire has been more occupied with restorations and reconstructions than with original designs, except in the case of the Louvre, and much street architecture in Paris and many of the larger provincial cities. Here and there a building appears in which the architect has allowed himself to be guided by common sense and not by conventionalism. The Library of S. Geneviève, and the façade of the Terminus of the Strasburg Railway in Paris, are cited by Mr. Fergusson as specimens of this nature. To this merit they are certainly entitled. We wish it were possible to speak with as much pleasure of the examples given in street architecture, which may be taken as fair average specimens of the prevailing style; and that we could consider that they give much hope for the future of architecture. Some are more decorated than others, and there is a feeling for light and shade, and a certain refinement about most of them; but we

may wander miles and miles along the nearly uniform streets without seeing a design with a spark of originality, or in which the builder has successfully grappled with that crux of the commercial architecture of the day, the common shop-window. These buildings are the dwelling-houses of a rich and luxurious city, but the architects, in planning them, appear to have felt a necessity for ornament rather than to have displayed skill in its application, or power of design.

Our own country occupies a considerable space in Mr. Fergusson's pages. He cannot, however, be accused of having shown any undue partiality in the space allotted to it, or any undesirable tenderness towards the architects who are his countrymen. At the head of the list of our Renaissance artists stands the honoured name of Inigo Jones. A few buildings had, however, been erected in the then prevailing fashion before his time, of which Longleat, built from the designs of John of Padua (1567—1579), is a very beautiful specimen. Wollaton House, by an English architect of the name of Smithson, about the same date, is also pleasing, though less pure in detail. In both of them, however, the Renaissance methods are applied with 'a difference,' racy of the English soil on which they are constructed. The power of Inigo Jones's mind is shown by the manner in which he avoided direct copying and most of the evils of mannerism. He studied at Rome at a period when architecture had already begun to decline from the stricter thoughtfulness of the earlier Renaissance, but there is little caprice and much purity in his designs. He has not been fortunate in the fate of his principal works. Later times would doubtless have considered his additions to old S. Paul's incongruous incrustations, had their existence not been cut short by the catastrophe which prepared the way for the labours of Wren. The Banqueting House at Whitehall is the mere fragment of a magnificent design. In constructing S. Paul's, Covent Garden, he was sorely hampered both by directions and restrictions. His other works are placed where they must be little known, and his reputation has suffered not a little from the works of inferior artists being imputed to him. There is, however, much sweetness and simplicity, joined, as is not unfrequently the case in noble natures, with great grasp of mind, in all he did. And if there are defects in the design of Wilton House, it is common sense itself in comparison with the unmeaning structures with which many of his successors have since encumbered the soil of England. Mr. Fergusson has divided a chapter between Jones and Wren, and we may well feel thankful to him for the judicious selection from their designs which he has made. In particular, the portion devoted

to the description of S. Paul's is remarkably careful. It is quite true that in the construction of the building Wren has, whenever the mechanical difficulties of his task conflicted with the artistic requirements—whenever, in fact, a sacrifice was necessary either of strength or of elegance—invariably made the latter give way to the former. But we are far from feeling this to be a cause of censure to any architect. Rather, he is to be praised who, where it was impossible to reconcile rival claims, at some sacrifice to his reputation as an artist, satisfied all the requirements of the engineer. While many later buildings have required frequent repairation and constant watching, while some have even crumbled into dust under the weight of their own materials, it is remarkable how free the great Cathedral of London has been from such calamities. In almost every respect, except that of size, S. Paul's externally contrasts successfully with its great rival at Rome; the enormous expanse of the dome of S. Peter's within gives that building an almost unsurpassed stateliness; but were S. Peter's stripped of the decorations which encrust its walls, we greatly doubt whether the verdict would be as frequently in its favour as now. The steeple of Bow Church is justly cited as a brilliant specimen of elegant and bold construction. Equal praise cannot be given to the Western Towers of Westminster Abbey. Still, in all that Wren did we find the traces of a careful mind, and of a master of construction. Had he been allowed fair scope, his rearrangement of the plan of London after the great fire would probably have been the most striking monument of his ability. Even now, though hampered by local difficulties and municipal obstructions, he has set a mark on the metropolis, which will be remembered as long as that city endures, which also has gone far to redeem it from the monotonous ugliness which appears to be the threatened fate of modern capitals. We shall better understand the merits of Wren if we compare him with his successors, of whom Hawksmoor and Gibbs were the most meritorious. Hawksmoor was the architect of S. George's, Bloomsbury, and of a church which, if less often seen, has been much more talked of within the last few years, S. George's-in-the-East. Mr. Fergusson, who can find somewhat to admire in the former building, admits of the latter, 'The result, however, is far from being satisfactory, and the term vulgar expresses more correctly the effect produced than perhaps any other epithet that could be applied to it.' Gibbs' greatest work was S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the portico of which possesses a kind of stately magnificence well suited to the position it fills. He was also the architect of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, a building more original in design, though less successful altogether,

than the one just named. Vanbrugh, Kent, and Chambers, carried on the succession. The great mansion of Blenheim is always connected with the first of these names. 'To build a 'monumental palace in a noble park, and on such a scale, and 'backed by a nation's purse,' was an opportunity which few have possessed. But Vanbrugh was not an artist equal to the occasion, and though the plan is vast, and 'the sky line is pleasingly broken,' even friendly criticism can find but little to admire in the enormous edifice. Kent, though never entrusted with a building of equal importance with this, was more fortunate in his friendship with the Earl of Burlington. Whether Burlington House owes its elegant colonade to the artist or his patron, it is one of the most exquisite adornments that any town house can boast. H. Walpole's judgment on it is well known: 'It seemed to me one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night time.' Somerset House was Chambers' greatest work: though not characterised by much originality, the design never offends against good taste. The decline of the art after these architects had passed away was even greater than during their lives. Few will pause to inquire the names of those who constructed the buildings, public and private, of England from 1750 to 1820. Turning over the pages of this portion of Mr. Fergusson's work reminds one more of looking over a set of old 'fashion' books, or Gilray's caricatures than anything else. Buildings constructed 'without regard to expense' present almost every feature which convenience or architectural fitness would lead men naturally to avoid. Porticoes, which would do honour to a Grecian temple, are applied to a design to render it classical to the mind's eye and inconvenient to the inhabitant, and pretentious ornament takes the place of almost any pretence to utility. The architects of this time found much employment in constructing country houses, most of which deserve Lord Chesterfield's verdict of being—

'Possessed of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat,
How well you build let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.'

'There were, probably, at least a couple of hundred of these 'great manorial mansions erected in England and Scotland 'during the course of the eighteenth century,' says Mr. Fergusson. 'Yet among the whole of them there is not one 'which will stand comparison, for one moment, with the grandeur of the Florentine palaces, the splendour of those of Rome, 'or the elegance of those of Venice. Their style is the same, 'their dimensions are equal, their situations generally superior; 'but from one cause or other they have all missed the effect

'intended to be produced, and not one of them can now be looked upon as an entirely satisfactory specimen of architectural art.' Contemporary common sense had anticipated this verdict. Dr. Johnson, after seeing Kedlestone Hall in Derbyshire, one of the 'most successful productions' of the brothers Adam, who were fashionable architects of the day, wrote thus in his diary:—

'1774, July 19. We went to Kedlestone to see Lord Scarsdale's new house, which is very costly, but ill-contrived. The hall is very stately, lighted by three sky-lights; it has two rows of marble pillars, dug, as I hear, from Langley, in a quarry of Northamptonshire; the pillars are very large and massy, and take up too much room; they were better away. Behind the hall is a circular saloon, useless, and therefore ill-contrived. The corridors that join the wings to the body are mere passages through segments of circles. The state bed-chamber was very richly furnished. The dining parlour was more splendid with gilt plate than any that I have seen. There were many pictures. The grandeur was all below. The bed-chambers were small, low, dark, and fitter for a prison than a house of splendour. The kitchen has an opening into the gallery, by which its heat and fumes are dispersed over the house. There seemed in the whole more cost than judgment.' Three years after, the doctor visited the place again, and was put in mind of having 'appeared pleased with the house while he had thought it injudiciously laid out; but that,' said he, 'was when Lord Scarsdale was present; politeness obliges us to appear pleased with a man's works when he is present. No man will be so ill-bred as to question you. You may, therefore, pay compliments without saying what is not true. I should say to Lord Scarsdale of his large room, "My Lord, this is the most *costly* room that I ever saw;" which is true.'

Architecture in the States of Germany ran nearly the same course as the contemporary Art in England, except that French influence has generally more powerfully propagated the rococo taste of the time of Louis XIV. The classical revival, too, in Germany appears more like a reflex of the sentiments of Paris than that change of opinion which was promoted with us by those studies which culminated in the works of the 'Athenian' Stuart. The new museum at Berlin, by Shinkel, is a vast and pretentious building which may rank in merit and in defects as to copyism and convenience with the British Museum. The Bauschule, in the same city, of which Mr. Fergusson gives a wood-cut, contrasts pleasingly with the New Museum. Very deficient as it is in many respects, with little more design than an apprentice could have executed in half an hour with a T square

and compasses, it has the saving merits of truth and appropriateness.

The slight survey which we have thus endeavoured, in a cursory manner, to make of the main part of Mr. Fergusson's book, will give our readers some idea of the great industry with which the leading features of architecture in Europe during the last two centuries are noted down in its pages. Besides those countries which we have enumerated, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, Russia, America, and even India, receive careful consideration. It is scarcely possible to speak too highly of the research and the care bestowed on the subject by the author, and, in the main, of the general impartiality shown in the various 'summings up' preparatory to the verdicts recorded on the fleeting fashions as, one by one, they pass in review before him. The whole course of description followed in the book leads us finally to the question, What is the state of architecture at the present time in modern Europe, and especially in England? What are our architects doing? and whither are their studies likely to lead them? Are we (and not only we, are all architects of all nations) to be henceforward copyists only? If we cannot originate, can we hope to domicile any style among us, to be a National Style once more? Nor is this a trivial question; it cannot be a matter of mere indifference to any thoughtful person what the dwelling places of the nation are. That the homes of the people will have always a great effect on their lives is a truism of old. But we are not now speaking of the evil results arising from the crowded house or the damp cottage, which no care can render comfortable, which no thoughtfulness can render decent, but rather of the influence which must, to a considerable extent, be produced on the educated classes by the cities they dwell in.

Mr. Fergusson's judgments are always severe, and frequently well-founded. A copy does not rise to more than the merits of a copy, whatever it may imitate; but we really must pause before we admit the sweeping censure contained in his statement, that none of 'our best modern churches attain to 'greater truthfulness or originality of design than exists in 'the Walhalla, or buildings of that class.' This may be allowed where one building, be it Gothic, or be it Romanesque, is a mere transcript of another building—a mere re-construction in fact. But we think it is scarcely open to doubt whether English architects, in applying so much to the past as they do, are not in reality following the only course which could possibly lead them to ultimate success. Mr. Fergusson repeats, in the introduction to this volume, the same complaint that he uttered in the first, that while the useful arts have been carried forward

step by step by the repeated efforts of unknown labourers, architecture ceases to advance, because the progress made by the individual is not available for the assistance of his successor. 'It is bit by bit, hour by hour, year by year, that our agricultural culture has been converted from the rude processes of our forefathers to the high farming of the present day, that the galley of the Edwards has been developed into the *Warrior* or the *Persia*, or that the narrow bridges of the mediæval architects have been superseded by the spacious arches of London Bridge or the fairy framework that spans the Tamar.'

In the art of architecture Mr. Fergusson laments that different laws prevail. 'What a man learns in his lifetime dies with him, and his successor has to begin at the beginning, and, following what may be a totally different track, their careers neither assist nor probably even cross each other.' We cannot see how this can ever be, or can ever have been, otherwise. The genius which inspires a noble mind must perish at the allotted time; the mantle must descend without the gift unless the servant of the prophet be worthy to receive the calling. To be the daily companion or even the son of the greatest artist the world ever saw is of no avail, unless the pupil possesses kindred powers of mind; and yet, though genius cannot descend as an heirloom from the teacher to the taught the learner may acquire technical knowledge from constant acquaintance with superior models, even in an art like architecture, in precisely a similar manner as in the practice of any mechanical trade. Further than this, instruction in æsthetic art cannot go; and to the advantage of some such system as this must be ascribed the superiority, in many points of constructional detail, which the buildings of the present day possess over those of thirty years ago, and the growth of the school of art workmen whose existence even Mr. Fergusson admires as a sign of promise.¹ Mr. Fergusson, comparing architecture with other arts, says:—

'In the present day any man can know more of astronomy or optics than was known to Newton, or can be a better chemist than Sir Humphrey Davy. Any mechanic can make a better steam-engine than Watt, or a better power loom than Crompton; and it requires no special ability to build a better ship or bridge than any that were built in the last century.'

Granted that all this is true—and we are not in the least prepared to concede it—still, a second Davy or Newton would

¹ Among many kindred proofs of the spread of a broader view on such matters, we may cite Mr. Beresford Hope's volume on English Cathedrals. Such a work is doubly interesting from the feeling which it expresses, and the knowledge of the subject which it manifests.

grasp his studies with far different power from the man who, just able to appreciate the skill of his predecessors, adopts their views with unreasoning acquiescence. The dwarf on the giant's shoulders possesses many advantages over the dwarfs who stand on the ground, but unless his powers of sight are out of proportion to his frame, he is little likely to see much more clearly than his great supporter. We think Mr. Fergusson is nearer the truth in some of the other reasons which he assigns for the present low standard of architectural ability, such as his remarks on the

'Remarkably small amount of thought of any kind that a modern building ever displays. An architect in practice never can afford many hours to the artistic elaboration of his design. The plan, the details, the specifications may occupy weeks—in large buildings, probably months—but once drawn, it is done with. In almost all cases the pillars, the cornices, the windows, the details are repeated over and over again in every part, but are probably all borrowed from some other building of some other age, and, to save trouble, the one half of the building is only a reversed tracing of the other. In one glance you see it all. With five minutes study you have mastered the whole design, and penetrated into every principle that guided the architect in making it; and so difficult is it to express thought where utility must be consulted, and where design is controlled by construction, that the result is generally meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme.'

This is a far more sufficient reason than that, as 'a building has 'now become the expression of an individual mind, it would be 'considered sacrilege to meddle with or attempt to improve 'St. Paul's Cathedral out of respect for Wren; Blenheim must 'remain the most uncomfortable of palaces, because it was left 'so by Vanbrugh; and even Barry's Parliament Houses have 'become a fixed quantity that no one must interfere with. In 'fact, the individual is now everything in architectural art, 'while the age is of as little importance as in a poem or a 'picture.'

Some of Mr. Fergusson's other observations require attention. We should be very sorry to imagine that his taste had deteriorated with the advance of time, or that too minute a study of so many buildings undoubtedly deficient in all the higher aims of architecture, had lowered him to the feelings of the age of George III., but from some cause or other his opinions on modern architecture, which were bitter in the handbook, are almost acrimonious in this volume. That much is wanting in our present buildings is only too evident, but will vituperation of Gothic assist architects in attaining an original style? Was the style which prevailed at the beginning of the last century, or of this, really better adapted to the wants of the time than Gothic might be? Are we not fairly entitled to believe that if

a 'common sense style,' which Mr. Fergusson and so many more earnestly desire to see arise, does spring up, it will be grounded rather on Gothic than on classical foundations, rather on the style which climate and habit appear to point out as the nearest akin to us, than on those which have been tried and found wanting? It is dangerous to indulge in predictions, but we sincerely hope that Mr. Fergusson has been mistaken in the prophecy contained in the note at page 107. 'Modern architects, by study of mediæval cathedrals, &c., have arrived at precisely the same stage of fascination with their beauties which their predecessors of the sixteenth century reached in regard to Classic Art. They would, of course, feel indignant if told that their illicit affections must share the same fate as those of the Palladian School; but so certain as that we are now a civilized people is it that the reaction is not far off.' After this it does not surprise one to find that Mr. Fergusson, with all the gallantry of a knight errant, succouring the most distressed, takes up the cudgels in defence of new S. Pancras Church. 'It is the custom to call St. Pancras Pagan, and consequently detestable; but not even the most blind partisan can fail to see in it that it is a Protestant place of worship of the nineteenth century, which is all it pretends to be. It is not a good design, and unnecessarily expensive; but it fulfils all the conditions its designer intended, with as much success as St. Luke's'—a Gothic church, at Chelsea, built at nearly the same date, with which he compares it. It is difficult now exactly to discover what the designer of S. Pancras intended to create beyond a cento of imitated forms. Mr. Fergusson admits that it 'is not a temple though it pretends to be,' and must be 'acknowledged a failure;' and we can imagine many uninitiated travellers down the New Road who would suppose it to be anything but a Protestant church. An excessive admiration for other styles has also drawn Mr. Fergusson into some remarks on Gothic architecture, which it is difficult to reconcile with other statements both in this volume and the other two which preceded it. He says 'A third, and perhaps even more important, advantage of the Gothic style is its cheapness. In a Gothic building the masonry cannot be too coarse or the materials too common. The carpentry must be rude and as unmechanically put together as possible; the glazing as clumsy and the glass as bad as can be found.' Let us compare this with the following passages from the 'Handbook,' taken from the description of S. Ouen, at Rouen, observing, by the way, that the eulogy is not on the design but on the ornamental workmanship lavished on that church. Speaking of the southern porch, he says:—

'This has all that perfection of detail which we are accustomed to admire in Cologne Cathedral, and the works of the time of our second Edward, combined with a degree of lightness and grace peculiar to this church. The woodcut is too small to show the details of the sculpture in the tympanum above the doors, but that too is of exquisite beauty, and being placed where it can be so well seen, and at the same time so perfectly protected, it heightens the architectural design without in any way seeming to interfere with it.'

Again, with the glowing description of Westminster Hall :—

'It is now roofed by thirteen great ribs of timber which are quite unequalled by any other ornamental trusses of woodwork employed for such a purpose. Even when viewed only as a scientific combination of timber, this roof is as good as any thing that has been done in this engineering age.'

Other passages also might easily be quoted which prove that Mr. Fergusson is not really blind to the perfection to which Gothic sculpture might be, and has been, brought; we presume he has been warped into a temporary, and, with him, rare fit of injustice by an over anxiety to condemn a practice of copyism which must be destructive of all true art. Mr. Fergusson mentions an indication of feeling which we have always considered one of the most hopeful 'signs of the times' in these things, that people generally, outside the profession, begin to take a real interest in architectural matters. Not only are the clergy now generally very well versed in Gothic architecture, but so also are the bulk of the better classes in their congregations. Together, they not only take an unusual interest in the construction of a new church, or the restoration of an old one; but they are often able to guide and control their architect, to judge who is really the best skilled man for their purposes, and to see that his design is up to the mark, and he does his work efficiently. Mr. Fergusson himself bears witness that this interest in architecture has sprung up since the revival of Gothic among us. For all that he may say, we cannot but believe that England is far nearer, in spirit, to the age which built Salisbury Cathedral than to that which designed the Parthenon; and, surely, when we have once again nearly naturalized among us a style capable of adaptation to all our wants, elaborated by hearts and hands of close kindred to our own, we may hope that architects are once more following the pathway which, humbly and reverently trod, will yet lead to more perfect success than any we have yet attained. A well-known saying, of one of the greatest men that England has ever seen, will fitly conclude our notice of Mr. Fergusson's work. It is by looking 'to former times for what is best, and to present times for what is fittest,' that architects will best discover their true line of study. Patient toil, sincere devotion, will yet reap their reward; time only can

show whether or not still further fashions and future follies may not yet again desert the style of promise for that of imperfection ; but happen what may, we feel persuaded that historians, in times yet to come, will, when they see our present devious endeavours and doubtful trials stretched out before them in the still pages of the past, at least give this age the honourable title of one which, with refinement, had not declined from vigour ; which was capable, among much that was culpable and much that was base, of earnest toil and sincere self-sacrifice ; and, we think, that some of these better characteristics will, in a measure, be marked even on the buildings now being reared in England.

- ART. IV.—1. *Œuvres poétiques d'Adam de S. Victor, précédées d'un essai sur sa vie et ses ouvrages. Première édition complète.* Par S. GAUTIER, Archiviste du département de la Haute Marne. Tomes II. Paris: Julien, Lamer, Cosnard, & Cie. 1858.
2. *A Comprehensive Index of Names of Original Authors and Translators of Psalms and Hymns.* By DANIEL SEDGWICK. London: 81, Sun Street, Bishopsgate.
3. *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* By the Rev. R. SEAGRAVE, M.A. Pp. 50. London: D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street. 1860.
4. *Hymns on Divine Subjects.* By the Rev. J. GRIGG. Pp. 44. London: D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street. 1861.
5. *Poetical Remains of the Rev. A. M. Toplady.* Pp. 174. London: D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street. 1860.
6. *Hymns and Spiritual Poems.* By JOHN STOCKER and JOH HUPTON. Pp. 52. London: D. Sedgwick, 81, Sun Street. 1861.
7. *Hymns, Ancient and Modern.* London: J. D. Novello.
8. *The Salisbury Hymn-Book.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1857.
9. *Hymnologia Christiana.* By B. H. KENNEDY, D.D. London: Longman & Co. 1863.
10. *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays and Holidays.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. Canon of Westminster. 1862.
11. *The Book of Praise, from the best English Hymn-writers.* Selected and arranged by ROUNDELL PALMER. 1862.
12. *Latin Translations of English Hymns.* By C. B. PEARSON, Prebendary of Salisbury and Vicar of Knebworth.
13. *Offices from the Service-Books of the Holy Eastern Church; with Translation, Notes, and Glossary.* By R. F. LITTLEDALE, LL.D. Priest of the Church of England. Williams & Norgate. 1863.

THE above long list is in itself enough to prove the marvellous interest which the last half-dozen years have evinced for Hymnology. Here we have translations from Latin into English, from English into Latin, hymns: from Greek into English: original English hymns; some routed out from old worm-eaten magazines; some (to use Pope's expression) 'warin from the brain' of the composer: again, the hymns of the greatest Christian poet the Church ever knew, for the first time collected and commented on; and then, lastly—*πιδάκος ἐξ ὀλίγης ἱερὰ λιβάς*

—some few specimens of the host of Hymnals which have deluged our Church: then three literary compilations,—one by a Solicitor-General (imagine him who was afterwards to be Judge Jefferies engaged in such a work!), the second by the Head Master of a leading Grammar School: the third by a Canon of Westminster. If ever men, engaged in a glorious movement, fell into a mistake, it was when the—if we may use the word—early ‘Tractarians,’ sickened with the vulgarity and heresy of many of the then popular hymns, set their face against all Hymnology, and would have either Tate and Brady, or Sternhold and Hopkins, and nothing else. They preferred, in the one:

Suppose they early visits make,
 ’Tis all but empty show;
 They gather mischief in their hearts,
 And vent it where they go:

(a verse which was most truly said some years ago, in the *Christian Remembrancer*, to contain the whole philosophy of morning calls), or such strains as:

Why hid’st it in Thy lap?
 O pluck it out, and be not slow,
 To give Thy foes a rap.

It is a point which is well worth inquiry, when and where the first Hymnal was employed in any Church of—for the name here has much to do with the legal question—the Establishment. How Bishop Ken’s hymns came to be made part and parcel of the Prayer-Book—how ‘Hark! the herald angels sing,’—how that noble hymn, for it well deserves the title, ‘O Lord, hide not Thy face from me,’—it is not a part of our present task to inquire. But selections of hymns ‘for the use of the Church of England’ became—if not common, at least not uncommon—about the time that the first so-called Evangelical Bishop—a man far above the character now suggested by that word—Ryder of Lichfield, attained that dignity; and so, for many years, to use a hymn-book in a church was synonymous with so-called Evangelicalism: and Watts, and Wesley, and Doddridge, and Beddome, and Cennick, and Grigg, supplied our congregations with their poetical food. ‘Give me the making of a nation’s ballads,’ it was a speech worthy of Sir Philip Sidney, ‘and I care not who makes its laws.’ So the hymns, which are the dearest expressions of the heart-life of the Church—let them be as they should be, theologically deep on the one hand, fervently loving on the other, and the Church that possesses such may indeed thank God and take courage.

Now, before we proceed further, we will say a few words on

the collection of Hymnologists, some of whose works stand at the head of this article. Mr. Daniel Sedgwick is, we believe, a Dissenter; but he deserves the greatest possible credit for the intense labour which he has laid out in collecting the hymns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He is bringing them out, author after author, with, when it was possible, biographical notices. The labour he has bestowed in his researches may partly be understood by the fact that, in the comprehensive index which stands at the head of our article, he has published the names of more than seven hundred writers of English hymns, specifying of each whether he had composed original hymns or was merely a translator; and again, whether his compositions appeared separately in magazines or the like, or in a volume by themselves. Mr. Sedgwick also offers—and we believe it is his wish that this offer should be known—to specify the author of any given hymns to those compilers of hymnals who might wish to be informed of it. We need not defend ourselves against any charge of sympathizing with vulgarity in composition or Calvinism in doctrine. We do not imagine, for instance, that we shall be suspected of admiring a '*spiritual poem*' which begins thus:—

DEAR FRIEND,

I'm glad to hear that well you bear the stroke
By which a gracious hand your thigh-bone broke;
The coach on which you rode, when homeward bound,
Upset, and threw you flat upon the ground, &c.

Nor one which begins thus:—

Come, my dear friends, and let us see
If you so foul and bad can be
As such a wretch as I:
I think, sometimes, 'tis hard to find
One half so wicked and so blind;
Still, 'tis no harm to try.

And yet we shall presently offer to our readers a hymn of this same Job Hupton's (he died as lately as 1849) composition, which, with some corrections, we venture to think, might be worthy of any hymnal. And, if it were only in a literary point of view, Mr. Sedgwick deserves our best thanks for being the first collector of Toplady's Hymns. Augustus Toplady, born in 1740, and who died in 1778—a man of such eminence in the literary society of his day, as to be especially noticed in Boswell, where some of his conversation with the Doctor is given—was, so to speak, such a hyper-Calvinist, as almost to be an Antinomian; in doctrine, that is, for his life was most holy. He published at Dublin, in 1759, '*Poems on Sacred Subjects*;

he contributed to the *Gospel Magazine*, under the signature 'Minimus,' some thirty additional hymns. Both these collections, and a few other compositions, are included in Mr. Sedgwick's edition. Among those which bear the signature of 'Minimus,' is that hymn which will live as long as the world lasts—that hymn which, spite of vile rhyme, vulgar expressions, and doctrine, not necessarily false, but from such an author more than questionable, can scarcely find half a dozen in the whole range of Christian hymnology superior to itself. It stands absolutely in the very first class of hymns: that is, if we may leave the *Dies Iræ* in its unapproachable glory, as utterly beyond all classification. Anyhow, it is to be reckoned with the *Vexilla Regis*, with the two *Pange Lingua Gloriosi*, with the *Gravi me terrore pulsas*, with the *Ad perennis vitæ fontem*; we are of course referring to the 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.' And second, as an original English hymn, to that, and only second, is—this, too, appeared under the same signature, and in the same magazine—'Deathless principle, arise.' That the latter could not be sung in Church is merely the necessary consequence of its subject; and therefore, if we confine the name of hymn to such composition only as can be so sung, it becomes what S. Paul calls a 'spiritual song.' It is also to be noticed, that one or two of its stanzas can, by no amount of charity, be made consistent with the faith of the Church. Besides these two, and, though far below them, yet deserving no ignoble place among English hymns, are the well-known 'When languor and disease invade,' and the adaptation of Paul Gerhardt's hymn, 'HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness.'

We now proceed to the Hymnals, of which we have given the names above. And the method which we propose to pursue in noticing them is this:—In the first place we will make, as it were, a *catalogue raisonnée* of each, then we will lay down certain rules for a good hymnal, and will try those which we have selected by such rules. With the 'Hymns, Ancient and Modern,' then, we begin. In criticising that collection, we say most cheerfully that, as a whole, we consider it the best. We are, however, bound to say one word with respect to its obligations to the 'Hymnal Noted;' obligations thus acknowledged in the preface: 'To Mr. Novello, for his generous permission to make extracts from the "Hymnal Noted."'" In the same preface we find *three* hymns acknowledged as belonging to the author of the 'Christian Year;' *six* as borrowed from Miss Katharine Winkworth's 'Lyra Germanica:' perhaps it is scarcely fair that the one notice 'to Mr. Novello, for his generous permission to make extracts from the "Hymnal Noted,"' should cover in whole or in part TWENTY-NINE. However, leaving that

matter as a point of very small importance in itself (though, as we know of our own knowledge, it might have led to a most difficult legal complication), we will proceed to another subject.

Of the 273 which, on the whole, it contains, 135 are in the regular course of the Church's year; the remainder are 'General Hymns,' as they are called; which embrace not only the Communion of Saints, but also those hymns which we in the English Church *seem* to stand in need of more than our brethren of the Latin Communion. It is only *seeming*, because they also have their hymns for, what we should call, *special occasions*, in the vernacular language, whatever it may be; and thus not mixed up with the technical (if we may so say) hymns of the Church.

On Hymn 68, for Septuagesima, we may make a remark. Some fifteen years ago the *Christian Remembrancer* had an article on Hymnology as it then stood. We observed how easily the Hymns of the Parisian Breviary fell into Common Metre—how, we may say, almost naturally; and, deprecating the employment of that metre, we gave as a specimen the Matins Hymn for Septuagesima Sunday. That hymn, as translated, has been adopted in some dozen Hymnals which we could name; while in H. A. M. it is lengthened out into long metre, with alternate rhymes.

Scarcely any use has, in the work we are considering, been made of English original hymns of the last century: indeed, we could almost believe that the compositions of Dissenters have generally (there are exceptions) been excluded on principle. We are anyhow sorry to miss such general favourites as 'There is a land of pure delight;' 'Is there a thing that moves and breathes?' (the latter a very lovely hymn); 'Give me the wings of Faith, to rise;' and still more sorry to find such a poor abbreviation of the one among the very first of English hymns, 'Jerusalem, my happy home.' The H. A. M. were published before Mr. Neale's Greek versions; yet, we must say, we should have expected some original translations of a few at least of the best odes of S. Cosmas, S. John Damascene, and S. Theophanes. Surely they who not only were, but allowed themselves, competent to correct (and that often largely) former translations, were not incompetent to the production of original translations. We must also demur to two versions of the same hymn: e.g. 111, 'The LAMB's high banquet called to share,' and 113, 'At the LAMB's High Feast we sing;' and again, 'JESU, the very thought is sweet' (65), and 'JESU, the very thought of Thee.'

That H. A. M. has achieved so great a success is, on the whole, a very happy circumstance for the prospects of Hymnology. The defects, briefly, are:—

1. The crowd of commonplace hymns which it contains; such, for example, as 63, 70, 71, 85, 91, &c.

2. The absence of any Eastern hymns, or Syriac. [We may draw attention, by the way, to the very happy translation of a Baptismal Hymn of S. Ephraem, which appeared, in a late number of the *Quarterly*, in an article on Hymnology, as a prize to the next compiler of a Hymnal.]

3. The absence of some old-established favourites from Watts, Wesley, and others of that stamp.

4. Which is simply a misfortune: the absence of hymns of first-rate merit, which have appeared since H. A. M.

5. Needless and often prosaic alterations.

We now come to—what, however, was anterior to the above—the ‘Salisbury Hymn-Book,’ so called as principally compiled by a distinguished layman in, and approved by the Bishop of, that diocese. Its having been revised by the Church’s Laureate doubles its claims. It derives less from ancient sources than H. A. M.; thus, instead of twenty-nine it borrows but eight hymns from H. N., but does not so much as that reject the assistance of Dissenters. In this book for the first time appeared Keble’s magnificent hymn for S. John Evangelist, worthy of Adam. In case any of our readers should not be acquainted with it, they will thank us for referring them to it. Here, also, we may particularly call their attention to his new version of ‘Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,’ which we shall shortly have to quote.

The Sarum Hymnal is inferior to H. A. M.:—

a. In its less decidedly Catholic tone.

β. In many of its alterations.

γ. In its comparative want of variety; but it is perhaps hardly fair to criticise a first, while waiting for a second, edition.

We now come to ‘The Parish Hymn-Book.’ This contains 195 hymns, and has the advantage of using the Greek translations and Dr. Wordsworth’s book. It is much to be lamented that the absence of the great hymns of the Western Church from this collection ought to seal its fate; for in some respects it is admirable. Would it be believed that we look in vain for the *Vexilla Regis*, the two *Pange lingua*, the *Verbum supernum prodiens*, and others of equal glory? It borrows only two hymns from H. N.—‘Of the Father’s Self begotten,’ and ‘The strain upraise;’ seven from the Greek Church; four from the ‘Holy Year.’ But with the terrible blot we have pointed out, it never ought to be popular.

The same judgment, only more decidedly, may be passed on ‘Hymns for the Church of England.’ This has not one of the great Hymns of the Western Church. It came out after the

Greek Hymns, from which it borrows 11; but before the 'Holy Year.' We cannot help expressing our admiration of the elegance of its 'get up.'

The foregoing hymn-books are *bond fide* intended for parish use; those which follow are rather literary collections. We begin with the Solicitor-General's.

The 'Book of Praise' contains 312 poems, from, if we count rightly, 120 authors. They are many of them centos; but the omissions are minutely specified in a series of brief notes at the end. No other alterations have been made; a fact which vastly increases the literary value of the book. Looking on this as a storehouse of English hymns, for the most part originally English, we can only regard it as of great importance; Sir Roundell Palmer expressly disclaims the idea of its serving as a hymnal: indeed, its very expense precludes that possibility. Some idea of its composition may be found from an enumeration of those authors who have supplied the largest number:—Watts, 41; The Wesleys, 32; Montgomery, 18; Kelly, 16; Lyte, 16; Doddridge, 15; Heber, 14; Newton, 14; Cowper, 11; Toplady, 8; Keble, 7.

Few others have more than two or three, many only one. But Keble's finest hymn, 'Word of God, before creation,' is not given.

To proceed to the 'Holy Year.' From the size and expense of the book, it is evident that its most accomplished author could not have intended to put it forward as a candidate for general acceptance as an English Hymnal. We are also sure that another collection of hymns, containing, as this does, so many original compositions, would, for that very reason, be published rather as a contribution to Hymnology than as a proposed English Hymnal itself. For its chief feature is this: the proportion which new compositions in it bear to selected hymns. As we shall see, before we conclude, the greatest of all Christian poets left behind him only 104 or 105 compositions intended for use in the Church; of which not more than twenty-five can be fairly reckoned in the first class (and that so many, the work of one man, should be worthy of such a place, is one of the greatest marvels of that wonderful twelfth century). We are certain that Dr. Wordsworth, in presenting us with 117 original, out of a total of 200, hymns, could only have intended the former as a contribution from which the Church of England should be at liberty to select what it would in any—if such a thing, by God's great mercy, should be—future Hymnal. And having said thus much, we can only feel the greater pleasure in expressing our further belief that some of the original hymns now first published in this collection may vie with all, except the

two or three which are the everlasting heritage of the English Church. We cannot resist the temptation of giving three examples.—The first and third are an imitation of the *manner* of Adam of S. Victor; not of his own actual compositions; for, as in this case for Ascension Day, he has nothing. And we may further remark, how good and ripe a metrical scholar Dr. Wordsworth proves himself in the very typographical arrangement of these hymns. It has been a rule, suggested long ago, but now finally laid down by Gautier, that in that loveliest of measures, trochaic tetrameter catalectic, when there are double rhymes, they should be printed in four lines, as thus:—

Born for us, for us descending
Of a Virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending,
Scattered He the Gospel seed :

But when there is only a single rhyme, they are to be written thus:

‘Alleluia, song of sweetness, voice of joy, eternal lay;
Alleluia is the anthem of the choirs in heavenly day.’

The first hymn we shall quote is that for Ascension Day:—

1.

‘See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state;
Riding on the clouds, His chariot, to His heavenly palace gate;
Hark, the choirs of angel-voices joyful alleluias sing;
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

2.

‘Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?
LORD of battles, GOD of armies, He has gained the victory:
He, who on the Cross did suffer, He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan: He by death hath spoiled His foes.

3.

‘While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends:
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with GOD and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom
to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

4.

‘Now, our heavenly Aaron passeth, with His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now hath entered Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

5.

‘Thou hast raised our human nature in the clouds to GOD’s Right Hand,
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand;
JESUS reigns, adored by Angels; Man with GOD is on the Throne;
Mighty LORD, in Thine Ascension, we by faith behold our own.

6.

'HOLY GHOST, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes;
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see beyond the skies;
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's Right Hand,
Beckoning on His Martyr Army, succouring His faithful band.

7.

'See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer;
See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

8.

'Lift us up from earth to heaven; give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above;
That with hearts and minds uplifted, we with CHRIST our LORD may
 dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory, in His heavenly citadel.

9.

'So at last when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King;
Caught upon the clouds of heaven, and may meet him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there.

10.

'Glory be to God the Father, glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us, Who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT; to one God in Persons three,
Glory both in earth and heaven, glory, endless glory be !'

Again: we have this most exquisitely beautiful

'SUNDAY HYMN.

'O day of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the Great God Triune.

'On thee, at the Creation,
 The Light had first its birth;
On thee for our salvation
 CHRIST rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our LORD victorious
 The SPIRIT sent from heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

'Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise;

Thou art a cooling fountain,
In life's dry, dreary land ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

'Thou art a holy ladder,
Where Angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to Heaven, our home.
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

'To-day on weary nations
The Heavenly Manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls :
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

'New graces ever gaining,
From this, our day of rest,
We teach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest ;
To HOLY GHOST be praises,
To FATHER and to SON ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.'

One more Hymn, for All Saints, we cannot deny ourselves
the pleasure of quoting :—

'Hark the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! LORD, to Thee.
Multitude, which none can number, like the stars, in glory stands
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

'Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of CHRIST,
King, Apostle, Saint and Martyr, Confessor, Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron, Widows who have watch'd in prayer,
Join'd in holy concert, singing to the LORD of all, are there.

'They have come from tribulation and have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of JESUS ; tried they were, and firm they
stood ;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered Death and Satan by the might of CHRIST the
LORD.

'Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee, their Saviour and their King ;
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered ; gladly, LORD, with Thee they
died ;
And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

'Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision of the Blessed Trinity.

'God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore.'

And now, lastly, we must say one word as to Mr. Chope's Congregational—the word is rather unhappy—Hymn and Tune Book. And perhaps the highest praise we can give it is to say that—putting H. A. M. out of the question—on the whole, we think that we should prefer this. Both fall very, very far short, as we have said before, of that perfect Hymnal which we hope the English Church will yet see; which the French and Spanish and Portuguese Churches never can see, through the miserable incapability of their languages for poetry: but towards which Catholic Germany—and, so far as hymns may be considered abstractedly as *Christian* compositions—Lutheran Denmark—seem to have made the nearest approach. It would be simply wearisome to criticise the various compositions introduced into Mr. Chope's book: we scarcely know whether more to blame his ignoring, in many cases, the tunes, without which the hymns, glorious as they are, are not half themselves (for a new melody to the 'Dies Iræ' is far more absurd to the Church, than a new tune to 'God save the Queen' would be to the nation of England)—or to admire the spirit of the compiler to offer so many prizes for original tunes to be adapted to those hymns which hitherto have not been mated with any.

With this we bid adieu to the subject of Hymnals as such, and shall proceed to the general remarks which we promised to make.

First of all; we make no doubt that, in adopting a hymn into a compilation, the compiler has the most perfect right to make any alteration which he thinks advantageous to its general effect, if he only acknowledges his alterations, or additions, or mutilations. In saying this we are simply repeating the sentiments of one with whom, except so far as we admire his own personal holiness, we should not often agree, Edward Bickersteth; or rather, as repeating Mr. Bickersteth's sentiments, the words of his biographer. 'He saw with his strong practical sense that a hymn-book, drawn up for general use, stands on a footing entirely distinct from a literary edition of an author's work, where the first excellence is historical fidelity; and that there was no good reason why a beautiful hymn should be sacrificed because of some doctrinal or critical flaw in a single verse; or why real faults should be

'perpetuated and imposed on thousands of congregations, in order to secure the integrity of a brief, and perhaps hasty, composition, as it first came from the author's pen. Perhaps the principle, sound in itself, was at first carried rather to excess in its application.'¹ For, in the first place, there are some hymns which, unless they were almost entirely altered, would be out of the question for our future Church Hymnal; but which, if they received the necessary corrections, might be none of the worst when admitted. We will give two examples. The first is one of the most popular of Protestant hymns, which has been so—if one may use the word—*transfigured* by Mr. Keble, for the Sarum Hymnal. The writer of this article might plead an especial love to the hymn as it originally stood, from having been accustomed, as a child, to repeat it by the death-bed of a father, evening after evening, for many weeks. Nevertheless, that seed blossoms, in Mr. Keble's version, into a perfect flower:—

'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!²
Feed me till I want no more.

'Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

'When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee!'

'Guide us, Thou whose Name is Saviour,
Pilgrims in the barren land;
We are weak, and Thou Almighty;
Hold us with Thy strong right Hand,
As in Egypt,
As upon the Red Sea strand.

'Let the cloud and fire supernal,
Day and night before us go;
Lead us to the rock and fountain,
Whence the living waters flow:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us, till no want we know.

'When we touch the cold dark river,
Cleave for us the swelling tide;
Through the flood and through the
whirlpool,
Let Thine ark our footsteps guide:
JESU, lead us,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.'

We will now take another example, from one of the hymn-writers of the last century, a Mr. Job Hupton, of whom we have spoken before. His Hymns being few in number form only one volume with those of a Mr. John Stocker, of Honiton, Devon; of whom Mr. Sedgwick 'sincerely regrets that he has never been able to obtain more than the name of the author and 'the place of his residence.' Will our readers be utterly prejudiced against what we should propose as a translation of the hymn into Catholic language, or may we perhaps see our version—as the *Christian Remembrancer* has heretofore done—received into the pages of one or more of the many Hymnals

¹ Life of Bickersteth, vol. ii. p. 38.

² Why Sir Roundell Palmer repeats these words, we know not; they certainly were not so repeated in the author's copy (William Williams).

that are to be. To our own minds, this might be a hymn for one of the Sundays after Easter:—

'Come, ye saints, and raise an anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of
praise;
Sing to Him who found a ransom;
Th' Ancient of Eternal days:
In your nature,
Born to suffer in your place.

'Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love, eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the LORD of Life to die—
Die for traitors,
Justly doomed to endless pains.

'Lo, He comes! and on Mount Cal'ry
Pours His blood! resigns His breath!
Finishes the great salvation;
Kills the killing power of death.
Then arises;
Lives and reigns for evermore.

'High in yon Celestial mountains
Stands His gem-built throne, all
bright;
Midst incessant acclamations
Bursting from the sons of light!
Zion's praises
Are His chosen dwelling-place.

'Bring your harps and bring your odours,
Sweep the string, and pour the lay;
View His works! behold His wonders!
Let Hosannas crown the day:
He is worthy
Of eternal, boundless praise.

'Sov'reign grace in Him abounding.
Stoops to raise the sons of grief;
And, on swiftest pinions flying,
Quickly brings them sweet relief;
Soothes their sorrows,
And the oil of joy imparts.

'Crimes nefarious, crimes unnumbered,
He forgives with pleasing smiles;
Gives the lab'ring, burden'd conscience
Rest, the produce of His toils;
And the needy,
From His fulness, well supplies.

'Do His people walk in darkness?
Through the thickest clouds of night,
He, in free and boundless goodness,
Sends the cheering beams of Light;
Then they praise Him,
Marching on their heavenly way.

'Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of
praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of Eternal days;
God eternal, Word Incarnate,
Whom the Heaven of heaven obeys.

'Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love, eternal, free, and boundless,
Forced¹ the LORD of Life to die—
Lifted up the Prince of Princes
On the Throne of Calvary.

'Now on those Eternal Mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all
bright,
With the ceaseless alleluias
Which they raise, the sons of light;
Sion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

'Bring your harps and bring your in-
cense;
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day.
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy;
Who was dead and lives for aye.

'If His people walk in darkness,
Through the thickest clouds of night,
He, according to His promise,
Sends the pillar-beam of Light;
Then they pass along His highway,
Turning not to left nor right.

¹ *Quæ te cogit clementia,
Ut ferres nostra crimina, &c.*

- 'When the thirsty pant for water,
And no cooling streams are found,
He descends like vernal showers,
Softening all the thirsty ground ;
Living waters
Free in ample torrents flow.
- 'Hungry souls that faint and languish,
By His bounteous hand are fed ;
Yea! He gives them food immortal!—
Gives Himself the living Bread !
This revives them ;
Life, and health, and strength it
gives.
- 'See His guardian wing extended
To secure His own from harm ;
See the gates of hell confounded
By His high imperial arm ;
Devils tremble
At His word, or at His nod.
- 'Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims,
Who shall pluck you from His
Hand?
Pledged He stands for your salvation ;
Soon you'll see the Promised Land ;
Soon He'll crown you,
And exalt you to His throne.
- 'Then, amazed, you'll view His glories,
Brighter than ten thousand suns !
Then you'll drink the living pleasure
Which from endless fountains runs,
And with Angels
Swell the everlasting song.'
- 'When the thirsty pant for water,
And no cooling streams are found,
He descends, like showers in spring-
time,
Softening all the parchèd ground ;
While the smitten Rock its torrents
Pours in ample streams around.
- 'Hungry souls that faint and languish,
By His bounteous Hand are fed ;
Yea, He gives them Food Immortal !
Gives Himself, the Living Bread :
Gives the Chalice of His Passion,
Rich with Blood on Calvary shed.
- 'Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims ;
Who shall pluck you from His
Hand?
Pledged He stands for their salvation,
Who are fighting for His Land :
O that we, amidst His true Ones,
Round His throne may one day
stand !
- 'Laud and honour to the FATHER ;
Laud and honour to the SON ;
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT ;
Ever three and ever one :
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While succeeding ages run. *Amen.*'

And now let us see how, in what is undoubtedly the first hymn in the English language—yes, and a hymn which might challenge comparison with all but the very highest compositions of the greatest saints—how this will yet receive benefit from the various alterations which, from the time of its composition till now, it has undergone. And first, let us give it as it stands in the original publication:—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

'Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

'Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the Fountain fly.
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

'Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!'

We suppose that no one can doubt that this is the finest, the most sublime, hymn in the English language—we mean, originally composed in that language. And yet observe how, in the very first verse, the two last couplets have something worse than no rhyme: that which pretends to be a rhyme and is not. *Blood* and *flowed*, *cure* and *power*—scarcely by any courtesy of prosody could they be considered rhymes—especially the two last. One could hardly wish to have the hymn as it stands here—even with the greatest allowance that Christian charity could make—received as a popular hymn (and if it were received at all, it must be so) in the English Church. But, availing ourselves partly of that which the compilers of Hymnals have already performed, partly suggesting one or two alterations of our own, we will propose the following:—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
Let Thy risen Side's dear flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse from guilt and keep me pure.

'Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil *Thine own commands*;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

'Nothing in my hand I bring;
Only to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, come in helplessness;
Vile, to David's Fountain fly:
Cleanse me, Saviour, or I die.

¹ The lines or words which are altered from the original are here given in italics.

'While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,—
See Thee on Thy Judgment-Throne,
Rock of AGES, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

We have no doubt that one or two of the necessary alterations which we have made might be made much better; but we very much doubt whether any single verse of the 'Dies Iræ'—or, rather, take the same number of lines—any two verses—are superior to the fourth stanza of this hymn as it was written; not, most certainly, as it is generally printed in our Hymnals.

'When my eye-strings break in death'

is tamed down into

'When my eye-lids close in death,'

(which, of course, they never do).

'When I soar through tracts unknown'

is watered into

'When I rise to worlds unknown,'

or

'When I soar to worlds unknown.'

We will not go on to show how, in the same way, Toplady's hymn,

'When languor and disease invade,'

or his translation,

'Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,'

might be altered into glorious hymns: while

'Deathless principle, arise,'

to be compared with S. Peter Damiani's

'Gravi me terrore pulsas,'

however magnificent in itself, would scarcely under any circumstances be suitable for a congregation.

And now, in matters not concerned with whole hymns, let us see how a slight alteration of one verse will improve, or the contrary, a whole composition. And, as we think that most compilers of modern days have no doubt whatever of that fact, we will present our readers with a few examples of changes 'for better for worse, for richer for poorer,' in the alterations they have made of original or

translated hymns. Let us begin with H. A. M.: and, first of all, where we think they have fairly improved the stanza on which they have made an experiment.

Hymn 46, which is a kind of copy of Hymn 32 in the 'Hymnal Noted.' And, first of all, it is rather singular that the verse, which has nothing to do with the original composition, and which is entirely unfitted for a Christmas hymn,

'Juste Judex mortuorum,'

magnificent in itself, and here well translated, should, nevertheless, be inserted; turning, as it does, the full and perfect joy of the Nativity into the mixed feeling with which we witness the departure of a true servant of our LORD. As we shall have to criticise in a different way presently, we will notice one passage which is a most undoubted improvement on the original:

'O beatus ortus ille Virgo cum puerpera
Edidit nostram salutem festa SANCTO SPIRITU:'

which in the original was given:

'O that ever-blessed birthday, when the Virgin, full of grace,
Of the HOLY GHOST Incarnate, bare the Saviour of our race.'

H. A. M. gives it thus:—

'O that birth for ever blessed, when the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving, bare the Saviour of our race:'

which avoids the excessively awkward accusative, and makes the sense altogether clearer.

In the second hymn, quoted from the same translation, we have another improvement. In that most glorious hymn,

'Jesu dulcis memoria,'

it was in H. N. as a version of

'Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis presentia,'

'But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are:'

where, it is needless to observe, *the honey* is not English. The H. A. M. gives it:

'But, oh, than honey sweeter far,' &c.

And though, perhaps, an improvement on either might be found, H. A. M. is surely better than the other.

We may as well say here, as anywhere else, that our rule

of modern English hymns should be this—a rule laid down even by Dr. Watts, who so often transgressed it: when C. M. is used, the first and third lines ought to rhyme, as well as the second and fourth. And why? Undoubtedly the English historic narrative poem was the fourteen-syllable iambic metre (iambic tetrameter brachy-catalectic), used by Chapman in his glorious translation of Homer, by Phaer in his version of the *Æneid*, and by others. But when this metre is to become lyric—as all hymns are but short odes—then all the graces of sound, as well as all the fascination of sense, ought to coalesce. In the H. A. M. we object to the serial hymns, in the first place, because they could not be set to the ancient melody (that is, C. M. and L. M.); and next, that in this aforesaid C. M. the first and third lines do not rhyme.

We have wandered a little out of our way. We will now notice a few more alterations, whether for good or evil, in the Hymnals which stand at the head of our article.

Let us—as a comparison of three different versions, H. N., the original; 'Salisbury Hymnal,' the second; H. A. M., the third—take the *Alleluia, dulce carmen*; always remembering that the H. A. M. had the advantage, not only of adopting H. N., but also of availing itself of whatever corrections might seem advisable in S. H.

1. 'Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, eternal lay;
Alleluia is the anthem
Of the Choirs in Heavenly day
Which the Angels sing, abiding
In the House of God alway.
2. 'Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother ever blest;
Alleluias without ending
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we, by Babel's waters
Sit in bondage and distress'd.
3. 'Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for awhile give o'er,
For the holy time is coming
Bidding us our sins deplore.
4. 'TRINITY of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all to keep thy Easter
In our home beyond the sky,
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.'

H. A. M.

that cannot die;
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee:
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
forego
solemn time
When our tears for sin must flow.

Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us Blessed TRINITY,
At the last
for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

S. H.

Sweetest anthem,
may not
voice delightful
E'en to blessed
Sung by holy ones
In God's home eternally.

Alleluia—O blest mother,
Salem crown'd above and free—
is thy watchword.
When thine own rejoice with thee:
But as yet by Babel's waters
still

Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
for our trespass
We must for awhile give o'er;
For a Lenten time approaches,
Bidding us our sins deplore.

Wherefore
Blessed, Holy TRINITY,
May we see Thine Easter glory
In the heavens with unveiled eye;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

Let us take another example. In the translation—now so commonly used—of 'Bernard of Cluny,' one of the stanzas begins thus:—

'To thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep.'

Now, in the 'Sarum Hymnal,' the first line is thus altered:—

'To thee, O better country.'

Now, whoever made that alteration undoubtedly thought they were justified in it, by the reference which they give at the bottom of the page, one of the very few which appear in this volume, to Heb. xi. 16. But words alter their meaning with time. In mediæval hymns—that is, in those hymns which settle the meaning of the word *patria*—there is but one country; not a 'better,' which is Paradise, and a worse, which is earth: but one; only one, only one land to which we travel, and this world simply the path by which we travel to it. So that, speaking exactly, Paradise is not the better country, but the only one country. 'Who is the subject that is capable of baptism?—Every man that is a traveller.' That is the literal translation of the great Western Catechism. 'What is our true home and our true country?—Our true home and our true country is the land where those who have departed in the

'faith of God now live.' So speaks one of the great Eastern catechisms.

Take another alteration; this time also from the Salisbury.
In the H. N. it was—

'Of the FATHER sole-begotten—
E'er the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.'

That verse is thus altered:—

'Born of God the Father's bosom
E'er the worlds began to be,
Omega and Alpha namēd,
He the first, the ending He,
Of all things that are or have been
Or that time to come shall see,
Ever and for evermore.'

Now, the first line of the original is—

'Corde natus ex parentis
Ante mundi exordium;'

but may we ask—it is scarcely possible to ask it without irreverence—what is the meaning of the first line of the 'Salisbury Hymnal?' The translation itself has been altered over and over again, as for example—

'Of the Father self-begotten,'

which is heresy; or

'Of the Father's self begotten:'

and also in several other ways. But we would ask the editors of the Salisbury book, in that second edition which, we are glad to hear, they are about to bring out, to alter the first line of this appropriation.

Now, the third line—

'He the Alpha and Omēga.'

The correction has changed it into—

'Omega and Alpha namēd.'

Of course every one knows that Ōmēgǎ is the prosodiacal accentuation of what we generally call Ōmēga. In that text—which we hardly can venture to bring in on so trivial a point—how are our poor accustomed to hear those most solemn of

names pronounced, 'Εγὼ εἶμι τὸ Α καὶ τὸ Ω? We know very well. And then, look at the awkward prolongation of the participle namēd; and then also the very awkward iambus in a trochaic metre—

' | Ōf āll | things that are or have been.'

In fact, many of these alterations remind us of the great change brought to pass in the so-called reformation of the Roman Breviary in the sixteenth century. The verdict—true then and true now, but not then credited—was: '*Accessit Latinitas, recessit pietas*' In point of fact, with the exception of one or two such world-famous, such glorious hymns, as the innovators dared not change, the others were dealt with after this fashion. The sharp, clear, bold outlines were smoothed and rounded off, so as not to offend the most fastidious literary taste; and to that literary taste—the taste of those men who, on one day, would *polish* a hymn of S. Gregory or S. Ambrose; on the next, write off some wretched eclogue in imitation of Virgil or Theocritus, only without the natural expression of the one, the elegance of the other, or the purity of both—it was the taste of these *poets*—if they were so to be called—which was then consulted, and which has left us a deep lesson as regards the change of hymns. Among those who most dearly admired the process which these hymns went through, was—we know not his Spanish real name (sometimes those Latinised names are far enough from the original)—Faustinus Arevalua. He took in hand to convert all the hymns of the ancient Spanish Breviaries into regular metres, and having done that to his own satisfaction, he next sat down to write an 'Art of Hymnody.' Perhaps, though in a sense far different from that which he could have imagined, nothing can be more instructive. When were the great hymns of the Church written? By those who were in circumstances of exulting triumph, as the author of 'The strain upraise;' or of a national joy, in the joy of the national Church, as the *Vexilla Regis*; or in some especial moment, when a saint was raised up to an ecstasy, either of supplication or thanksgiving—as, in the former case, that marvellous hymn of S. Peter Damiani, *Gravi me terrore pulsas*; in the latter, *O quam mirificum*. But this hymn-manufacturer thought that he could measure out his compositions by line and by verse. Does any one wish to hear what a great dignitary of the Spanish Church—a man whose editions of Prudentius and the other Christian poets are most valuable—could say when he began to compound his own laws for the construction of hymns? Here, then, they are. First of all, think what a hymn is: the dearer, the warmer, the more unfettered elevation of the soul to that Human Soul which wrought out our redemption,

even than prayer can be,—and will you rather ridicule or be disgusted with the laws of this critic?

I. In hymns we must attend to the legitimate quantity of syllables; the feet must have their right number; the measure must likewise be regarded.

II. The style of hymns must be poetical and elegant, neither vulgar nor bombastic, and free from every superstition of heathenism.

III. There must be nothing in a hymn which offends against the received ecclesiastical melody.

IV. Rhyme is always, or almost always, forbidden.

V. No new metres to be introduced.

VI. The hymn is neither to be too long nor too short.

VII. Only three hymns for each festival.

VIII. The parts of a hymn are:—

(1) The invocation of the Deity;

(2) The historical narrative, or history of the life of the saint;

(3) The petition or obsecration.

(The cold-blooded way in which the matter of the hymn is here set forth reminds one of the like receipt, not for a hymn, but for a prayer, in Dr. Watts. Here it is:

‘Call upon God: adore: confess:

Petition: plead: and then declare

You are the LORD’S: give thanks, and bless:

And let *Amen* conclude the prayer.’)

IX. In the last verse, the doxology must be expressed, and that, if possible, with a more immediate reference to the season or festival in hand.

And if you have not been able to avoid some little amusement about the former rules, this last is one, not only most true in itself, but which is commented on with all the learning which Arevalus was master of, and for which, in his editions of the Mozarabic Breviary Missal, he has laid the whole Church under an obligation for which—as he never found any due reward in this life—one rejoices to think that, since so much learning was coupled with such holiness and purity, an earthly reward must be little indeed to him now.

We come now to Mr. Pearson’s little book: a very creditable contribution to the study of mediæval poetry. We could wish, indeed, that he had been happier in his selection of English hymns, though he has usually made the best of them; and in some passages it is quite startling to see how the fine roll of the verse seems to elevate the doctrine. We could wish that he had observed the rule of always, where possible, preserving the

original metre; though that exception—*where possible*—is rather a large one, when we remember how favourite a measure is C. M. (iambic tetrameter brachy-catalectic) with our hymn-writers. To turn this into what would apparently be nearest to it—iambic tetrameter catalectic—would not give the least real resemblance. It is very seldom used in purely mediæval times, though Jesuit hymn-writers were fond of it. Adam has one example—a Christmas Sequence:

‘Dum cadit secus Jericho vir Hierosolymita
Samaritanus afferit quo lapsa datur vita;’

and there is a long Passion poem in the same measure, with alternate triple rhymes:

‘Dicendo, Consummatum est
De Passione meâ,
Quod ante prophetatum est
Per vates in Judæâ.’

But these are very rare. Probably iambic dimeter, with alternate rhymes (like S. Thomas’s *Verbum supernum prodiens*), would be the best representative of C. M. Mr. Pearson has employed this in the C. M. ‘The Sinner’s Complaint.’

But we have a serious charge to bring against Mr. Pearson. We doubt if he is aware that, except in those hymns, each verse of which purposely ends with a monosyllable, A SINGLE RHYME, WHETHER MASCULINE OR FEMININE, is absolutely forbidden.

Thus, to a mediæval ear such a line as

‘The Royal banners forward go:
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,’

could no more present a rhyme than

‘And with darkness clothed and guarded,
Unashamed and unaffrighted’

is to us; whereas

‘Where He in Flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid,’

would be perfect.

Hence, Cardinal de Ghistel’s ‘*Sequentia de B. V. M. sine labe conceptâ*’ is very unscholarly: *e.g.*

‘Eva nova novæ legis,
Præ-electa summi Regis,
Cousors ejus gloriæ:
Tu draconem domuisti:
Forti pede contrivisti
Victrix caput Satanae.’

Southey, in his notes on 'Thalaba,' has remarked on the greedy hankering after rhyme which characterises the youth of a nation; and observes that Mahometan traditions and legends, where they couple two objects, generally make them rhyme, as Harath and Marath at Babylon;—and that they produce Cain and Abel as Abel and Kabel. So some readers will call to mind the Nile-mountains of Herodotus, Crophi and Mophi. The most remarkable feat of rhyming we ever saw is in one of the hymns of Tuinman, the Dutch Watts. It is at p. 348 of his 'Liederen Zionis,' and *every syllable* rhymes:

'Mijn
Pijn
Smert
't Hert,
En
'kben
Mat.
Wat
Wee!
De
Zond
Wond
Bloed,
't Doet
Zeer,' &c.

It may be observed that these double rhymes were not necessary when as yet rhyme was assonant:

'Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari præcip's
Tetrum chaos illabitur;
Audi preces cum fletibus.'

Here we have it in the second couplet: not in the first.

'Vexilla Regis prodeunt:
Fulget Crucis mysterium:
Quo carne carnis Conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.'

Here it does not exist at all.

But directly consonant rhymes came in, masculine as well as feminine became double. And this holds good in every kind of rhyme; and frequently gives occasion to effects extraordinary enough to our ears. One of Adam's sequences begins thus:

'Per unius casum grāni
De valle Gethsemāni
Grana surgunt plurima:
Orbem terræ, cœli gŷrum.
Ornat rosas Martŷrum
Una Christi Victima.'

In the *Ars Poetica* of the Middle Ages, the 'Labyrinthus' of Eberhard (which was written in 1212), this is laid down as essential: whether in *leonines*,

'Permutant mores homines, cum dantur honores:
Corde stat inflato pauper honore dato.'

In *caudates* :—

'His nummis tunc emit agros a Jhericonitis:
His etiam Joseph est emptus ab Ismahelitis.'

In *cancrines*, or *double leonines* :—

'Si tibi grata seges est morum, gratus haberis:
Si virtutis eges, despiciendus eris.'

In *concatenate cancrines* :—

'Virtutem sequere, virtutis præmia quære:
Omnia vana tere lucis amore mere.'

And in *serpentine*s, or *reversed leonines* :—

'Hoc moveo, ne fas fore credas optima rerum:
Ut carpas verum prodigiale nefas.'

But we have wandered far away from Mr. Pearson, to whom we now return. We have expressed a doubt whether he was even acquainted with this great rule. We have taken the pains to count up the number of masculine rhymes which occur in his work: we make them 139. In these, he has violated the rule 32 times, observing it 107. If it be said that the vast excess of times in which he has kept, proves that he must at least have *known*, it, we reply that—as any one who chooses to attempt that kind of verse for himself will speedily discover—the genius of the Latin language will, twice out of three times, where you have a single masculine rhyme, give you, of itself, a double. This is, undoubtedly, a great blot in these translations. As a favourable specimen of them, we give the following: where observe how the bald, poor line, 'The wine poured out, the broken bread,' is sublimed into 'Poculum (*Calicem* would have been better) Dominicum, Panem Angelorum.'

CONFIRMATION.

'LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek;
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel, or tongue could speak;
Thy children pray for grace that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

'LORD, shall we come, and come again?
Oft as we see Thy Table spread,
And tokens of Thy dying pain,
The Wine pour'd out, the broken Bread;
Bless, bless, O LORD, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

'LORD, shall we come? not thus alone
At holy times, or solemn rite,
But every hour, till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy Throne of grace, that we,
In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

'LORD, shall we come, come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more;
To come not now alone, but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O LORD, and be
Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by Thee.'

CONFIRMATIO.

'Tibi Tui liberi, Deus, propinquamus:
Caritatis munera plena postulamus:
Tua jam ad Brachia parvuli oblati,
Oribus infantibus nulla vota fati,
Adsunt Tui liberi gratiam rogantes
Te sibi propitium hodie sperantes.

'Domine, Te iterum humiles adimus,
Quando Tuas epulas stratas invenimus,
Tuorumque cernimus pignora dolorum,
Poculum Dominicum, Panem Angelorum;
Benedic O Domine, votis cum astamus,
Te presentem supplices hic reperiamus.

'Nec sic tantum, Domine, Tibi propinquamus
Cum Te festo tempore rite adoramus:
At vitalis spiritus donec subducatur,
Sive gaudet anima, sive contristatur,
Almum Tuum Solium fac aggrediamur
Caritate, Fide, Spe, constabiliamur.

'Rursus Tibi, Domine, Tui propinquamus;
Semel beneficium ultimum rogamus;
Quando vivos, mortuos, vocat Dies Illa,
Quæ repente sæculum solvet in favilla,
In cælos tunc aditus nobis reseretur
Ibi confirmatio sempiterna detur.'

Mr. Pearson succeeds best, we think, in this measure. We give another specimen, from Bishop Heber's well-known Epiphany hymn.

EPIPHANY.

- 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.
- 'Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 'Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 'Vainly we offer each costly oblation,
Vainly with gifts will His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to GOD are the prayers of the poor.'

EPIPHANIA.

- 'Optima diluuli Stella quæ niteois,
Tenebras illumina, opem dona fessis;
Oriente genita, lucem exoramus;
Te duce Infantulum Christum adeamus.
- 'Super cunas gelida micat gutta roris;
Cubat cum pecudibus Caput Redemptoris:
Venerantur Angeli somno recumbentem
Conditorum, Dominum, Salutem gerentem.
- 'Quænam ergo munera cernui feremus?
Eois odoribus cultum tribuemus?
Gemmae Garamantidas, maris margaritas,
Myrrham ex nemoribus, aureasve gazas?¹
- 'Nequicquam divitias amplas prodigemus,
Nequicquam muneribus Illum accedemus;
Puro cultu cordium Christus honoratur,
Potius pauperibus Deus exoratur.'

We will now point out a few mistakes: they might, for the most part, be easily altered in another edition.

In the first hymn, 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun,' we have these false rhymes: Angeli—Domini: oculos—Angelos: videor—dejicior.

In the second, 'Glory to Thee:' Domine—protege.

In the third, 'The Midnight Hymn:' hymnisonus—socius: teneam—concinam: maneam—audiam: subjice—discute: Domine—elue. Moreover,

'Conjungar ego choreis
Vestris nunc hymnisonus,'

¹ We think that there must be some misprint in these rhymes.

is not mediæval Latin: *hymnisonus* is the epithet, not of the singer, but of the thing sung. These three hymns are not happily turned.

In 'Come, thou long-expected JESUS,' we have this line:—

'Israel robur et solamen.'

Israël is always a trisyllable: moreover, it is declined.

'Israhelis tu solamen,
Tu spes cunctis et tutamen,'

would have been better. Moreover, *accipe* is rhymed to *evehe*: the latter might have been *eripe*.

In 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' *initio* is rhymed to *utero*.

In 'While shepherds watched,' *indico* rhymes to *stabulo: cœlicolam* to *insolitum: hominum* to *perpetuum*. We will not, however, point out any more false rhymes.

'When I survey,' is an imitation of Santolius Victorinus, and not a bad one. The last verse,

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,

is well turned, except for the last line:

'Orbis si steterim singulus arbiter
Vilis dona darem nil nisi vilia:
Tam divinus amor, tam nova caritas
Sensus cordaque postulat.

M. Gautier deserves the thanks of all students of hymnology for the work that heads our list. Up to its publication not more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight Sequences were known to be the composition of Adam of S. Victor; he, chiefly from the Victorine MSS. in the Imperial Library at Paris, gives us one hundred and six; many¹ of them published for the first time

¹ Those which are really published for the first time are:—

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 8. Hæc die festa concinat multisona
Camæna. | 54. Lux est ista triumphalis. |
| 19. Spiritus Paracletus. | 56. Tuba Syon jocundetur. |
| 20. Veni, Summe Consolator. | 57. Ecce dies triumphalis. |
| 21. Trinitatem simplicem. | 58. Martyris Victoria. |
| 30. Rosa novum dans odorem. | 65. Gratulemur in hæc die. |
| 32. Verbi vere Substantivi. | 66. Ave, Virgo singularis. |
| 36. Pia plangit Mater Ecclesiam. | 71. Congaudentes exultemus. |
| 37. Aquas plenas amaritudinis. | 72. Promat pia vox cantoria. |
| 43. Jubilemus Salvatori. | 78. Venerando præsit Deus. |
| 44. Templum cordis adornemus. | 79. Cordis sonet ex interno. |
| 48. Augustini præconia. | 81. Deo laudes extollamus. |
| 49. Celebremus victoriam. | 82. Gratiani grata solemnitatis. |
| 50. Ex radice caritatis. | 83. Adest dies specialis. |
| | 84. Ad honorem patris Maglorii. |

(though not so many as he imagines); many of the rest, now first vindicated to Adam.

Each sequence is illustrated with notes, and prefaced with a bibliographical notice. The latter consists of three sections:—(1) The authority on which the sequence is attributed to Adam. (2) The MSS. from which it is taken. (3) If it has been printed, where? The notes, &c. are all in French. We cannot give much praise to the editor for this part of the work. His notes are for the most part easy references to the Vulgate, and to one or two stock authors; while real difficulties he almost always passes unnoticed. Striking is the contrast between this puerile style of comment and the masterly notes which are appended to the few—far too few—sequences he has edited, by that most accomplished of Victorines, the Dean of Westminster. M. Gautier, however, has enriched his book with a fourteenth-century translation of about half the sequences of Adam—to which we shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

The life of Adam is a much more satisfactory thing; and the short history of sequences attached to it, though sketchy, is correct so far as it goes; and justly chastises Mone for his absurd misdivision of Notkevians.

Let us give a brief sketch of the life, before we proceed to criticise the works, of Adam.

Guillaume de Champeaux, born in that village, near Melun, towards the end of the eleventh century, studied in the University of Paris, and became one of its most celebrated doctors; among his pupils was Abaelard. He was also Arch-deacon of the Episcopal See. Disgusted with earthly reputation, he retired, about 1110, to a hermitage near Paris, deriving its name from the soldier monk of Marseilles, S. Victor. Several of his pupils followed him, and they agreed to adopt the Augustinian Rule as Canons Regulars. Gilduin was the most celebrated of the followers of De Champeaux; and when the latter was elevated to the Bishopric of Chalons (where by an

86. Gaude superna civitas.

90. Virgo, Mater Salvatoris.

92. Ave, Virgo singularis.

93. O Maria, stella Maris.

94. Orbis totus, undâ lotus.

98. Cor angustum dilatate.

100. Stola regni laureatus.

Thirty-four in all.

Those which M. Gautier gives as *inédites*, but which are not really so, are the following:—

N, means Neale's *Sequentia Medii Ævi*. E, the *Sequentia Inédita* in the Ecclesiologist.

3. In Natali Salvatoris, E.

4. Lux est orta Gentilibus, E.

5. Jubilemus Salvatori, E.

11. Salve, dies dierum gloria, E.

12. Sexta passus feriâ, E.

15. Postquam hostem ab infernis, E.

24. Rex Salomon fecit templum, N.

62. Laetabundi jubilemus, E.

75. Ave Mater Jesu Christi, E.

85. Per unius casum grani, N.

Ten in all.

odd coincidence, the master of Abaelard consecrated S. Bernard Abbot of Clairvaux) succeeded him. He is generally reckoned the first Prior of S. Victor's. Louis VI. took the new foundation under his protection, and counts as its founder. When Gilduin was removed to his rest, there were already forty-four houses of Canons Regulars depending on S. Victor. The parent house owed its immense reputation in the twelfth century to its three lights Hugh, Richard, Adam. Hugh, a Saxon by birth, was the earliest of the three: Richard, a Scot, the next: Adam, a good deal younger, yet for some years contemporary with both. Hugh, as the reader will remember, disputes with S. Bernard the place of the first theologian in that century of intellectual giants. He is said to have died in 1141. Adam entered S. Victor about 1130. The former, however, in his eighteenth sermon on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, says: 'Multa enim sunt impedimenta nostra, sicut egregius versificator testatus est, dicens:—

'Sævit mare, fremunt venti,
Fluctus surgunt turbulenti.'

from the 'Ave Virgo Singularis,' which is certainly Adam's.

Adam was a Briton (Brito). Does this mean a native of Great Britain, or of Bretagne? The question can never be answered. Singularly enough, he has left two sequences on an English saint (S. Thomas of Canterbury), and two on one of Brittany (S. Maglorius). In neither does he give the least hint of his native land. But while it is perfectly natural that he should have celebrated S. Thomas—since that great prelate had found a home in S. Victor's, and was Adam's personal friend—there seems no especial reason why he should have celebrated S. Maglorius twice, unless from a local interest. However, the passionless way in which he speaks of each is certainly remarkable. Of S. Thomas, he says:—

'Pia Mater plangit Ecclesia
Quod patravit Major Britannia
Factum detestabile.'

Of S. Maglorius:—

'Lucrum quærens spiritale,
Culmen rexit principale
Minoris Britannie.'

We fear that a native of our island would scarcely have called it *major*; it would have been, even then, his one Britain. At the same time, the fact that Richard of S. Victor was a Scotchman gives a *primâ facie* likelihood to Adam's being an Englishman.

Of the life of Adam, nothing is known. Richard died in

1173, about Easter. The most probable account makes Adam to have survived till 1192. He was buried in the cloister, in front of the door of the Chapter House, *sub quâdam tumbâ clavis cupreis distinctâ*, which we confess we do not understand. His epitaph was composed of a short elegy of his own (ten lines), and an addition by a Victorine, John Corrad, about 1520. Adam's verses are very striking: and the only 'classical' lines we have of his, John Corrad's, not bad:—

- 'Hæres peccati, natura filius iræ,
Exillique reus nascitur omnis homo.
Unde superbit homo, cujus conceptio culpa,
Nasci pœna, labor vita, necesse mori ?
- 'Vana salus hominis, vanus decor, omnia vana,
Inter vana nihil vanius est homine.
Dum magis alludunt præsentis gaudia vitæ,
Præterit ; imo fugit ; non fugit ; imo perit.
Post hominem vermis, post vermem fit cinis, heu ! heu !
Sic redit ad cinerem gloria nostra suum.
- '*Hic ego qui jaceo miser et miserabilis Adam*
Unam pro summo munere posco precem :
Peccavi, fateor, veniam peto, parce fatenti,
Parce, Pater : fratres parcite : parce Deus.'

The prose works of Adam—the 'Summa Britonis,' the 'Discretione animæ,' and the 'Soliloquium de instinctione animæ,' have not yet been published. We understand that the Benedictines of Solesmes propose to bring them out.

But Adam's fame rests on his poetry. That he is the greatest of all sacred poets scarcely any competent judge will deny. Thomas of Celano may have once soared above him in the ineffable sublimity of the 'Dies Iræ.' Robert of France and Venantius Fortunatus may in one or two pieces rival (not exceed) his best. But where else shall we find a hymn writer who, out of a hundred compositions, has left fifty (at least) in the very highest scale of excellence? It is a pity that Dr. Johnson—not uncandid except when he talked for victory—was not acquainted with the Victorine's sequences. He never could, in that case, have uttered that stupid *dictum* of his regarding religious poetry.

The great glory of Adam is, undoubtedly, the richness with which he revels in Scriptural illustrations, and the exquisite tact with which he fuses these sublime subjects. We will venture, as a specimen, to give an Epiphany sequence for S. Mary. The reader will observe that, the first four lines excepted, there is nothing to which the 'most straitest' Anglican could possibly object. In an equally lovely poem, 'Ante thorum Virginalæ,' the same thing might be said without a single exception.

- ' Virgo, Mater Salvatoris,
 Angelorum grata choris,
 Intus fove, serva foris
 Nos benignis precibus :
 Protulisti, Virgo, florem,
 Cujus floris in odorem
 Sancti currunt per amorem
 Piis cum muneribus.
- ' Tria dona reges ferunt,
 Stella duce Regem quærunt,
 Per quam certi semper erunt
 De superno lumine ;
 Auro regem venerantes,
 Thure Deum designantes,
 Myrrha mortem memorantes,
 Sacro docti Flamine.
- ' Dies iste jubileus
 Dici debet, quo Sabæus,
 Plene credens quod sit Deus,
 Mentis gaudet requie :
 Plebs Hebræa jam tabescit ;
 Multa sciens, Deum nescit ;
 Sed Gentilis fide crescit,
 Visa Christi facie.
- ' Synagoga pridem cara,
 Fide fulgens et præclara,
 Vilis jacet, et ignara
 Majestatis parvuli ;
 Seges Christi prius rara,
 Mente rudis et amara,
 Contemplatur luce clarâ
 Salvatorem sæculi.
- ' Synagoga cæca, doles
 Quia Saræ crescit proles,
 Cum ancillæ prolem moles
 Gravis premat criminum ;
 Intabescis, et laboras,
 Sarah ridet, dum tu ploras,
 Quia novit, quem ignoras,
 Redemptorem hominum.
- ' Consecratus patris ore,
 Jacob gaudet cum tremore ;
 Inrigaris cœli rore,
 Et terræ pinguedine :
 Delectaris in terrenis
 Rebus vanis et obsœenis ;
 Jacob tractat de serenis
 Et Christi dulcedine.
- ' Unguentorum in odore
 Sancti currunt cum amore,
 Quia novo fragat flore
 Nova Christi venia ;

Ad peccatum prius prona,
Jam percepit sponsa dona,
Sponsa recens, et corona
Decoratur aurea :

' Adstat sponsa regi nato,
Cui ritu servit grato,
In vestitu deaurato,
Aureis in fimbriis;
Orta rosa est ex spinis,
Cujus ortus, sive finis,
Semper studet in divinis,
Et regis deliciis.

' Hæc est sponsa spiritalis,
Vero sponso specialis ;
Sponsus iste nos a malis
Servet et eripiat !
Mores tollat hic ineptos,
Sibi reddat nos acceptos,
Et ab hoste sic ereptos
In cœlis recipiat !

Amen.

As an example of the meagre notes of the editor, take this :—

' Le prêtre qui passe devant le mendiant sans le soulager était pour nos pères un image de la loi naturelle : où par suite de l'ingratitude originelle, Dieu nous avait abandonnés à nos misères.

' Mais le Samaritain s'arrêtant devant le malheureux et commençant à le soulager, c'était la loi mosaïque où Dieu commença à bâtir le merveilleux édifice de notre réparation.

' Enfin ce même Samaritain achevant son œuvre de miséricorde, guérissant toutes les blessures du pauvre, le nourrissait de son pain, le mettant doucement sur sa monture et l'installant dans l'hôtellerie où il sera heureux, c'est notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ,' &c.

The only translations which have as yet appeared of Adam are those of eight sequences, in the second edition of Mr. Neale's 'Mediæval Hymns.' We give one as a specimen, utterly untranslatable as they all are :—

Stola regni laureatus.

' Laurelled with the stole victorious,
Is the great King's Senate glorious,
Is the Apostolic Choir :
Heart and lips keep well in chorus,
While the pure soul's strains sonorous
To angelic hymns aspire.

' These earth's highest decoration,
That shall judge each tongue and nation ;
These the rock of newest grace :
Ere the world was, pre-elected,
By the Architect erected
In the Church's highest place.

- 'Nazarites of ancient story,
They the Cross's wars and glory
To the listening world relate :
Thus the Word of God adorning,
Night to night, to morning morning,
"Speech and knowledge" indicate.
- 'They, earth's furthest limits reaching,
Christ's most easy burden preaching,
Propagate the Word of Life :
Earth returns her cultured treasure,
And in more abundant measure
With the God-Man's faith is rife.
- 'Paranymphs of God's new graces,
To the new King's dear embraces
They conduct the Royal Bride :
Spotless, blemishless, eternal,
She, the dread of powers infernal,
Ever Virgin must abide.
- 'Ever Virgin, pregnant ever,
Youth and age disjoining never,
From defeat and error free ;
This her bed, truth held sincerely ;
This her birth, faith treasured dearly :
Grace her dowry endlessly.
- 'These, the temple's sure foundations,
These are they that bind the nations
Into God's great house above :
These, the city's pearly portal,
Knitting faith with work immortal,
Jew and Gentile into love.
- 'These are they that evermore
Winnow in the threshing-floor,
And from the chaff the wheat divide :
These are they that came to be
Oxen of the brazen sea,
That Solomon had edified.
- 'Patriarchs twelve in order meetest :
Twelvefold founts of water sweetest :
Shewbreads of the temple rite :
Gems that deck the priestly vestment ;
Thus they gain their true attestation
As the people's chiefs in fight.
- 'Let their prayer preserve from error,
Add to faith, and quench the terror
Of the woe of final doom :
So that, freed from all transgression,
We may enter on possession
Of the happiness to come.

Amen.

But the truth is, that a fair translation of Adam is utterly impossible. Take, for example, such wonderfully compressed sentences as the following :—

‘Offert multa, spondet plura,
Periturus peritura.’

It is a kind of riddle for ingenious young poets, how such lines are to be—as the men that wrote for Jacob Tonson used to say—‘done into English metre.’ It might be—

Much he offers, more he fables,
Perishable perishables.

which would have the objection which we have heard made to a Victorine translation, ‘It is very exact; and when I look at the Latin, I can understand what the English means;’ which puts one in mind of the old lady who, having been presented with a copy of Scott’s Commentary on the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and being, in due process of time, asked how she liked the book, replied, that she understood the story perfectly, and in time, by God’s help, hoped to understand the notes also. But here is another attempt—as the same Tonson’s translators would have said—‘by another hand’ :—

Much he gauges, more he proffers,
Mortal offerer, mortal offers.

And how coarse is this patchwork compared to the lovely mosaic of Adam! If any of our readers would try for themselves, here is another *crux*—the poet is speaking of S. Katharine :—

‘Per quam plebs Alexandrina
Femina non femina
Stupuit ingenia.’

And, very often without their meanings being so wonderfully compressed, Adam’s lines can scarcely come into English. Take this for example—it is a sequence for the Common of Evangelists—see how, in Mr. Neale’s ‘Mediæval Sequences,’ this stanza perforce comes out :—

‘Jucundare, plebs fidelis,
Cujus Pater est in coelis;
Recolens Ezechielis
Prophetæ præconia :

‘Est Johannes testis ipsi,
Dicens in Apocalypsi;
“Vere vidi, vere scripsi
Vera testimonia.”’

We said that Adam was personally acquainted with our great martyr, S. Thomas; and M. Gautier has, for the first time, given us two sequences written for his festival, besides a third which was already known. None of them are first-rate: yet we will attempt a translation of part of the last, both as a specimen of the poet’s manner in heaping up Scripture metaphors, and also of his treatment of an iambic metre mixed with short trochaics, of which we believe him to have been the originator.

- ' Another Abel Cain in malice slays ;
 Another Jacob Edom's power obeys ;
 Another Joseph on to Dothan strays,
 Whom by their fraud his brethren in our days,
 Basely murdered.
- ' Against their father's life his children pressed,
 Children that spared not their own mother's breast ;
 While the great Bishop Thomas goes to rest,
 By a new chaos this world is distressed
 And disordered.
- ' But Abel ne'er the less in glory fell ;
 Mesopotamia saveth Israel ;
 Joseph in Pharaoh's palace reigneth well :
 Our Thomas in the heavenly citadel
 Is exalted.
- ' England rejoiceth with new gladnesses :
 Now a new Bethel Canterbury is ;
 A new Bethsaida healeth all amiss
 In them with divers kinds of sicknesses
 Sore assaulted.¹

We promised to give a specimen of the French translation which M. Gautier has appended—as a curiosity of the fifteenth century—to nearly the half of Adam's hymns.

' O quam felix, quam festiva
 Dies, in qua primitiva
 Fundatur Ecclesia !
 Vivæ sunt primitiæ
 Nascentis Ecclesiæ,
 Tria primum millia.
 ' Panes legis primitivi
 Sub una sunt adoptivi
 Fide duo populi :
 Se duobus interjecit
 Sicque duos unum fecit
 Lapis, caput anguli.'

' Vesci jour beneûré !
 Car à sainte Eglise est donné
 Huy son premier fondement.
 Les primices de l'Eglise
 Sont vives, quant on les prise
 .III. mil premierement.
 ' De la Loy les pains primitifs
 Soubz une foy sont adoptifs,
 En joignant .II. peuples ensemble
 Mais Jhesu Crist en l'aught mis
 A les .II. simplement hors mis (*sic.*)
 Quant des .II. fait un et assemble.

The last book on our list finds a place here, not on account of its highest merits, but simply because we are glad to introduce to our readers a hand-book, and that of uncommon merit, of the Eastern Church. We could have wished that Dr. Littledale had, in some cases, instead of the better known Offices of the Eastern Church, which already have found their version in Dr. King's or Mr. Neale's books, broken up entirely new ground, which no one than himself could better do. It happened to the writer of this Article to receive the other day a letter from a Russian Priest, who exulted that, as he said, ' Now we have a Hand-book to our Eastern Services.' The work itself con-

¹ It is to be observed that Adam here employs not iambic trimeter, but, as in this his own metre is always the case, I. T. brachy-catalectic. Those who are interested in questions of prosody, would do well to consider how far this, *our* classical measure, might have been helped forward by Adam's poetry, and by those of his age.

sists of the Offices—the Great and Little Litany (or as Dr. Littledale calls them, Collect) being premised—of Holy Baptism, of a Deacon, a Deaconess, a Priest, a Confessor, a Bishop, Foundation of a Church, Fixing of a Cross, Reconciliation of a Church, Christmas Day, Easter Day, Pentecost. These are all carefully edited in the original, carefully translated, illustrated with notes, and explained still further by a glossary, of which Dr. Littledale speaks very humbly, when he says that which we are about to quote.

‘I believe that the glossary which I have appended will be found the most useful part of my attempt. The rarity and costliness of the lexicons which are necessary for the explanation of the commonest Greek liturgical terms, put them, and the studies to which they are the keys, out of the reach of the majority of students; and have, I believe, mainly contributed to the prevalent ignorance of Eastern ritual. I had at first designed giving only the difficult words which occur in the course of my own selections, but further thought induced me to expand my plan, and to collect from Du Cange and other sources all the ecclesiastical terms which the student is not likely to find in Passow, Liddell and Scott, or other ordinary lexicons. Many words and meanings I have given which I have met only in Romaic, and a few which I have not been able to find in any glossaries, but which I have noted in the course of my general reading. The plan has been to some extent derived from the “Lexidion” of Dr. H. A. Daniel, but is on a somewhat larger scale than has been adopted by that eminent scholar. I have, for the sake of brevity, usually omitted two classes of words. I. Those which belong, strictly speaking, to theology alone, and which can be found in most good dictionaries. II. Common Latin words, transliterated into Greek without change of orthography or meaning, such as *σακέρδως*. When Latin words are difficult, or have undergone any notable change, I have given them. I dare not hope that there are no mistakes nor involuntary omissions, and I shall be thankful for information and suggestions on these heads.’

But the reason which makes it our duty to notice Dr. Littledale’s work here is, that he has given a metrical translation of the odes which he has selected. We may certainly say that his versions—though they never could be employed in English Hymnology, till a far higher taste prevails among us than this generation is likely to see—are, nevertheless, the truest representatives of the original which we yet have. We think that with great wisdom he has sometimes adopted the measure of the ‘Curse of Kehama,’ sometimes that of ‘Thalaba.’ Take as an example:—

Hymns and Hymnals.

Poem of Cosmas the Monk.

First Ode. Heavy Tone. The Hirmos.

' He Who with His mighty Hand
Breaks the battle and the brand,
Now hath buried in the tide
Egypt's chariots and her king,
To Him therefore let us sing,
For He hath been glorified !

Troparion :

' As Thou didst promise long ago
To Thy disciples, Thou hast sent
The SPIRIT Comforter below,
And Thou a light on earth hast shined,
O CHRIST, Thou Lover of mankind.

' That now hath found accomplishment,
Which Law and Prophets old record,
For the HOLY SPIRIT'S grace
Upon all the faithful race
Hath to-day been poured.

Another Canon. Iambic.

Poem of S. John Arcelas, the acrostic of which is in elegiac verse.

' WORD of nature divine, another Comforter hither
From Thy FATHER'S Breast, Thou the pure SPIRIT hast sent :
Like unto fiery tongues, as a sign of Thy generation
Of Deity supreme : grace to the framers of hymns.

First Ode. Fourth Tone. The Hirmos.

' The man of slow speech, hid in cloud divine,
Spake the Law written by the hand of God,
For having brushed the clay from his mind's eye,
He looks on Him Who is, and taught the lore
Of SPIRIT : honour Him with holy songs.

' The sacred and most august voice declared
There is no loneliness for you, My friends,
For I, high seated on My FATHER'S throne,
Will pour the SPIRIT'S grace ungrudgingly
To shine on you who, longing, wait for Me.

' The WORD of truth, ascended to the mount,
Sends on the heart the gift of peaceful calm,
For CHRIST hath now His work accomplished,
And made His friends glad with the Mighty Breath,
And fiery tongues, sending His promised gift.

' Catabasia. He Who with His mighty Hand, &c.

' Second. The man of slow speech, &c.

Third Ode. The Hirmos.

' Thou saidst, O CHRIST, to Thy Disciples,
In Jerusalem abide
Till ye be clothed with power from on high,
Another Comforter, even such as I,
Mine and My FATHER'S SPIRIT, as your guide,
By Whom you shall be built up, will I give.

Troparion.

The HOLY SPIRIT, dwelling here
In might of His Divinity,
Hath joinèd now in concert clear
The speech divided, when of old
Men were leagued for purpose bold,
And to the faithful doth unfold
The wisdom of the Trinity
By Whom we are built up, that we may live.

The other Hirmos.

The prayer of Anna, olden prophetess,
Hath burst the fetters of the childless womb,
And foiled the insults of her fruitful foe,
What time she brought her sore heart unto Him,
Who God of wisdom is, and mightiest King.

Incomprehensible is Deity,
For He hath given words to unlearned men,
And made them equal to the wise in speech,
And with the SPIRIT's lightning, He hath brought
The ignorant from out of deepest night.

From Unbegotten Brightness came that Light
Almighty in its glory and eterne ;
The FATHER's power, trusted to the SON,
Makes now the fiery sound, from Sion sped,
A kindred beacon to the Gentile world.

‘Catabasia. Thou saidst, O CHRIST.

‘Second. The prayer of Anna.

Cathisma. Fourth plagal Tone. That which was ordained.

‘The lovers of the Saviour
Were filled with joy,
And they who erst were cowards became bold,
When to-day the HOLY GHOST
Descended from on high upon the house
Of the Disciples, and they spake
Each to the nations in his several wise,
For the tongues were divided,
In likeness as of fire,
And them they burned not, but rather did bedew.
(Twice.)

Fourth Ode. The Hirmos.

‘The Prophet, knowing Thou shouldst come at length,
O CHRIST, exclaimed :
LORD, I have heard the greatness of Thy strength,
For Thou hast come all Thine elect to save.

Troparion.

‘He Who was by the Law proclaimed
And in the Prophets His words gave,
Comforter and Very LORD,
To them who knew and served the WORD,
Of late unlearned, reveals Himself to-day.

'The SPIRIT was distributed,
When He bore the Godhead's sign
To the Apostles in the flame;
And in tongues unfamiliar came
As He proceedeth, Might Divine,
From the FATHER, of His own free-will.

Second Hirmos.

'O King of Kings, Sole from the Only One,
O WORD proceeding from the Uncaused SIRE,
Thou, in Thy bounty, didst send of a truth
On the Apostles Thy Coequal SPIRIT,
As they sang: "Glory to Thy might, O LORD."

'The holy laver of regeneration,
Mingling it with Thy nature and Thy word,
Thou makest flow in copious streams for me
From Thy pure wounded Side, O WORD of GOD,
Sealing it with the fervour of the SPIRIT.

'Unto the SPIRIT all things bow the knee,
Unto the SON, and Consubstantial SIRE;
For in Three Persons they the Substance know
Eternal. Unapproachable and One.
For now the SPIRIT's grace hath given light.

'Be all initiate in Deity
O ye who serve the Substance triply-bright,
For CHRIST, our Benefactor, teaches us
In wondrous wise, and for salvation shines,
Granting the full grace of the Comforter.'

We have now, perhaps, sufficiently gone through the Hymnals which have lain before us; far more than sufficiently, we fear, for the patience of our readers. All we can say on behalf of ourselves is this: that, as Dr. Johnson remarked, 'Writers ought to be praised no less for that which they withhold from, than for that which they give to, the public;' so we may fairly claim the praise of having restrained ourselves from entering on the subject of German hymns, both Protestant and Catholic,—a criticism on which we had intended to append to the foregoing article.

Art. V.—*On Nature and Grace. A Theological Treatise.*
 Book I. Philosophical Introduction. By WILLIAM GEORGE
 WARD, D.Ph., late Lecturer on Dogmatic Theology at St.
 Edmund's Seminary, Herts. London: Burns and Lambert,
 17, Portman Street, Portman Square. 1860.

JUST three years have passed since the publication of this remarkable volume, and we believe we are correct in stating that absolutely no notice has been taken of it by our contemporaries. The phenomenon is not altogether unaccountable, though we must confess the result is not such as we should have predicted. A period of three years in these days of rapid change is almost long enough to consign an unnoticed work to complete oblivion; yet the nature of the subject probably, in this case, affords the reason why this particular work has been left unnoticed, and also places it beyond the sphere of application of a rule which would apply to most publications of the day. It certainly cannot be called a popular work, and the very title-page in almost every word seems to scorn the idea of pandering to popular taste. Few readers will be captivated by a teacher professing to be theological; perhaps still fewer will care for a volume which, after all, claims only to be an introduction to the general subject, and proclaims moreover that it is philosophical. If an author had wanted to deter readers from entering upon the perusal of his work, he could scarcely have found any terms better calculated to warn them off the premises. Must we add that, to the great mass of Protestant readers, the name and office of its author, as well as those of his publishers, will not serve the purpose of a letter of recommendation. Still, we wish to bespeak attention to the Introduction to a Treatise on Nature and Grace, though written by a renegade from the communion of the Church of England; and, before we notice the work itself, a few words may not perhaps be considered out of place on the theological quarter from which it comes, and the individual who has introduced it into the world. Several years have elapsed since Mr. Ward appeared before the world as an author. We are not aware that anything has been published with his name, though it is scarcely conceivable that so active and restless a mind can have remained so long without taking part in the controversies of the day. No doubt the apathy which characterises the Roman Catholic intellect in this country has told upon Mr. Ward; he has had no antagonist. Had he remained in the communion of the Church of England, he would have been engaged in deadly fight with a host of adversaries. He

would have drawn his sword against Mr. Maurice and his party, and a few random shots would have been fired even at the despised Evangelicals; where he is, he has unfortunately no field. Argument is his line, and argument is, for the most part, closed against him—either questions have been definitively settled by the Church, or, if they are open, there are no minds in the Roman Communion that are a match for his. There is no interest in the question sufficient to provoke discussion. The Roman Communion is a dreary place for intellectual converts from Anglicanism; and the few gifted minds that it has withdrawn from the Church have greatly deteriorated for want of objects on which to exercise themselves. It was long ago suspected, at the time when the English Church seemed likely to suffer more than in God's Providence was permitted, that the new converts found few congenial minds amongst their new associates; but the absolute stagnation of intellect amongst the thoroughbred English and Irish Catholics of the Roman Communion has become patent to all who have had opportunities of observing it. The failure of the Dublin University was a significant fact; the well-known inability under which all their schools labour as to providing competent teachers to prepare students for competitive examinations, and for the various duties of life, tell the same tale. They are obliged to have recourse to those whom they call schismatics whether of our own Communion or of dissenting bodies, to teach even the rudiments of Greek and the elements of mathematics. Thus, if a Roman Catholic father wishes his son to be prepared for the competitive examination which gives the only mode of entrance to Woolwich, he cannot find a teacher for his son in his own communion, except he should be lucky enough to meet with an Oxford or Cambridge mathematician who has seceded from the Church of England. This is the reason, too, why a few Roman Catholics are found here and there at the universities, since the abolition of the test of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. Last of all, we have a very intelligible hint of the poverty of the teaching power among Roman Catholics in the very fact of the appearance of this volume from the pen of a convert, now a layman in their communion. For, in fact, the work is not a series of essays, written directly for publication, but a course of lectures on dogmatic theology delivered to students preparing for holy orders in St. Edmund's Seminary. Perhaps, when this fact is taken in connexion with the notorious avoidance of promoting converts to high offices in the Church, it may appear even more significant in the relation in which we have referred to it. The transcendent powers of Dr. Newman have never raised their possessor to the office of bishop, and all the other converts appear to be employed

in somewhat subordinate situations. However, Mr. Ward being a layman, it was impossible to promote him to ecclesiastical office; and he seems, strange as it may appear to us that he should have been so employed, to have been occupied in a very congenial work, which has contributed to render the seven years of his life spent upon it the happiest time he has ever spent. We do not wonder at the author's expressing himself in this way. It is natural enough that time should be considered happily spent which has been employed on a subject thoroughly congenial to the author's mind, especially when the writer considers, as Mr. Ward does not scruple several times to avow that he considers, that he has been eminently successful in establishing his points and in confuting his adversaries. Different as is the nature of the subject treated of, there is much in this volume that reminds one of the author of the 'Ideal of a Christian Church.' The poet tells us—

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt;

and Mr. Ward affords an exemplification of the truth, when put in a more abstract form. He has adopted a different form of religion, and he appears as the advocate of views not precisely the same as he held formerly; but the tone of mind does not seem changed either by lapse of time or alteration of circumstances. In accusing him of displaying the same overweening estimate of his own powers which was formerly his chief characteristic, we are bound to add that we have seldom seen so large an amount of egotism combined with so kindly a temper, or so inoffensive an appreciation of self. He seems really to have the power of viewing himself *ab extra*; and though it is scarcely possible for a person possessing this power, to however great an extent, not to overrate himself, yet we gladly attribute the author's complacent tone in part to his deep appreciation of the strength of his subject, rather than to consciousness of the masterly style in which he has handled it. Mr. Ward's arguments would have lost neither point nor strength had they been unaccompanied by the reiterated expressions of the impregnable nature of the fortress behind which he has entrenched himself. Mr. Ward's vanity, if vanity it is to be called, never for a moment leads him into pretending to know more than he really does; on the contrary, it seems to lead him in the exactly opposite direction. He ostentatiously proclaims his want of acquaintance with large branches of knowledge, as, for instance, the whole range of physical science. It is scarcely possible that he should be so wholly unacquainted with the history of speculation before the time of Bacon, and the change that is said, whether rightly or wrongly, to have come over the spirit of

philosophy, owing to the influence of the author of the 'Novum Organum.' We do not wish to accuse Mr. Ward of wishing to impress his readers with the vast amount of knowledge he can draw from the resources of his own mind, and on this account exaggerating his own ignorance both of historical facts and the works of other philosophers; we may content ourselves with observing that there appears to us something ludicrous in the perpetual recurrence of the writer throughout his book. If it were not for this appearance, the author's confidence in his subject is not misplaced; in the main positions of his book we entirely concur, and willingly bear testimony to the admirable clearness with which their exposition is laid down. There is not, perhaps, much that is strictly new, but the mode in which the true view of the foundations of morality and ethical science is treated is deserving of our warmest approbation. We had occasion to touch upon this subject, some years ago, in reviewing Mr. Solly's elaborate treatise on 'The Will, Divine and Human.' That work, as was abundantly apparent from internal evidence, was written by one of the body of Christians called Unitarian; we had no occasion then to allude to the supposed religious opinions of the author; but the same truth which forced itself at that time upon our minds receives additional illustration from the treatment of the same subject by Mr. Ward. Estimating Mr. Solly's intellectual powers very highly, we were compelled to exhibit the fallacy of his attempts to represent the laws of morality as taking their origin from the will of God. We did not then say what we will venture to say now, that it was Mr. Solly's defective and erroneous religious belief that has misled him. A fatal error in religion will show itself at every turn of an ethical treatise; truth only presents a consistent front; and though the truth may be in a particular instance adopted and defended by one who contravenes some fundamental portion of it, yet such a writer is sure to break down somewhere or other. German philosophy will pass away; it might even be interesting to trace the aberrations of Scotch philosophy, good service as some of the Scotch philosophers have done in their opposition to certain Catholic doctrines. Mr. Ward would probably smile at our attempt to represent ourselves in a different category from other heretics and schismatics; nevertheless, as we consider the Roman and Anglican faith not to differ on fundamental points, or in anything approaching what is fundamental, we intend to speak of ourselves and of him as both belonging to different branches of the Catholic Church, both being in possession of theological truth as opposed to the theories of dissenters and other opponents. And accordingly, as to the general tone of the philosophy of the volume, we are entirely at one with him; the

points on which we do not agree with him will be indicated in the sequel. We scarcely think there is a single important point on which we are at issue with him. It is unnecessary for us to do more than just to allude to the author's division of his readers into Catholics and Protestants—by the former, of course, meaning his brethren of the Roman Communion, and by the latter term all those who are outside the pale of the Romish Church, though, in point of fact, it is not hard to see that the term Protestantism is not merely meant to be inclusive of the English Establishment, but, we suspect, is almost identified with it, so far as the author is addressing himself to a particular class of readers. There is, indeed, something approaching the ludicrous in the author's observation that his volume may possibly come under the eye of Protestants; we should have thought no man knew better than Mr. Ward that his volume is far beyond the reach of most of the best educated men in his own communion, and that the mass of his readers will be amongst the members of that University at which he himself acquired the habits of thought which enabled him to write his philosophical introduction to theology.

We can imagine the questions asked, Why should there be a philosophical introduction to theology, and what is the connexion of the two subjects? Must a theologian be a philosopher, and is a knowledge of theology an indispensable requisite to a complete acquaintance with philosophy? The best answer we can give to these questions, and other similar ones which are either involved in them or are indicated by them, is by referring to the corresponding case of the physical sciences. Most readers who are not wholly ignorant of physics will have heard of, and, perhaps, many may have gone so far as to read, a little volume called 'The Connexion of the Physical Sciences,' published some few years ago by the accomplished Mrs. Somerville. Or if any reader should unhappily never have fallen in with this volume, it requires but a small acquaintance with any one of the physical sciences to understand how each one of them is dependent upon the others, and how the reader, as he advances, is perpetually thrown out by his want of acquaintance with kindred subjects. There is not only the one bond of mathematical science, which is an indispensable preliminary to them all, but there are also large fields of subjects which belong to border territory, of which it is scarcely possible to define the limits. Thus astronomy and geography, electricity and magnetism, mechanics and hydrostatics, not only touch each other in pairs as they are here coupled, but each one of these sciences has points of contact with each of the others. Thus no learner could make any progress in physical

astronomy without understanding the higher parts of mechanical science, or the laws of hydrostatics; though it is quite possible something may be known of all these branches of science without even the most elementary acquaintance with the others. Just so we conceive is the case with philosophy and theology. The sciences are certainly not identical. It is quite possible to have a tolerable acquaintance with theology without making the smallest pretensions to philosophy; and a man may be a profound philosopher who knows no more than the veriest elements of theology. But we believe we have stated the case of the separation of the sciences in the most extreme language that it will bear. The tolerable acquaintance with theology, of which we have spoken, will very much resemble the popular knowledge of astronomy possessed by one who is not a mathematician. It may be such a knowledge as may suffice for the clergy, whether of Rome or of England, for all practical purposes, but it will not be of use for controversial purposes, nor will it imply much enlargement of mind in its possessor. Again, we have said a man may be a profound philosopher whose knowledge of theology is confined to its elements. We protest against the view that any one can be a philosopher, in the truest sense of the word, who is actually ignorant of the faith; much less is he entitled to be called so who dissents from or disbelieves the fundamentals of the faith. We do not venture to pronounce how far these considerations extend, but we have no doubt that such are the subtle links which connect the truths of one science with those of all others, that in the physical sciences which seem most removed from those over which the Church has a right to exercise control, the student who is properly instructed in the Catholic faith has, *cæteris paribus*, the best chance of attaining to eminence as a philosopher. We have already observed on what we consider the reason why so acute and profound a thinker as Mr. Solly has missed his way in the very foundations of ethical science. Mr. Mill is another and a much stronger instance in point. No one will dispute this gentleman's claims to be considered an original and profound thinker, yet the fundamental error of his philosophy—viz. his belief that we cannot get beyond experience—is almost entirely due to his defective views of religious truth; and the very shallowness of the hypothesis renders the case in this instance very striking, for it does not seem to be able to bear the test of any criticism. Mr. Ward has, in a few lines, entirely disposed of the whole case of the philosophy of experience; and yet he has perhaps not alleged any argument which has not occurred to any philosophical reader who does not belong to the school of which

Mr. Mill is the principal English exponent. We do not, then, scruple to avow our belief, that an education in the principles of the Catholic faith is a very strong safeguard against errors in all philosophical subjects, however remote these subjects may be from the region of faith. We know that it is the custom to say, that a very high degree of intellectual cultivation in the physical sciences is quite compatible with wrong belief in religion and wrong practice in morality; and the persons who assert this are frequently very earnest in their protest against the idea, that a similar remark can apply to the cases of ethical or theological science. For ourselves, we believe that an error in any part of the domain of truth may be fraught with disastrous consequences to the mind of him who has fallen into it, in the judgment which it is led to form on any conceivable subject. Thus for instance, if you admitted one single arithmetical error as a truth, there is no error in the same science, however monstrous, which could not easily be deduced from it. And if this observation be extended from one science to another, and, granting that the human mind had powers of following the investigation, we believe similarly that one admitted error in any abstract case might be made use of to prove any error whatsoever in the whole range of science. It will be seen, from what has been said, that we do not anticipate any valuable additions to ethical science, and certainly not any consistent theory of moral science from Protestant writers. We use the term Protestant, of course, in its strict historical sense—a sense which does not admit of its application to the Church of England. Truth in theology and truth in philosophy must ever go hand in hand, as, in point of fact, it will be found they always have. And a philosophical introduction, though no necessary part of a theological treatise, may be most useful to those who want to know on what grounds of reason those truths stand which are presupposed in the very idea of a revelation. It will be observed, that we are taking for granted the very obvious truth that everything cannot be proved from Scripture. We are not writing for people who are satisfied that they believe in the Unity of the Godhead, because there is a text in the Bible that says, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord.' We believe this is one of the stereotyped arguments in all works on the Articles and their Scripture proofs. Scripture proofs of the Articles will be found to be far more extensively inconclusive than we are arguing for now. We are here only demurring to accepting proofs from Scripture for such doctrines as must be accepted before ever we come to Scripture at all. Whether Scripture be the depository of the faith, or whether this deposit has been committed to the Church

Universal—in whatever way the revelation has come to us—there is at least this one idea presupposed, that there is One God whose revelation it professes to be; and though, as in all other sciences, the fundamental proposition of a science will receive abundant confirmation at every step, yet it must not be forgotten that the science itself did not teach us its own first principle. The first law of motion may be rendered abundantly evident by the calculations of astronomy, but it is quite necessary to take it for granted before entering upon the subject of physical astronomy at all. The Unity of the Godhead is, then, beyond all doubt a truth, which is independent of and prior to revelation. We call it a doctrine of natural religion, not of course as denying that it may have been revealed, for we can have no doubt it was an original revelation to the first man, but to distinguish it from any of those ulterior and less fundamental and elementary truths which are learned from the revelation vouchsafed to the Church, the written record of which is the Holy Scripture. With the sceptic, however, who denies revelation, the question would be, how the knowledge of the Unity of God has spread itself so as to be, upon the whole, a received truth in the world. The school of experience, to be consistent, must deny the doctrine *in toto*, or at least must speak of it as a probable delusion, on the ground that there neither is nor can be any evidence for it. The majority of Theists, who do not believe in a special revelation, have been driven, by the manifest disproportion between the principles and the conclusion in all arguments adopted for its proof, to the assertion that it is a truth of intuition; and if they mean by this that the existence of God cannot be proved by any syllogistic process, and that if it is proved by an inductive process it cannot help being involved in that inconclusiveness which is the essential characteristic of induction, no doubt they are right. We know of the existence of God somehow or other. There is no more general proposition under which we can include it, and from which we can derive it; and the phenomena of the physical or the moral world may indeed suggest or confirm the view, but the view itself is certainly distinct from them, beyond and above them. People have come round from Locke's denial of innate ideas, on the principle that if there had been any innate idea, it would have been reasonable to suppose the idea of God would be innate, to the assertion of the very truth which Locke assailed, viz. that there is in the human heart an intuitive knowledge of the existence of God. If this were not so, they have no alternative but to take refuge in the doctrine, being the traditional remnant of a primæval revelation. To believers in revelation, it becomes impossible altogether to

separate the two things; to us this truth, being a truth of intuition, or a truth of descent from an original revelation, is nearly the same thing. At least, we need not be careful to distinguish the two ideas. It is enough for us to distinguish this and other doctrines of natural religion from those doctrines of a revelation, the written record of which begins with the Pentateuch and ends with the Apocalypse. It is quite necessary, however, to distinguish the meanings that may be attached to so simple a statement as the one that 'God exists.' We need not here say anything as to the deep meaning which a saint may attach to it, but even under the aspect of natural religion the proposition has various shades of meaning to various minds. The idea of God, perhaps, does not convey to all the meaning that He is infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness; although, perhaps, it might be possible to make apparent the absurdity of the contrary supposition. It is quite conceivable that some untutored minds may rest in the hypothesis, that the Great Being who made the universe is Almighty. It is a more advanced view that He is Omniscient, and a still further advance to recognise His infinite goodness; whilst to some minds all these ideas may in some degree be present, without their having ever grasped the idea of these perfections being absolutely infinite. And again, to some the very idea of God may have merged in some indefinitely felt awe of a mysterious Being external and superior to themselves. There is, we may well suppose in all, an intuition of God—what form that intuition assumes, and how distinct and definite it may be, will depend upon the variety of character in the individual mind. But whether this be so or not, the assumption, if so it must be called, with which the science of Theology starts—viz. the unity of the Godhead—is abundantly confirmed by the entire consistency of the fabric which is reared upon it, a consistency which the student, in proportion to his advancement, will be able to estimate. Whether the idea of God be intuitive or not, it at least is intelligible, and finds ready entrance into the heart when it is suggested. And, perhaps, it is not easy to distinguish between the intuition of the being of God and the capability of taking in the idea. In the one case you suppose the idea worked out by some internal process of the mind itself, in the other you bring in the assistance of external things: but who is to draw the limits between the external and the internal? Sceptics have always drawn towards the theory that the mind has no truths impressed upon it; but it is difficult to see what they gain by establishing this ever so conclusively, if they cannot account for the mind's being capable of receiving truths which it can by no possibility see exemplified.

Beyond this capacity for truth, the human mind has a confidence in its own processes, as, for instance, in the validity and certainty of the syllogistic process, which is used by Mr. Ward as a conclusive argument (as indeed it is quite conclusive) against the theory of *philosophical scepticism*, which denies that we can certainly know anything but the present facts of consciousness. If the sceptic condescends to argue with his adversary who contends for the reality of intuitive judgments, his cause falls to the ground at once, for, before he can argue, he must assume the legitimacy of the argumentative process, i.e. the veracity and trustworthiness of a mental faculty. It is singular how Des Cartes saw this difficulty and attempted to demonstrate the being of a righteous God, in order to establish the trustworthiness of our faculties, and to answer the possible objection that some malignant being gave us our faculties on purpose to impose upon us. Reid has very well shown up the absurdity of the *petitio principii* involved in Des Cartes' argument, by asking the simple questions, 'If our faculties be fallacious, why may they not deceive us in this reasoning as well as in others? and if they are to be trusted in this instance without a voucher, why not in others?'

That there are various intuitive judgments, and that sensation and consciousness are not sufficient foundations of human knowledge, Mr. Ward has, we think, shown undeniably, by reference to the case of memory and to the case of reasoning—arguing from the fact that memory is really trusted and that the syllogistic process is objectively valid. A much stronger *argumentum ad hominem* might have been derived from the sceptic's own admission of the validity of the inductive process. Not only is the general validity of that process taken for granted by the whole school of those who deny that our knowledge has any other foundation than experience—a validity which cannot be guaranteed by any number of instances of success—but in every single instance of a conclusion, whether really or only apparently established by an induction of particulars, that conclusion must, at some time or other, have been assumed in direct defiance of the very principle of the school of experience. The absolute certainty to which we attain of the axiom, that things that are equal to the same are equal to one another, is the most conclusive evidence that can be had of the existence of intuitive judgments. It is no answer, on the other hand, to say that the proposition is a mere identity, for, in that case, the reply will be expressed in the words, that there are innate ideas in the mind; for whence, otherwise, could the idea of equality have been derived in the mind of a man, who never could, from sense, have any certain knowledge that two things were absolutely equal?

The author, having established to his satisfaction the existence of this 'intuitional light,' proceeds to notice the question which, we venture to think, is neither so obvious, so important, nor so likely to meet with a solution as he supposes. We venture to think it would be impossible to define the limits of the 'intuitional.' It is enough that there are truths of intuition; it may perhaps be that, to certain minds, many more truths are of this character than to certain other minds. It may be that hereafter, as science advances and terms change their meaning, many more truths, which, at present, do not appear in this character, will be considered such. It has been doubted whether the first law of motion is of an *à priori* character. It is no argument against its being so that it was not known till the sixteenth or seventeenth century, or that certain ancient philosophers considered that velocity had an inherent tendency to diminish. As ideas have gradually become less vague, and the terms in which they have been expressed have become more capable of definition, the propositions which contain them have been approaching to the character of intuitional truths, and we consider that the first law of motion, either in the terms in which it is usually expressed, or, possibly, as expressed in somewhat more abstract language, is an *à priori* truth. We wish we could see more evidence that Mr. Ward had had in contemplation, whilst writing his book, the processes of induction; but argument appears to him to be synonymous with syllogism. He seems to expect, that as certain laws can be laid down to which an argument must conform if it be valid, so certain tests may be applied for the distinguishing intuitional truths from illusions, or, as he would express it, true from false intuitions. We think the author's views on this point would have been clearer if he had taken more distinctly into consideration the large range of scientific truths arrived at by induction. The test of a good induction is its success, and, at the best, the test is never certain; the test of syllogism is its being reducible to a certain form, but what imaginable test is there for an intuitive judgment? The very nature of the case seems to us to preclude any test. Mr. Ward quotes, with qualified approbation, three such tests invented by the Jesuit metaphysician, Buffier:—

1. That the judgments alleged to be first truths be so clear, that when one undertakes either to prove or to oppose them one can only do so by the help of propositions which are manifestly neither clearer nor more certain.

2. That these be so universally received among men in every time and place and by every sort of character, that those who oppose them find themselves, in comparison to the rest of mankind, not more than one in a hundred, or even in a thousand.

3. That they be so strongly impressed on our minds that we conform our conduct to them, notwithstanding the refinements of those who imagine contrary opinions ; which latter class, indeed, act not in conformity with these opinions thus imagined, but with those first truths which are universally received.

Probably no one will be of opinion that these tests merit the praise either of subtilty or profoundness, which even Mr. Ward denies them. The first, indeed, looks to us more like the definition of the meaning of an intuition than a test of its truth. But we might safely leave this subject to take care of itself, were it not that, under Mr. Ward's system, some such test seems to be required by a theory which admits of legitimate and spurious intuitions. And here we protest earnestly against the author's departure from philosophic usage. Not only has he considerably enlarged the sphere of the application of the term intuitive, but he actually includes false judgments as well as true under the head of intuitions. Acute as Mr. Ward has always shown himself as a reasoner, his deficiency in knowledge is so great as entirely, in our judgment, to debar him from the right to invent new meanings for words in common use in philosophy. Still more perverse is his invention of new terms to express what philosophy has hitherto felt no difficulty in expressing in established language. We therefore protest against the use of the word *intuem*, not only because of its ridiculous formation, half Greek and half Latin, but because it is used to express precisely the same idea which has been always attached to the word *intuition*. It is no excuse for the invention of so ridiculous a word that the term which it is meant to supplant ought to represent the act of the mind and not the result of that act. Equally ridiculous is the other word, *intue*, which is used to represent the verb corresponding to the substantive intuition and the adjective intuitive. If Mr. Ward were destined to make a revolution in philosophy, such an invention of words might possibly be justified by results ; whereas, in the present instance, he only professes to treat of philosophy as subsidiary to theology ; and as his philosophy, though, in the main, such as we entirely approve, does not, for the most part, possess the virtue of novelty, we should have preferred it, if he had not so very unnecessarily departed from the previous usage of philosophic terms. We do not see any good reason for either of the above changes, or for the extension of the meaning and application of the word, beyond those necessary truths, to designate which it has been usually employed by philosophers. It is very unwise, as it appears to us, arbitrarily to class together under one term such distinct exercises of the mind as that by which it recognises axiomatic truths, and that by which it recollects past facts of

consciousness, for no better reason than that both these classes of judgments are not judgments of consciousness, and yet carry with them their own evidence of truth.

We have said that Mr. Ward's philosophy has not the virtue of novelty. We are far from finding fault with it on this score ; nevertheless, any one reading this book for the first time, who should happen to be unacquainted with English and foreign writers on the subjects of morals, would fancy, from the way in which things are stated, that Mr. Ward had made some great discoveries in moral truth. Indeed, the author himself seems to be very little conversant with what has been written on the subject. Thus, if there is one truth more elementary than another in ethical science—if there is one thought that, earlier than any other, forces itself upon the student in philosophy—it is, we suppose, the question of the independence of the principles of morality upon the will of God. Des Cartes' view, that moral principle depends upon will—*i.e.* that things are right or wrong because God has once for all willed them to be so—has been long recognised as an exploded theory by all Christian philosophers. The absurdity of it has been demonstrated over and over again from the time of Cudworth ; and no truth of morals stands upon a surer foundation than that the will of God is governed by His goodness. Yet this obvious truth is treated by Mr. Ward as if it could not be comprehended by any but those whom he is pleased to call Catholics ; and the doctrine that necessary truth exists in God is spoken of as if it were rather indirectly sanctioned by Catholic theologians than as if it were an admitted principle of Christian ethics. We repeat it, we have no quarrel with Mr. Ward's theory ; and we are glad to be able to assign him the praise of having represented the true theory with great clearness and precision. We entirely agree with him that all necessary truth exists in God, though we demur to the inaccuracy of his mode of expression, that it is identical with God. And we must be allowed to express our regret that, after asserting that the existence of necessary truths seems, in some sense, to limit God's power, he should not have more fully explained how this is only a *prima facie* appearance and not a reality, and should have committed himself to the assertion by implication that God's power is limited by it—limited, that is, by no external shackle, but by His own intrinsic essence. Had he ever condescended to read so contemptible a Protestant writer as Cudworth, he might have learned to express his meaning in some such language as this, that 'it is no 'derogation to the idea of Almighty Power to be unable to do 'that which is no object of Power.'

Having shown the independence of necessary truth by

reference to the axioms of mathematical science, and having in some degree explained the meaning of this independence, the author proceeds to establish the same theory in its relation to moral truth. And here he is equally successful. By reference to the case of 'a supposed friend having been entrusted with 'the care of a valuable jewel of which the restoration is demanded,' he establishes that there are real intuitions on moral subjects. And the comparison of the two cases of mathematical and moral axioms is particularly well drawn out. As to their necessity, they stand on precisely the same footing. Neither mathematical nor moral axioms were created or ordained by God. They are necessary truths, and as such are parts of His very nature. The idea of God's goodness would be absolutely unintelligible under the supposition that certain things were good and evil merely because He had willed them to be so. And the idea of God's truth would be equally interfered with, if we could suppose that He created the axiom of mathematics, and therefore could annihilate them. On any hypothesis but the true one, truth and goodness are resolved into mere arbitrary will, and the perfection of will is to be entirely arbitrary, which is as great an absurdity as can possibly be imagined. The true view of the relation between God and moral truth is repeated in the third section of this first chapter, the greater part of which section is occupied in combating the views of those who differ from the author. Mr. Ward is certainly of a most combative disposition; he lives in an argument, and never seems happy unless when he is showing most conclusively that his adversary is in the wrong. Now, the theory which asserts that morality is dependent upon the will of God has not, so to say, a leg to stand on. It is refuted at once by simply showing that it resolves the perfections of God into almighty power and arbitrary will, and so is as much opposed to reason as to revelation. Yet, for the sake of having the gratification of displaying an array of arguments which only serve the purpose of slaying the slain, we have the opponents of the true view divided into several classes, the first two of which we will first enumerate—viz. those who maintain that things are right or wrong owing to the free command of God, and those who say that morality owes its existence indeed to the command of God, but that that command is not free, but necessitated.

With regard to the first of these two classes, Mr. Ward dismisses it with the remark, that no Catholic held the view, though it has been held by eminent Protestants. Now, Mr. Ward ought to know that this matter is, as far as one truth can be independent of another, quite independent of the points at issue between Catholics and Protestants. It is a

matter of philosophy or of natural religion, as it may be regarded; and it is almost as absurd to distinguish its adherents or opponents in this way, as it would be to divide the disputants as to the axiomatic character of the twelfth axiom of Euclid according to their religious faith. We venture to think the contemptuous mode of regarding Protestants is as affected as it is foolish. We have no doubt that the very large majority of both Catholics and Protestants are entirely unable to see their way in such a question as this, and that the jealousy for God's other perfections, which would lead most uninstructed minds to adopt the view that things are right or wrong because God commands them, is almost as easily instructed in the Protestant as in the Catholic mind, so as to enable it to embrace the true theory of moral obligation.

The first class, then, is dismissed with the remark, that its arguments have been sufficiently refuted already, and that most of the arguments to be adduced against the other class are *à fortiori* applicable to it. Now this second theory not being so shocking as the first, is admitted to be held by many Catholics, and the author proceeds to its demolition in several arguments. For ourselves, we must confess that we have not met with this theory, and that we are unable to understand how it differs from the true theory, except that it is very awkwardly expressed; that is to say, it seems to us either the true theory, or a very awkward expression of the contradictory of the true theory. We have no quarrel with Mr. Ward's arguments, supposing the theory he is attacking to have any meaning whatever. We only object that in his fifth reason against this thesis he has reproduced in stronger language what we have before objected to—viz. that the true theory seems to limit the Almighty Power of God. He says: 'In denying Him the power of acting in every possible direction, we plainly deny Him a certain perfection.' Now, here is an instance where Mr. Ward is hampered by the unphilosophical language of the schoolmen. To use the expression, 'denying Him the power of acting in every possible direction,' is incorrect; and though it is intelligible, it is more philosophical to say, that to do wrong is no more an object of power than to interfere with the truth of axioms is.

And now let us proceed to notice the three remaining adverse theories. The first is, that morality is founded on our Creator's nature, and not on His command or prohibition. And here the author seems to be aware of what he failed to see in noticing the second supposed erroneous theory, either that the advocates of this theory mean what is right, but express their meaning ambiguously; or else, that they mean pretty nearly the same as the advocates of the second erroneous theory, and

therefore may be answered by the same arguments as are used to destroy that theory. The fourth supposed adverse theory is the same with the third, the idea of 'the one necessary Being' being substituted for that of the Creator, and is replied to by precisely the same arguments, without the alteration of a single word. The fifth theory the author is obliged to translate into his own words to make it definite enough to be attacked. Stated as he states it, it runs as follows: 'That which is morally good 'is that which brings the will into harmony with the Creator's 'will.' Here, again, we have a statement which, probably, in the mouths of such as use it, merely evades the question of the foundation of morality; and with reference to this, we think the author might have expressed himself in stronger language than he has used in saying that 'on consideration it will be 'found (I think) extremely difficult to distinguish the whole 'doctrine which we have just been considering from the third 'adverse theory;' the theory, viz. that 'morally evil signifies that from which God's will is necessarily averse.' Now, if the author had not made this quintuple division of his opponents, for no conceivable reason, as appears to us, but for the purpose of making a display of an array of arguments—if he had just stated the true theory, and then the opposite and contradictory theory, of which in point of fact these supposed erroneous theories are mere different modes of expression—the argument would have been equally conclusive, and have had the advantage of being more simple and intelligible.

And now that we have given some account of the author's first chapter of the introduction, it may be acceptable to our readers if we sum up the teaching of the first three sections in Mr. Ward's own words:—

'There are various truths, of fundamental importance, which have engaged our attention in this and the preceding sections. We have been hitherto occupied in stating these truths, according to their *logical* order; I mean according to that order in which we arrive at their *knowledge*. It will conduce, however, to further clearness, if I terminate this Section by endeavouring to make you conceive the same truths in their *ontological* order; i.e. according to that order, whether of nature or time, in which they actually exist. In this order, of course, we begin, not with the Principle of Certitude, but with Almighty God. I must first then lead you to conceive of Him, with sufficient fulness and explicitness for our present purpose. I must lead you to conceive of Him,—not indeed in all those various aspects wherein we are *able* to conceive of Him,—but only in a small number of them; only so far as we are led to contemplate Him by those particular truths, which we have been considering in the present Chapter.

'(1.) We must begin by conceiving of Him, as the One Self-existent Necessary Being. On this, however, our present purpose does not require us to enlarge.

'(2.) With Him, as the One Necessary Being, all necessary truths are identified. Such verities as the following then are simply identical with God.

"The three angles of any triangle together equal two right angles;" "Knowledge

and Power are Perfections;" "Sanctity is a Perfection;" "Sanctity includes Justice and Benevolence;" &c. &c.

'(3.) The will of this Necessary Being is necessarily directed to that which is morally good; or (in other words) He is necessarily Just, Veracious, Loving, and the rest. This is that Attribute which we call Sanctity.

'These three particulars lead us to conceive truly of God's Nature. Now in regard to what we conceive as His External Acts.

'(4.) He has thought fit, for the wise purposes of His Providence and in accordance with His Liberty, to create various beings, who are rational and free.

'(5.) Since He is necessarily Veracious, He has necessarily given to those beings, not an unsound, but a sound, reason. So far as His *Power* was concerned, He might most easily have created us, so that our reason should testify what is false. He might have so created us, that we should be invariably fancying ourselves to remember things which never happened; or that we should fancy certain laws of reasoning to be valid, which really lead from true premisses to false conclusions. But His Veracity renders it impossible for Him so to act. He has given us faculties, which are truthful and not mendacious; He has given us a reason, which will certainly lead us to truth, if we do but exercise it according to those rules which itself prescribes.

'(6.) But it would be of no service to give us truthful faculties, unless He also gave us the means of *knowing* that they are truthful. This, therefore, He has also provided. He has implanted in our souls that 'intuitional light' (see n. 12, p. 33) whereby certain judgments carry with them their own evidence of truth.

'(7.) As He has given us full means of knowing *other* important truths, by means of these veracious faculties, so also of knowing these: (a) that there is a Perfection called Sanctity; (β) that this Perfection essentially includes Justice, Veracity, Benevolence; (γ) that certain acts, done by certain beings under certain circumstances, would possess the opposite quality; or, in other words, would be intrinsically and necessarily wrong.

'(8.) He has further given us full means of knowing His Own Existence; of knowing that our Creator is the One Necessary Being, Who possesses the Perfection of Sanctity, as He possesses all other Perfections also, in an infinite degree.

'(9.) He has added the sanction of His Command to the intrinsic obligation of the Natural Rule; He has forbidden those things which are intrinsically wrong, and counselled those which are intrinsically preferable. And these Commands and Counsels are made known to us *pari passu* with our knowledge of the Natural Rule itself, by the very Reason which He has given us. In other words, He has promulgated to us the Natural Law, by His gift of Reason.

'After all that has been said in this Chapter, nothing more need be added to make this whole statement fully intelligible: I will but call your attention to one particular contained in it. You will remember, that in the first Section I protested most strongly against the notion, that our confidence in the trustworthiness of our faculties depends on our knowledge of God's Veracity. Now I have just been stating, that the *fact* of their trustworthiness arises from the *fact* that God is Veracious; and I wish you clearly to bear in mind, that these two statements are most perfectly distinct. To say that the *fact* of their trustworthiness arises from the *fact* of God's Veracity, is true and indeed undeniable. But to say that our *knowledge* of the former fact arises from our *knowledge* of the latter,—or in other words, that we must know God to be Veracious before we can reasonably trust our faculties,—this is not only erroneous, but absurd. It is of course impossible, without first trusting our faculties, to approach ever so distantly to the conviction that God *is* Veracious.

'51*. Throughout this Section I have been considering the vitally important subject before us, by the best light which my reason can give me. Various Catholics however seem to be under the impression, that it is not a question on which Reason is free to decide; that there is at least some overwhelming amount of theological authority for the thesis, that all moral obligation springs from God's Command. So far is this from being true, that I believe the very great preponderance of theological authority to be *against* any such thesis. But the mere fact that this impression exists, will (I am sure) be admitted as a sufficient reason, for at once proceeding to examine its grounds. Here therefore, as in one or two other parts of the present volume, I will make no scruple of transgressing strictly philosophical ground, for the sake of the practical advantage obtainable by such transgression.

'In the fourth Section then of the present Chapter, I will bring together such a collection of theological authorities, as will be amply sufficient for my purpose. They will be amply sufficient to show, how absolutely unfounded is the above impression; and how completely at liberty is every Catholic to hold those doctrines which have been here advocated, if they appear to him supported by Reason.

'This fourth Section, for reasons of mere physical convenience, has been removed to the end of the volume (see Preface); but it may be studied at once, immediately after the present. Very possibly however, you may yourselves have no such misgivings as those above mentioned; very possibly you may have never supposed that the doctrines which I have been engaged in advocating, whatever their philosophical merit, are theologically reprehensible. In that case, you may perhaps prefer to postpone the purely episodical study of the theological authorities, and proceed at once to the further exploration of Moral Truth.'—Pp. 108*-111*.

We must again express our surprise that the author should have laboured so assiduously to refute all imaginable objections against the theory of Independent Morality. As we have said before, it appears to us the established theory of Ethical Science; it appears very extraordinary, therefore, that the whole of the fourth section, which is consigned to the end of the volume as a supplementary section, and consisting of sixty pages, should be devoted to exhibiting an array of Catholic authority on that side of the question. It is not, indeed, wonderful that such heresies as Luther, and still more Calvin, fell into should have led to monstrous aberrations on the elementary truths of moral science; but it is worthy of consideration, that in religious bodies distinct from the Anglican and Roman communions in the West (with the exception of the Scotch school), there is absolutely no such thing as philosophy. There are philosophic schools in abundance amongst sceptics and infidels, who are cutting their own and each other's throats as fast as they can; but there is, we believe, no writer of eminence amongst religious philosophers who does not adopt as the only possible theory of morality, that it exists in the Deity independently of any considerations of will.

It is not to our purpose to follow Mr. Ward through his numerous quotations, interspersed with commentary of his own.

Suffice it to say, that they abundantly prove that Roman theologians have held the true view of the independence of morality. It would be very remarkable if they had not, when it is considered how near to a mathematical demonstration the proof of this view approaches. We will only add, therefore, that the extracts from Vasquez, Suarez, Lessius, Lugo, and others, are not only abundantly sufficient for the author's purpose, but are extremely interesting, and serve moreover to explain to any one who may find a difficulty in comprehending how it is that the principles of morality are independent of the will of God.

We quote one passage from this section to show how far the author's deference to Catholic authority influences him, prefacing it only with the observation, that we entirely hold with Mr. Ward as against the theologians whose opinions he quotes:—

'I should add, indeed, to prevent misconception, that all these theologians make a much greater severance between God and Moral Truth than I can think legitimate and true. The first of the two classes hold that there might be moral evil, even though (per impossibile) God did not exist: whereas to me it seems, that if (per impossibile) there were no Necessary Being, neither would there be any necessary Truth; Mathematical, Moral, nor any other. The second of the two classes hold that there might be a real knowledge of moral evil, even if God were invincibly and totally unknown: whereas to me it seems that the knowledge of *any* truth as *necessary*, is a real knowledge, so far as it goes, (however dim and imperfect) of the One Necessary Being.'—P. 484.

After settling the independence of morality, and establishing the fact of the intuitiveness of certain morals, an interesting question arises as to the number and extent of the cases in which such judgment is exercised. And this forms the subject of the sixth section of the first chapter, which is headed, 'On the extent of the Natural Rule.' And first, it may be remarked that it need not surprise any one if it should appear that the extent of the Natural Rule is much greater than he at first imagined. If there is any difficulty in the matter, which in reality there is not, it ought to be felt in the independent existence of any one moral obligation, in the fact that there is any single intuition of what is morally right. Once admit one such case, and the existence of an unlimited number of others presents no further difficulty. Whether there are few or many cases of the kind is a question which must be settled by evidence. It is necessary, however, carefully to distinguish between the actual extent of the rule and the ascertainable extent. It is quite possible that there are many more points in morality of an eternal and immutable nature than can be ascertained to be so by considerations of reason. Mr. Ward is, as far as we know, the first English writer who has drawn attention to this im-

portant distinction. We will give it in his own words. The conclusion of the fifth section is as follows:—

‘Here then we are led to a further very important enquiry; how far does this Natural Rule extend. And this general enquiry subdivides itself into three. First, we may ask how far *in fact* does this Natural Rule extend. Secondly, how far is *reason in the abstract* capable of discovering it. Thirdly, as to *reason in the concrete*,—exercised under those circumstances in which mankind are placed,—we may ask how great progress is *reason in this sense* able to make, towards discovering the Natural Rule.

‘Our meaning may be illustrated by a parallel case. There is an indefinite number of properties impressed by God on matter, which, by their various combinations, account for all the physical phenomena of the universe. He who should know all these properties, and all their combinations, would be a master of all physical truth. Now (1) nothing is more probable, than that there may be many of these properties, which Reason is absolutely unable to approach; it may either not possess the data, or the intrinsic power, which would enable it even to advance *towards* their discovery. And yet we might in other ways, as, *e. g.* by Revelation, be enabled to acquire a full knowledge of such properties. But (2) there will be a considerable number of other properties, whose discovery is quite within the domain of Reason: Reason, exercising its intrinsic power on those data which are within its grasp, may be fully competent to attain them. And yet (3) there may be multitudes of these latter properties which are so circumstanced, that the reason of man here below never *will* in fact, nor indeed can, arrive at their knowledge. The process, required for that purpose, may need such constant and prolonged exercise of Reason, or so very wide a collection of data, that *in fact*, circumstanced as we are in this visible world, we are utterly unable to accomplish the task.

‘Just so, as to the Natural Rule. One question is, how far it does in fact actually extend; another, how far Reason in the abstract is able to attain it; a third, how far *our* reason, in our existing circumstances, enables us to proceed. The following Section will be devoted to a consideration of these three most important questions.’—Pp. 117, 118.

In his enumeration of the cases which come under the head of the Natural Rule, the author first mentions Justice, Veracity, and Benevolence, which he speaks of as ‘*intrinsically good or virtuous ends of action.*’ The contrast between these and the duty of forgiveness of injuries is made use of, for the purpose of illustrating the clearness with which these are regarded as virtuous ends of action. Thus—Vindictive retribution is regarded by many as a virtuous end of action, but injustice, mendacity, cruelty, never have been regarded as such. No one ever performed any act for the sake of fulfilling any supposed obligation to practise injustice, mendacity, or cruelty simply as such and for its own sake.

Not only, however, is the intuitive faculty able to discern the obligations of Justice, Veracity, and Benevolence, but it can also, by mere reflection on the act and the object with which the act is done, distinguish between objective and subjective morality. And it is easy to see that, according to the motive, that which is in the abstract moral and right may be, in the particular person acting, wrong and immoral. Conversely, it

may be observed, that that may be virtuous and right for an individual to do which is in itself and objectively wrong, though this can only be predicated of cases of ignorance; and the determination of these cases is, as the author rightly observes, amongst the most difficult questions of Theology.

Further than this, Mr. Ward proceeds to represent the intuitive judgment as deciding on degrees of virtuousness, and recognising that act to be better which proceeds from a will firmly and efficaciously adhering to the virtuousness of a virtuous end. If, therefore, it can be established by reason that there exists an Infinitely Perfect Being, He must of necessity be a Being whose will adheres with infinite firmness and efficacy to the virtuousness of Justice, Veracity, and Benevolence. And here we must express our regret that Mr. Ward seems, though we think he only seems to, and does not really, countenance the idea that the establishment by reason of the existence of an Infinitely Perfect Being is entirely a distinct process from the intuitive recognition of His attributes. On the contrary, it appears to us that the intuition of mathematical truth even is a vague intuition of that God in whom alone it can really exist; and the intuitions of moral truth are a less vague and a more definite intuition of His nature. Duties towards this Being on the supposition of His Being being once admitted, such as 'Obedience, Aiming at His approbation,' and the like, become truths of intuition because, though they are not universally elicited, no one can apprehend the terms in which the propositions are stated without, as the author expresses it, *intuing* the truth of these propositions.

After establishing Justice, Veracity, and Benevolence as virtuous ends of action which belong to the Natural Rule, and which may be ascertained to belong to it, the author boldly proceeds to avow his belief that other Christian virtues, such as Humility, Forgiveness, and Chastity come under the same head; and here we arrive at by far the most interesting portion of this preliminary chapter. We fear we must of necessity do the author some injustice, as it is impossible even to give a brief analysis of his whole line of argument; we must be content to refer those who are interested in the short sketch we give to the original for further information on this interesting subject. After laying down as a thesis that, among the natural faculties which enable us to judge more or less accurately on these particular subjects, there is a faculty called the 'Moral Faculty,' which is intended to be the one guide of our life, he further proceeds to lay down, as a second thesis, that this moral faculty, like all the other faculties we have, is improved by being put to that purpose for which it is intended. In proportion as we earnestly and assiduously cultivate it, 'our moral faculty will

'acquire a constantly increasing refinement of intuition, enabling 'it to form moral judgments with constantly increasing fineness 'and accuracy.' Bearing this in mind, we shall be able to follow the author in his method of establishing Humility as a virtue that comes within the comprehension of the Natural Rule:—

'Now as to these virtuous ends of action, three in particular (n. 62) remained for consideration; Humility, Forgiveness, Purity. Let us take them in this order.

68. As to pride, it is very certain that its sinfulness is no matter of *universal* intuition. It is plain enough indeed, that to pride myself on what I know to be morally wrong—on the success of my knavery or my lawless violence,—cannot but itself be morally evil and detestable. Again, to pride myself on my ancient birth or extreme wealth—no one (I suppose) will think *this* virtuous; though as to the *degree* of its viciousness, there will be great difference of opinion.

'But suppose I pride myself on what I believe to be good and virtuous. There are multitudes of men, who are just, benevolent, grateful, in their external conduct, mainly and principally for this reason; that they would be ashamed of themselves if they acted differently. This was particularly the case with those heathens who are popularly called virtuous. Cato is punctiliously just in his dealings; for it would greatly lower the illustrious Cato in his own eyes if he were not so. He fulfils the various duties of a just man and a good citizen, so far as he understands those duties, from the same motive. Month after month and year after year, he inhales the sweet incense of his own esteem; and he is thus ever increasing that intense appreciation wherewith he regards his own dignity. At length, it seems the one obviously virtuous course, that he shall *stab* himself, rather than that so exalted a character should undergo the ignominy of falling into his enemy's power. Such is heathenism; and there have been many Protestants in various ages, hardly better than heathens, who have loudly applauded his conduct. This habit, of priding ourselves on our supposed virtue, requires such careful and frequent consideration in Theology, that it should have a distinct name of its own. I will consistently therefore call it "*moral pride*." And I ask, can it be shown by reason, against these heathens and heathenish Protestants, that their intuitions on the virtuousness of moral pride are totally mistaken?

'Our thesis on the growth of the Moral Faculty affords us a ready means for doing so. If there be certain acts intrinsically evil, and before examination a man cannot tell how many there be,—there is an *objective rule, indefinite in extent*, external to himself, which legitimately *claims his abject deference and submission*; a rule, which possesses over him nothing less than a paramount authority, from which there is no appeal and no escape. Reason, I say, summons him to exhibit this deference and submission; and yet this pseudo-virtuous heathen has totally failed in doing so. He has pursued his darling pleasure self-esteem with the very same keen, impetuous, unreserved, eagerness, with which the ambitious man pursues honour, or the money-getter wealth. He has no more checked and restrained himself in the violent pursuit of *his* characteristic pleasure than *they* in the pursuit of *theirs*. The main difference between him and them is simply this; that whereas he derives his favourite enjoyment from the thought of his own virtuousness, *such imagination of virtuousness is continually in his mind*. But as for anything like subjection to an external, authoritative, paramount rule, you will find no more trace of it in his conduct than in theirs.

'Indeed let us consider on what ground we should justly blame those other characters, the ambitious and money-getting; for whatever argument can be

found available against them, will tell no less forcibly against Cato himself. We should say that they are culpable for this cause—because, having fullest means of knowing this Supreme Rule, in their conduct they have ignored it; they have turned a deaf ear to the Moral voice within them; and instead of carefully measuring their acts, one after another, by this paramount authority, they have recklessly and unrestrainedly pursued the bent of their various inclinations. All the essential part of this may be said, with equal truth, against the morally proud. He, like they, has recklessly and unreservedly pursued the bent of his dominant inclination; in him, no more than in them, will be found any traces of abject and slavish submission to a superior authority. His Moral Faculty, then, is simply in its infancy; it has received no real growth whatever; his moral intuitions deserve neither respect nor even consideration.

Now surely it needs no very careful observation of human nature to see, that if he once began that course of life to which reason summons him his moral judgments would begin to undergo a total revolution. In proportion as he should even *aim* at pursuing the path of humble deference to this supreme authority, however feeble and vacillating his progress *along* that path, he would see that his former course contained in itself hardly any element of virtue; he would see that virtue consists, and can consist, in nothing else, than in this submission and prostration of the will. In other words, in proportion as his Moral Faculty should receive any kind of cultivation, he would recognise pride as sinful, and humility in its place as the virtuous end of action.

It is very certain indeed that the Authority whose absolute and peremptory claims he will thus learn to recognise, is no mere abstract *Rule*, but a Personal Being. I have already said, that from the first moment when we begin seriously thinking of moral obligation, we shall begin to recognise the Existence of an All-holy Creator. And here I may add to this, that nothing will more tend to increase the strength, earnestness, rootedness, of this recognition, than firm and consistent moral action. It is true that, as I have avoided entering on the philosophical proof of God's Existence, I am not entitled to make use of it in my reasoning: but I have *not* made use of it; as the following summary of my argument will prove.

I have shewn, then, (1) that the very existence of moral obligation implies the obligatoriness of a certain course of conduct; the course of abject deference to an external rule: and (2) that every human being, in proportion as he sincerely tries to pursue that course, intues, with ever-increasing distinctness, that moral pride is intrinsically sinful. On these two grounds I base my conclusion, that this intuition is legitimate. And a fully sufficient ground is afforded for this inference, by the second thesis of n. 65; even as that thesis would stand, without any reference to the Existence of a Holy Creator. But if it be further true (as it is) that, by beginning the same course of conduct, we come at once to the clear knowledge of an All-holy Being, in Whose comparison we are but as worms or the very dust of the earth,—it does but follow that the force of our conclusion is increased a thousand-fold. That a reasonable person shall recognise a Holy and, an Infinite Creator, and yet in his daily conduct (instead of striving to grow in humble obedience to that Creator) shall deliberately aim at the promotion of his own dignity and aggrandizement—this is a spectacle, the utter and monstrous unreasonableness of which must strike the most casual thinker, who has given any real cultivation to his Moral Faculty. I speak, as my argument leads me, of its monstrous unreasonableness; on its moral odiousness, it is not necessary that I should speak.

'We have added, then, Humility to our catalogue of virtuous ends.'—Pp. 139-144.

We forbear to notice the ridiculous slap at Protestantism with which this otherwise interesting passage is disfigured.

We are afraid pride, especially under the absurd designation of proper pride, has been extensively advocated by certain Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. Much more to the point is the author's fortification of his argument for the extensiveness of the Natural Rule, by quotations from Suarez and S. Thomas, that, under Christianity, there are no positive divine precepts except under the head of Faith and of the Sacraments.

We omit all reference to the subjects of forgiveness and purity, for want of space; but the following thoughts on this subject of the extent of the Natural Rule, and how far it is ascertained by reason, are well worthy of consideration:—

'The principles laid down in this section, as they seem certainly conformable to reason, so also add not inconsiderably to the motives of credibility on behalf of the Catholic religion. It appears (as we have seen) from reason alone, in the highest degree probable, that the Natural Law extends over a wide circle of human acts; while it is certain that our *unassisted* reason cannot carry us beyond a most insignificant distance, in exploring its various details. With these conclusions, the voice of the Church is singularly in harmony. For theologians declare with almost complete unanimity, on the one hand, that the Natural law is thus widely extensive; on the other hand, that one of the most important functions performed by the Church, one of the most important ends for which God has founded it, is to declare and testify moral truth. Reason alone, it is constantly urged by Catholic writers, would ever be leading us astray in matters of morality, were it not for the Church's infallible guidance correcting such aberrations.

'Further, Reason, as we have seen, determines that Humility, Forgiveness, and Purity are virtuous ends of action, while their opposites can never be so. Yet of what Protestant body can it be said, that they are to any reasonable extent in possession of these truths? On the other hand, who has realized and practised them comparably in degree to the Saints of the Church? And is not this very fact,—their being so penetrated, so pervaded, by those principles,—the main cause why a Protestant ever so despises these illustrious servants of God; why he regards them as fanatical, narrow-minded men, totally wanting in self-respect and manly feeling? But on all this we shall have to speak at length in our theological course.

'77. Such then finally is the answer we give to that wide and general inquiry, which was laid down (n. 53) as our subject in the present section.—Pp. 153, 154.

We fear we shall not be able to give any account of the remaining three chapters of this introductory volume. Our limits will only allow us, in this paper, to add a few remarks on the last section of the first chapter, which treats on the interesting and difficult subject of 'God's power of interference with the natural rule.'

No one can have studied the subject of ethics as treated by Christian writers, and, we had almost said, no one can have ever thought much upon the subject, without having this difficulty presented to his mind.

If the principles of morality are eternal and immutable, at first sight, it might be judged that the admission of this truth

carried with it, as a necessary consequence, the impossibility of any interference with those principles, even on the part of Almighty God. What, indeed, it may be said is the meaning of the words eternal and immutable, if they do not imply that there is no conceivable power which can make that right which is of its own nature wrong, or which can lawfully command a violation of what is right, so as to render that violation obligatory on the creatures commanded. And some might go on to infer that God can have no power to interfere with the natural rule. The conclusion, however, which seems at first sight irresistible, would not be the true one. Neither is the difficulty of the solution of the case nearly so great as at first sight it might be judged. Two cases at once occur to every person acquainted with the details of Old Testament history. There is, first, the command to the Israelites to spoil the Egyptians; there is, secondly, the command to Abraham to slay his son.

Such cases as these have an importance in a relation in which Mr. Ward was not called upon to view them. A revelation which should contain manifest violations of moral truth, or even of mathematical necessity, would not have claims upon our acceptance. It is probable that the religious creeds of the Eastern world will have eventually to succumb to Christianity, partly on this ground. And, undoubtedly, a professed revelation, which should commit itself to authorizing the principle of violation of the sixth and eighth commandments, would stand self-condemned. And here, to put the objection in the strongest possible light, it will be said we have something like an authentication of the principles of theft and murder. It would, therefore, be of the utmost importance, in defence of the Church's revelation, if its credentials were impugned, and its authority at stake, to establish that it did not contain any such violation of the principles of morality as is alleged.

That is, however, no point for present consideration. We are at present dealing with a philosophical question, and not with theology, properly so called. There are two ways in which these commands, authenticated by revelation, may be adduced against us. First, the Theist, who does not believe in revelation, but who does believe in the independence of the principles of morality on the will of God, will quote them as instances where the Deity has commanded what is a direct violation of those principles, that is of a part of His very nature. Secondly, the believer in revelation may seek from them to establish the dependence of all morality upon the will of God, on the ground that you cannot otherwise justify these particular commands. It is unnecessary for us here to

enter into the question how far these passages of Scripture have been used in this relation. It is enough for our present purpose that they may be supposed to be so used. With regard to the latter objection, the author has his usual slap at Protestantism, by attributing it entirely to Protestants. We prefer directly to regard the matter as a difficulty in the way of the true theory of morality and religion, which has to be explained. In point of fact, it is not difficult of explanation. The difficulty will be solved by considering for a moment what precepts of the Mosaic law these commands are supposed to contravene. Manifestly, the sixth and the eighth, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and 'Thou shalt not steal.' And it is obvious to observe that these commandments are not the eternal law itself, but only the expression of that law in human language. Stealing would ordinarily be understood to mean, taking away that which belongs to another, just as killing would be interpreted taking away the life of another. But no polity could go on long without cases arising where the precept of the law, as expressed in words, does not hold, or at least where it would be very difficult to decide whether it held or not. Take the case of war between two nations. It at once exemplifies a case in which taking away of life, and taking of goods, as, for instance, the spoils of a field of battle, would be seen by anybody to be, to say the least of it, difficulties in the way of these precepts. The power of putting to death for certain crimes committed, or of even inflicting a fine, or confiscation of goods, is also of this nature. The expression of the law would, if necessary, have to be modified for these cases, only that the universal taking for granted that those in authority possess this power renders it unnecessary. A very little reflection shows, that these are cases which do not come under the precept, and never were contemplated in it. From the consideration of these cases, it is easy to rise to the understanding of the two commands which are now in question. In a rough way of speaking, it may truly be said that God is the Supreme Lord and Proprietor of the universe, and all the property in it, and may transfer it how He pleases, and by what means He pleases. Under these circumstances, the Israelites taking the jewels from the Egyptians is simply taking what was their own property. Such conduct would, of course, require nothing short of the light of revelation to justify it, and might seem wholly unjustifiable to those who were not possessed of that light. A similar explanation may be given of the command to take away life, as given to Abraham; though perhaps, to many minds, it will not appear so forcible and conclusive. Now these answers are real and to the point, and are, in fact, suggested by the previous cases alluded to.

Yet it is evident they do not go to the bottom of the matter, because they do but provide a solution for the individual difficulty proposed, and do not address themselves to the abstract case of interference with the natural rule. Though this might be considered a sufficient explanation of the particular instances, it does not touch the abstract cases, though it does suggest that there may be other instances where other solutions might be available.

And the real solution is, that the law itself is more abstract than the language in which it is conveyed; that the command seems only to contravene the abstract law, because it contravenes the exact letter of its expression. It is another form of the truth, that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

It is, so to speak, an inherent imperfection in human language, that it is unable, in an abstract law, so to express the truth as to comprehend all conceivable cases. With regard to human legislation, the reader will easily call to mind the well-known saying of Tacitus, '*corruptissimâ republicâ plurimæ leges*,' implying, as it does, that the rude sanctions of justice, in an infant state, have, as time goes on, to be modified to include cases never contemplated by the legislator, and to make distinctions which, but for the occurrence of instances in point, never would have occurred to the mind of any legislator. And so it is easy to understand, that it is no disparagement to the idea in the Divine Mind that God has not seen fit to enable human language to give a perfect image of it.

The same truth may be expressed in other words; thus, that God's commanding to do some particular act, does not in those cases, perhaps in no conceivable case would it, imply anything as to the temper and motive with which the act is done. To do the act may be a matter of simple obedience, just as obedience is due to any other positive command of God. But all theologians, and all Christian moral philosophers worthy of the name, would maintain that God could not in any case interfere so as to make a wrong motive right. He could not, for instance, have created beings under a law which should compel them to hate one another.

In all these cases of interference with the natural rule, there is what theologians call a *mutatio materiæ*, which is wrought by God as Lord and Supreme Proprietor of the universe, as it appears to us rightly and most intelligibly explained by Suarez. Mr. Ward ventures, with diffidence, to differ from this view, which is given, not only by Suarez, but by most theologians, we believe. We confess to being unable to understand what Mr. Ward means, but he shall speak for himself:—

'Under such circumstances as these then, there arises what theologians call a "mutatio materiæ;" a change of that object-matter, whereon a moral judgment has to be formed. By means of that "mutatio materiæ," a certain external act, which *was* intrinsically wrong, *ceases* to be so and becomes lawful. Then the Command of God supervening is a kind of *positive* Command (see n. 25); and I owe to it obedience, on the same principle which obliges me to obey any *other* Positive Precept, imposed by my Holy Creator.

'In the above cases, the "mutatio materiæ" is wrought by God, not as Legislator, but as Supreme Proprietor and Lord of the Universe. It is often said by theologians, that such "mutationes materiæ," when they take place, are *always* wrought by Him in that capacity; that they are *always* wrought by Him as Supreme Lord, and *never* as Legislator. But with very great deference to their authority, I venture on this single particular to question their statements. In order the better to explain the kind of instance to which I allude, I will begin with an illustration of a purely human kind; a case, where there is no interference of God whatever.

'I am living at home, with my wife and family, quite free from any laborious occupation. Under these circumstances, certain acts of kindness, towards those thus closely connected, are intrinsically of actual obligation; nay, in many easily supposable cases, are obligatory under mortal sin. But war breaks out and my country requires my services; a command is issued by my sovereign, requiring me to join the army; and I obey that command. Here is a real "mutatio materiæ." Those services to my wife and children, which were before obligatory, cease altogether from being so; my sovereign's just command has superseded them.

'Now if my temporal superior has thus the power to subtract duties from the Natural Rule, how far more must God possess that power! A real command may reach me, not from my earthly sovereign but from God, requiring me to give such service as I am capable of giving, towards some holy enterprise in progress. In such a case God works a real "mutatio materiæ;" and in consequence of His command, certain duties, which *were* of intrinsic and independent obligation, cease from being so. Yet surely He works this "mutatio materiæ," not as Lord of the Universe, but as Legislator; *i. e.* as being that Holy Creator, who has a rightful authority to command. On this principle He might (as Suarez observes) forbid me, *e. g.* during some given period, from occupying any time in direct meditation on His attributes, or in special or explicit prayer. He might forbid this directly; or He might forbid it indirectly, by strictly commanding a *different* mode of employing each successive moment. You will object, that unless I devote time to special and explicit prayer, I have no moral power to avoid mortal sin. True, "in præ-senti providentiâ;" but of course it would be implied in God's giving such a command, that He would so far *change* His Providence, as that He would furnish me with amply sufficient grace, *without* my giving myself to such pious practices.'—Pp. 168-170.

There is one other consideration which forces itself upon our notice, at this time particularly. It has often been observed, and justly, that the word 'law' is used rather by analogy than in what logicians call an univocal sense, when it is applied to the moral and the physical world respectively. This is, no doubt, true in this sense, that in the moral world it represents only what ought to be. In the world of physics it refers to what ought to be, and what is—the one following as a necessary consequence from the other. If any one should object further that

the very word 'ought,' which we are using in explanation of our meaning, is itself far from being univocal, we admit the allegation, but we must not enter upon the wide field of thought suggested thereby. The distinction we are alluding to now is between the absolute nature of the connexion of cause and effect in the physical world, and the contingency which is implied in the very idea of the freedom of human will. 'Thou hast given them a law which shall not be broken;' whereas all religion is based upon the consciousness of having broken the law under which we are placed. Now, the case we have been considering of God's interference with the natural rule presents a striking resemblance to occasional interruptions of natural order which are commonly called miracles. There plainly are such interruptions, whatever be their value, and for whatever purpose they may take place. The laws of the physical world—take, for instance, the law of universal gravitation, guessed at by the happy conjecture of genius, and verified by the patient industry of observation and calculation—are, as far as we are concerned, still uncertain. It is just conceivable that a crucial fact may render a modification of the expression of any physical law necessary, or may overthrow it altogether. The law of gravitation may, indeed, be an *à priori* truth, but it is not presented to our minds as such, but only as an abstraction gathered from induction, which adequately accounts for all the phenomena that are submitted to it. But there are higher truths than this law in the physical world—as, for instance, the first law of motion, which, perhaps, may be stated in so abstract a form, that in that state it belongs to intuitive truths. Whether this be so or not is of no consequence, if only it is supposable that it is so. At least, the axioms of mathematics, upon which all physical science ostensibly depends, are of this nature, and are absolutely unalterable, being independent of the existence of matter, and having an eternal existence in the mind of God.

Now, no conceivable miracle could interfere with the truths of numbers, or with the eternal axioms of mathematical sciences, because these have to do with ideal truth, and are utterly and entirely independent of creation, and of fact. So in the moral world there could be no conceivable interference with the abstract principles of morality; the interference can only take place as regards the application of those principles to the case of created beings.

It may be very difficult to decide in the physical world where the natural ends and the miraculous begins, though there are extreme cases where you may be sure that there is a miraculous exhibition. And the analogy in the moral world is very exact. It would be very difficult to decide, and in some cases impossible,

what were the exact limits of the moral command, where interference is conceivable—though there are certain cases, such as those we have been considering, which are quite intelligible. Mr. Ward has himself alluded to a very difficult question connected with this subject when he alleges that ‘Certain more enormous sins against the sixth (*i.e.* our seventh commandment) must always remain such; no *mutatio materiæ* can possibly affect their intrinsic pravity.’ However, without going further into the matter now, it will be sufficient to have called attention to the manifest analogy that exists between the case of miracles in the physical world and interference with rule in the moral, and that especially under this view—viz., that miracles may be seen by us, perhaps, in a future state to range themselves with other material phenomena under some more general law—and we may also be permitted to see more of the nature of God, so as to see how those commands, which present a difficulty perfectly soluble, exactly fit into that abstract law, of whose expression in language they appear to be a contravention.

We have been obliged to give a most meagre and imperfect account of but one chapter of this interesting book, which occupies about half the volume. We are afraid few readers would follow us through a much longer article than we have ventured on; but, perhaps, at a future time, we may recur to the subject.

ART. VI.—1. *Facsimiles of certain portions of the Gospel of S. Matthew and the Epistles of SS. James and Jude, written on Papyrus in the First Century, and preserved in the Egyptian Museum of Joseph Mayer, Esq. Liverpool.* Edited and Illustrated with Notes and Historical and Literary Prolegomena. . . . By CONSTANTINE SIMONIDES, Ph. D. London, 1862.

2. *Novum Testamentum Sinaiticum, sive Novum Testamentum cum Epistula Barnabae et Fragmentis Pastoris.* Ex codice Sinaitico auspiciis Alexandri II. omnium Russiarum Imperatoris, ex tenebris protracto, orbique litterarum tradito, accurate descripsit AENOTHEUS FRIDERICUS CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus, 1863.

ABOUT seven years ago, Dr. Constantine Simonides, a native of the Greek island of Syme, the editor of the papyri whose value we are about to discuss, and (by his own account) the actual scribe of the celebrated Codex Sinaiticus itself, was pleased to visit the Bodleian, and laid before the eminent scholar, since placed at the head of that great library, certain Greek manuscripts which he seemed willing to sell. After exhibiting two or three not at all remarkable for age or character, and assenting to the judgment of the Librarian as he referred them severally to the eleventh century, or later, M. Simonides proceeded to unroll, with a great show of care and anxiety, some fragments of vellum, redolent of high antiquity, and covered with uncial writing of the most venerable form and appearance. The cautious Oxonian narrowly inspected the crumbling leaves, and quietly handed them back to their owner, with the simple comment, that these, he thought, might date from about the middle of the nineteenth century. The stranger withdrew forthwith with his unsold treasures, and made the best of his way to the railway station. Some of his manuscripts passed into the possession of collectors more fortunate or less wary than Bodley's librarian; and we have been privileged to examine them with much interest and curiosity. As mere specimens of calligraphy, they are worth any moderate sum they may have cost. We have Anacreon in a nut-shell, portions of Hesiod written *βουστροφῆδον* like the famous Sigeian inscription, and seven most primitive-looking leaves, containing the gnomonic poem attributed to Phocylides of Miletus (respecting which we may have more to say presently), whose faded uncial letters have been skilfully revived by some chemical preparation.

And now for a while we lost sight of our accomplished and ingenious Greek. We heard, indeed, an amusing rumour about

a palimpsest imputed to Uranius of Alexandria, son of Anaximenes, comprising the history of the kings of Egypt from the remotest times to the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, offered by him some time before to Professor Lepsius, and eventually rejected as spurious by the wilful and ignorant Germans. Sir F. Madden, too, was reasonably suspected of defrauding our longing eyes of other literary relics, purchased from the self-same M. Simonides, by obstinately refusing to insert them in the Museum Catalogue:¹ but for aught we knew about him, he might have retired to his little Syme, resolved that if nature had forbidden his being the fairest hero of his generation,² as was his fellow-countryman Nireus, he would verify the proverb, 'handsome is that handsome does,' by becoming the fairest writer, the *καλλιγράφος κατ' ἐξοχήν*, of the present day. But the learned world had not yet lost the benefit of Simonides' labours in its behalf. 'I have been,' he says, 'a worshipper of science from my youth upward. . . . For so did my parents teach me to do from a child; and so did the chief of Churches, the Greek, of which I am a genuine son, educate me' (*Facsimiles*, p. 34). Whatever we may think of him in other respects, the diligence and perseverance of the man would do honour to the best of causes. In two different Lancashire newspapers of May 3, 1860, we were informed that 'the learned Dr. Simonides, so well known throughout Europe for his great proficiency in deciphering ancient writings,' was engaged in unrolling certain papyri, recently brought from Egypt, and then in the possession of Mr. Mayer, a liberal, intelligent, and much-respected jeweller at Liverpool. Although in the 'Introduction' to his *Facsimiles* (p. 5), Dr. Simonides speaks only of his daily visits to Mr. Mayer's museum, it appears, from his own admission, that he was subsequently permitted to take some portions of the papyri to the house of M. Nicolaides, a Greek priest, with whom he lodged at Liverpool, for the purpose of deciphering them at leisure.³ At first we hear of 'three leaves of a papyrus scroll, [one] containing the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to S. Matthew . . . the reading of which will

¹ The keepers of the MSS. at the British Museum are very properly rebuked for this wilfulness by M. Simonides, and reminded that 'the day will come when the public, their only master, will call them to account for their ill-advisedness, and we shall hear how they will endeavour to justify their wholly unjustifiable proceedings. For the public appointed them to be the . . . custodians of its wealth, and not to be its masters,' &c. &c. (*Facsimiles*, p. 34.) It is only fair that we should see MSS. they must have thought genuine when they bought them.

² 'Some say . . . I have a countenance very beautiful, and like the fabulous Narcissus.'—*Simonides to the 'Guardian'*, Jan. 21, 1863.

³ 'Report of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature on some of the Mayer Papyri and the Palimpsest MS. of Uranius belonging to M. Simonides.' (Read Feb. 11th, 1863.) London, 1863, p. 5.

'cause a great sensation amongst Bibliopolists, as it sets at rest 'the long-misunderstood part of the 24th verse, relating to the 'passing of a camel through the eye of a needle, which arose from 'the wrong reading of the Greek text.'¹ But this was a trifle compared with the discovery of two other fragments, one of which ought to have created a greater sensation still, not only among the *Bibliopolists*, but throughout the whole Christian world. Here, in the recesses of Mr. Mayer's museum, drawn from the obscurity of an Egyptian tomb, and 'brought to England from Thebes, in 1856, by the Rev. Henry Stobart, whose 'name is universally known' (*Facsimiles*, Introd. p. 9), but who *strangely denies that he sold to Mr. Mayer any Greek papyri in the least resembling these*, is the very original copy of S. Matthew's Gospel, 'dictated by the Evangelist himself to the deacon Nicolas' (Acts vi. 5), in the fifteenth year after the Lord's Ascension, for 'the use of the faithful in Palestine, whether Jews or Greeks' (see *Fragm. v. infra*). Once trust ourselves to the guidance of M. Simonides, and we have lighted upon the most wonderful discovery of the age, the most important in its present results, the most pregnant with happy consequences for the future. We have bridged over that dreary gulf of nearly three centuries which divides the composition of the sacred autographs from the probable date of our earliest extant copies of the New Testament. We need no more the faint and doubtful light shed upon the inspired text during that dark period by primitive versions, or the loose citations of the Fathers. So far as we possess S. Matthew's own copy of his Gospel, the science of Biblical criticism has no place. We have already, and need not seek by wearisome collation of scattered authorities, the exact words used by the blessed Evangelist. Several dubious and open questions, which have perplexed theologians, may now be disposed of for ever. S. Matthew wrote his Gospel very early; wrote for the use of Greek as well as Jewish converts; wrote in Greek, not in Syriac or Hebrew—a fact which, 'from the days of the Apostles 'themselves down to the fourth century, every writer who has 'had occasion to refer to the matter has testified. Papias, Irenæus, Pantænus, Origen, Eusebius, Cyril of Jerusalem, Athanasius, Epiphanius, and Jerome, all with one consent affirm 'this,' as Dr. Cureton strongly puts the case he had to maintain.² We have presented to our eyes the genuine title-deeds of our holy faith.

¹ The Mayer papyrus (*Fragm. III.*) reads *καλων* for *καμηλον* in Matt. xix. 24. Hence Dr. Tregelles was misinformed when he learnt from a private communication (*Additions to Horne's Introduction*, p. 760, note,) that the various reading meant was the old conjecture *καμηλον*.

² Remains of a very ancient recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac, edited by Wm. Cureton, D.D. Preface, p. lxxiv.

The later discovery of three other papyrus leaves, containing portions of S. James' and S. Jude's General Epistles, completed the materials published in the book whose title stands at the head of our article; but since, in his dedication of the work to Mr. Mayer, the editor 'ventures to express his ardent hope and firm belief that they will prove but the first-fruits of an abundant harvest,'¹ and since he regards them 'as an important evidence of Christianity,' . . . 'sufficient to shut the mouths of such cavillers as assert that there exists no MS. written in the age of the Apostles, of any part of the New Testament,' it seems incumbent upon us to inquire, with as little prejudice and partiality as may be, into the real character of documents thus suspiciously introduced to our notice; and which, if they be not the most sacred literary reliques in existence, are impudent, wicked, and blasphemous forgeries. We will try to discuss their authenticity so fairly and temperately as not to put our publisher in the place of those enemies of Dr. Simonides, against whom, as he tells us, he has his right of action, and will exercise it in due time.²

An investigation into the value of these papyri leads us to examine both their *external* appearance and the *internal* character of the text which they present: on the former head we can do little more than report the opinion of others.

I. On the 9th and 10th of January, 1863, a collection of papyri from Mr. Mayer's museum was placed on the table of the Royal Society of Literature, for the examination of such gentlemen as might be desirous of seeing them. Several well-known persons connected with the British Museum were among those who availed themselves of the opportunity, and M. Simonides was voluntarily present the whole time to answer such questions as might be put to him. Ultimately the Council reported their proceedings at a meeting of the Society, held February 11, 1863, Sir Henry C. Rawlinson being in the chair; and from this report, afterwards published, the following abridged description is taken:—

¹ We have heard some whispers that the Heavenly Witnesses of 1 John v. 7 may yet be found in an early papyrus.

² He is speaking of the troubles into which his palimpsest of Uranius brought him in Germany: 'I was recommended by the judges to prosecute the lying calumniators and plunderers of my property, which, as I still possess the right of action, I shall do in due time; for it is not well to overlook the misdeeds of liars and slanderers. "He teacheth the unruly," says S. Paul, "that they be not lifted up." [!] "Likewise those in England who, during my absence, published a variety of charges against me in the English press, are advised to be prepared to prove their accusations against a man who is ever striving for the cause of knowledge; since otherwise they shall, as do the hogs, "return in kind more than they took," as the proverb has it.'—*Facsimiles, Introduction*, p. 35, note.

'No formal decision was come to on either of those days with regard to the documents in question, that, indeed, being scarcely within the scope of the exhibition; the judgment, however, of nearly all who saw them was decidedly adverse to the genuineness of any of the MSS. so exhibited.' (Report, p. 4).

The attention of our *savans* was first directed to peculiarities which, so far as we can see, must refer to other fragments than those containing portions of the New Testament, such as the general similarity in the handwriting of the whole, although they professed to be of various epochs differing by centuries, and the suspicious resemblance the presumed ancient letters bore to the character of the modern Greek inscriptions placed over the head of each MS., 'suggesting the idea that one and the same hand might possibly have written both' (p. 4). What follows seems more important to us:—

'Again, it was noticed that the colour of the papyri was, with two or three exceptions, wholly different from that invariably found on genuine documents of the same professed age and character, offering the strong probability that the papyri had been purposely discoloured before the present writing was put upon them. Lastly, it was observed that portions of papyri of different textures had been joined together so as to make up one piece; while it was asserted by more than one observer, that papyri differing in date by more than a thousand years had been pasted side by side.' (p. 5).

It is obvious to remark, that, if the assertion we have indicated by italics is once established by adequate proofs, there is an end of M. Simonides' case. We have been told that in the separate fragments of what ought to have formed a single page, the fibres of the papyrus will sometimes run in opposite directions, so as to render it impossible that they could ever have been portions of the same leaf. Here, however, we lack that personal knowledge of the fact, for which, to our mind, the best testimony will not entirely compensate. We notice one or two other points on which the report of the Council lays some stress:—

'In many places where there were rents, natural or accidental, in the substance of the papyri, the writing on them was bent in such a manner as to fit the existing crack or hole; and occasionally, as in fragment No. 7, the writing has been written round a rent previously made.' (p. 5).

But this only proves that the holes were already in the papyrus when it was first written on; and the same might be said of many MSS. on vellum, whose genuine character no one has doubted, *e.g.* Cod. Bezae; yet much will depend on the frequency of such cases, and a cheap material like a leaf of papyrus, when found to be damaged, would be much sooner cast aside by the scribe as useless than so precious an article as vellum.

'Attention was also called to the breadth of these pieces of papyrus, or

rather to the unusual length of the lines of writing on the majority of them, a fact which would lead to much suspicion as to their genuineness on the part of those best versed in palaeographical studies.' (p. 5).

To this objection the fragments of the New Testament are especially open. Like other papyri, they are arranged in columns, the written portion of each line varying from 5 inches (Fragm. vi.) to 4 (Fragm. vii), and for the most part being $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad, whereas Mr. Babington's papyri of Hyperides vary from 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which last measurement will suit the Heraculanean rolls, though these, no doubt, are a little shrivelled from the action of fire.

'Attention was called to the fact that the papyri exhibited were all fastened down (with one exception) on linen, in such a manner that it was impossible to see what had been on their reverse sides; and that, thus, no opinion could be formed as to the state of the papyrus when first unrolled, or whether there had been any hieratic or other writing on it, as is usually found in genuine documents. Although many questions were put to M. Simonides on this subject, the answers were evasive.' (p. 5).

The single papyrus, however, which was not so fastened down, was subjected to *minute* examination by a competent scholar, Mr. C. W. Goodwin, who convinced himself that a portion of the genuine hieratic inscription of a funeral nature remained on the papyrus, but that 'the upper portions of the 'hieratic text had been removed by pressing on them damp 'blotting-paper, so as to admit of the subsequent insertion of the 'explanatory lines in Greek' (p. 6). But the loose papyrus was not Biblical. Let us examine the *subject matter* of the latter, which could not be so closely scrutinized, to see whether they promise better things than Hermippus' letter to Horus, thus rudely handled by Mr. Goodwin.

II. That the reader may the more readily perceive the drift of our observations on the internal character of the fragments published in *facsimile* by Simonides, and be the better able to appreciate their critical value, we subjoin an exact collation of all the eight fragments with Stephens' modification of the received text (1550), as reprinted by Scrivener (New Testament, Cambridge, 1862), and by way of contrast a similar collation of the same passages as found in the Codex Sinaiticus. We do not think that any competent critic will hesitate in deciding which of the two is a genuine ancient text, and which the spurious modern imitation.

Fragment I. PAPHYRUS: Matth. I. portions of vv. 1—5; 11—13; 16—17; 20.

v. 1. δαυδ. 16. + τησ (ante μαριασ).
v. 20. δαυδ. φοβηθησ.

Corresponding portions of Cod.

SINAITICUS.

v. 1 — δαδ. 2. εγεννησεν τερ. ισακ δια
p. m. — δε primum. 5. εγεννησεν δια.
βοα δια. 11. ιωακια. 11, 16. εγεννησεν.

Fragm. II. Matth. II. portions of vv.
6—12; 14—20.

ν. 8. ἦδη (προ ακριβως). + το γεν-
νηθεν (αντε απαγγειλατε). αυτωι. 9. +
αποκριωσ (post εκπορευθησαν). τη ανα-
τοληι. 11. ειδον (προ ευρον). + οι (αντε
και πεσαντες). αυτωι. 15. πληρωθηι.
19.—του (αντε ηρωδου). + του βασιλεως
(post ηρωδου). τωι. Αιγυπτωι.

Fragm. III. Matth. xix. 22—29; por-
tions of xx. 4—14.

ν. 22. + [του]τον εστωπησε και (αντε
απηλθε). 23. + ο (αντε πλουσιος). 24.
καλων (προ καμηλων). ῥη. εισελθειν εισ
την βασιλειαν του θεου. 25. οι του ιησου
μαθηται. ταυτα (προ αυτου). 26. αδυ-
νατον τουτο. θεωι. + και ουδεν αδυνατον
(αντε εστι secund.). 27. αυτωι. 28. τη
ταλιγγενεσια. xx. 6.—αργουσ.

Fragm. IV. Matth. xxvii. portions of
3—7; 12—20.

ν. 12. τωι. 15. + την (αντε εορτην).
τωι οχλωι. + επισημον (αντε ον) 16.
[επιση]μον ληστην ιησουν βαρ[α]ββαν
καλο[υ]μενον. 17. + ηδη (post θελετε).
18. ηιδει. αια (προ δια). + αυτωι (αντε
αυτον). 19. + πεμπελη (αντε η γυνη).
τωι δικαιοι ανδρι εκεινωι.—σημερον. ῥη.
+ εν τη νυκτι της παρελθουσας και
πολλα καθ υπαρ ειδον σημερον υπερ αυτον
εκεινου. 20. + αυτων (post οχλους).

Fragm. V. Matth. xxviii. 5—9;
18—20.

ν. 6. καθαγε προσεκε (προ καθως ειπε).
κυριευων του θανατου (προ κυριος). 8.
απελθουσαι (προ εξελθουσαι). + και εξελ-
θουσαι του κηπου εν ωι το μνημιον εστι
(αντε μετα). 9. ἰησ. και ιδου εν τωι
πορευεσθαι αυτας ακητησεν. ... 18.
ουρανωι. 19. + νυνι (post ουν). 20.
—αμην.

COD. SINAIT.

ν. 7. ηκριβωσεν. 8. εξετασατε ακριβως.
πειδου. απαγγιλατε. 9. εσταθη. 10.
αστεραν p. m. 11. ιδον. 14. εκι. 16.
ερεπεχθη. λειαν. ηκριβωσεν. 17. δια
(προ υπο). 18.—θρηνος και ηθελεν. 19.
φαινεται κατ οναρ. 20. τεθηγκασιν.

ν. 22. απηλθεν. 23. ειπεν. πλουσιος
δυσκολως. εισελευσете. βασιλιαν. 24.
+ οτι (post υμιν). εστιν. τρηματος.
εισελθιν (προ διελθειν). βασιλιαν. ῥη.
εισελθειν. 25.—δε—αυτου. δυνατε σωθηνε.
26.—παρα ανθρωποις. εστιν p. m. δυνατα
παντα. εστιν secund. 27. ημεις. 28.
υμεις. παλιγγενεσια. καθησσεθε αυτοι (προ
υμεις secund.). 29.—οικιας η. xx. 4. +
μου (post αμπελωνα). 5. + δε (post
παλιν). 6.—ωραν.—αργουσ. 7.—ημας.
υμεις.—και ο εαν αδ ῥη. νεα. 10. το
ανα θηναριον και αυτοι.

ν. 3. λ. 12. κατηγορησθε.—των secund.
13. καταμαρτυρουνσιν. 15. παρητουντο
(προ ηθελον). 16. τοτε p. m. (προ τοτε).
18. ηδι. 19. εκινω. 20. αρχιερισ. επισαν.

ν. 5. ειπεν.—ταις γυναικι p. m. φοβη-
θηται. υμεις. 6. ειπεν. ιδετε.—ο κυριος.
7. πορευεσθαι. οψεσθαι. ειπα. 8. απελθου-
σαι (προ εξελθουσαι). μνημιου. απαγγιλαι.
9. ἰησ. και ιδου ις οκητησεν (p. m.)
αυταις. 19.—ουν. 20. τηριν. ενετιλαμην.
ειμι μεθ υμων.—αμην.

In Cod. Sinaiticus we do not here find even the brief sub-
scription usual in this copy at the end of the sacred books. In
the papyrus, immediately after *αιωνος* v. 20, in the same line,
and without any break, is written the marvellous note to which
we called attention above (p. 177). Η γραφη τη χειρι νικολασου
διακονου καθ υπαγορευσιν ματθαιου αποστολου ιησου χριστου
εγενετο δε τωι πεντεκαιδεκατωι της του κυριου αναληψεως ετει
και τοις εν παλαιστινηι πιστοις ιουδαιοις τε και ελλησι
διεδοθη.

These are all the portions of the Gospels contained in Mr. Mayer's papyri as published by Simonides; the other three fragments belong to the Catholic Epistles.

Fragm. VI. James I. 1—11.

ν. 1. + του ισραηλ (*ante φυλαισ*). τη διασποραι. 2. + δεινους και (*ante ποι- κιλοις*). 3. η της πιστεως υμων καλη δοκιμοτης (*pro το δοκ. της π. υ.*) + την (*post κατεργαζεται*). 5 + αυτην (*post διδοτος*), αυται. 6. + ο αιτων (*post πιστει-ομενω δις*). 8. *hñ.* + αιει. 9. τωι. 10. τηι. 11. τωι.

COD. SINAIT.

ν. 2. ηγησασθαι. πιασμοις περιπεσθαι. 3. δοκιμειον. 4. τελιον. τελιοι. 5. αιτιτω. ονιδιζοντος. 6. πιστι. εοικεν. 7.—τι. 9. ταπεινος. 10. ταπεινωσει.

Fragm. VII. James II. portions of

5—15; 23.

ν. 5. [κοσμ]ωι τούτωι. 13. ανηλες. τωι.—και.

ν. 5. τω κοσμω (—εν ε τουτου). 7. βλασφημουσιν. 8. τελιται. ποιικται. 9. εργαζεσθαι. 10. τηρηση. πταιση. 11. ουτως *prim. tantum*. 13. ανελεος.—και. 15. υπαρχωσιν.

Fragm. VIII. Jude 16—23.

ν. 16. εαυτων επιθυμιας. + αιει (*ante πορευομενοι*). 17. προειρημενων *transfert ad finem versals*. 18. εσχατοις τοις χρονοις. γενηθησονται (*pro εσονται*). 19. + εαυτους τοις σχισμασι (*post αποδιορι- ζοντες*). + ολωσ (*post ψυχικοι*). 20. εοικοδομουντες εαυτους (*sic*) *supra lineam, literis minutis*. αγωι. + αδια- λειπτως (*ante προσευχεμενοι sic*)... 21. [α]γαπη τηρησατε θεου. 22. τη ελεγχει διακρινομενους (*pro διακρινομενοι*). 23.— εν φοβω. + τη διδασκαλια (*post σω[ετε]*). + ους δε αν εν φοβωι ελεειτε κυριο[v] (*ante [μ]ισουν [τες]*).

ν. 16. εισιν. μεμψιμοιροι. 18.—οτι *secund.* επ εσχατου του χρονου. εμπεκται. επι- θυμιας αυτων. 20. εοικοδομουντες εαυτους τη αγιωτατη υμων πιστι. 22. ελεατε διακρινομενους. 23. εν φοβω.—του. + ους δε ελεατε εν φοβω (*ante μισουντες*).

These papyrus fragments and the Codex Sinaiticus differ widely from each other, both in regard to the grammatical forms which they exhibit, and to the general style and tone of their various readings, properly so called. Let us see which of the two the more nearly coincides with other ancient copies, and the better agrees with what from reason and the nature of things we should look for, in a manuscript of the highest antiquity. Since neither M. Simonides points out, nor would the *facsimiles* lead us to suspect, any material difference in point of age between one fragment and the others, we must assign them all (if genuine) to about the same period as Fragment V. *i.e. the first century of our æra.*

I. In point of orthographical and grammatical peculiarities we see (1.) *ι ascript*, or annexed to the long vowels η and ω, throughout the papyri, in every instance where *ι subscript*

¹ So the *facsimile*, though *αιει* is omitted in Simonides' copy in common type. This differs in many other places from the reading of the papyrus, which, of course, we follow in preference.

would be found in modern Greek type, both with nouns and verbs. In this respect these fragments resemble those also on papyrus, published by Mr. Churchill Babington, of whose edition of the 'Funeral Panegyric' by Hyperides, Dr. Simonides has availed himself (*Facsimiles*, p. 9): indeed it is the only work of Western scholarship with which he displays much acquaintance. Codex Sinaiticus, on the other hand, so far as we have yet noticed, never employs *ι ascript* in the New Testament, on this head resembling all other biblical manuscripts of first-rate importance; although it is found once Cod. Bezae (ἡδίσσαν Mark i. 34), now and then in Cod. Friderico-Augustanus, a portion of Cod. Sinaiticus itself, and pretty often in the palimpsest fragments of Homer, of about the sixth century, edited by Canon Cureton. Yet, although *ι ascript* may have gone much out of use in the fourth and fifth centuries, it is no valid objection to Mr. Mayer's papyri, which claim a date so much earlier, that they perpetually employ it. In the Herculanean Philodemus, which could not have been written later than A.D. 79, it is more frequently retained than dropped.

(2.) On some other matters of the same kind, Dr. Simonides has been less fortunate, or (shall we say) less skilful. We have enumerated above, for the portions of the Greek text contained in Mr. Mayer's fragments, no less than 123 various readings of every sort occurring in Cod. Sinaiticus. But of these, only forty-nine in any way affect the sense or even the order of the words; six represent grammatical forms commonly referred to the Alexandrian dialect (of which more hereafter), twenty-one are examples of the appended *ν* (ἐφέλκυστικὸν as it is technically called) added to the final *ε* of verbs before a consonant; no less than forty-seven are instances of *itacism*, or the interchange of consonants or diphthongs with each other, especially *ι* with *ει*, *ε* with *αι*. Now we frankly admit that itacisms of this type are more numerous in Cod. Sinaiticus, than in most other very old copies, so much so as greatly to increase the labour of a complete collation; but all the chief manuscripts of the New Testament abound in them. The more we come to know of the Cod. Vaticanus, the more we find there; in Cod. Alexandrinus and Ephraem, Cod. Purpureus (N. Tischendorf), and yet more in Cod. Bezae they are very thick. Dr. Simonides' fragments alone contain not one single example; the spelling is perfectly correct, according to the fashion of modern printed books, although such itacisms occur in all other monuments of undoubted antiquity; in inscriptions, in Mr. Babington's papyri, even in the Herculanean rolls, where we might especially look for severe accuracy. The same observations apply to the similar case of *ν ἐφέλκυστικὸν*: it is never inserted in Simonides' papyri, scarcely ever

omitted in Mr. Babington's and the Cod. Sinaiticus, seldom in other documents of undoubted antiquity, such as Codd. Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, Ephraemi, Bezae. Of all copies which lay claim to a date at all approaching that alleged for the Mayer papyri, we know of none which resemble them in this particular of the itacisms, except certain leaves to which we have alluded at the beginning of the present article (p. 175), procured from Dr. Simonides by their present owner, who kindly allowed us to copy them some years ago. They contain a didactic poem, which, though certainly not composed by Phocylides (a.c. 560), may be as old as the third or fourth century of our æra. We subjoin the first page to illustrate our meaning, and as a specimen of the reliques with which M. Simonides has enriched some of the libraries of Europe. The original leaves are long and narrow, thirty-eight short lines of uncial letters being comprised on each page, without capitals, stops, breathings, accents, or divisions between the words; in all these respects also exactly resembling the Mayer papyri:—

φωκυλίδου ευρυσθε ως του μιλησιου πο τημα νουθетικον μητε γαμοκλοπειν μητ αρσενα κυπριν ο ρινειν μητε δολουσ ρ απειν μηδ αιματι χ ειρα μαινειν μη πλ ουτειν αδικωσ αλλ ε ξ οσιων βιοτειναι α ρκεισθαι παρουνσι κ αι αλλοτριων απεχε σθαι ψευδεα μη βα	5	ζειν τα δετητυμα π αυτ αγορευειν πρωτ α θεον τιμα μετεπει τα δε σειο γορησ πασ ι δικαια νεμειν μηδε κ ρισιν οσ χαριν ελκειν μη ριψησ πενιην αδικ ωσ μη κρινε προσωπο ν ην συ κακωσ δικαση σ σε θεος μετεπειτα δι κασσει μαρτυριην ψε υδη φευγειν τα δικαι α γορευειν παρθενιην τ	15	ηρειν πιστιν δε εν πασι φυλασσειν μετρα νεμ ειν τα δικαια καλον δε πι μετρον απασι στα θμον μη κρουειν ετερ οζυγον αλλ ισον ελκει ν μητ επιορκησις μητ αγνωσ μητ εκον τι ψευδορκον στρυγει θεος αβροτος οστις ο μοσσει σπερματα μη κ λεπτειν επαρσιμος ο	30	35
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Those who please to consult the Editio princeps of the Poetæ Heroici (1606), will probably think with us that the above is a mere transcript of the poem as there printed,¹ typographical errors included. The manner in which the words are divided between the lines has no parallel that we know of; certainly not in Cod. Sinaiticus, which, on the whole, resembles it most in regard to the number of letters written in each line.² The point to which we direct attention is, that here, as in the Biblical papyri, we find no itacism whatever. The case is that of two suspected writings corresponding with each other, and with

¹ Between vv. 112, 113, of the printed edition, Simonides inserts a characteristic gnome: *καιροι λατρευειν μηδ αντιπνεειν ανεμοισι.*

² See *Journal of Sacred Literature*, No. V. for April, 1863, p. 8, where it is laid down as a rule that only a vowel, or λ μ ν ρ σ, or rarely κ, or the last letter of an indeclinable Hebrew word, can end a line. This canon (which we believe to be quite true) is violated in lines 7, 14, 15, 26, and thrice for κ. Moreover, almost any genuine copy would have put — for ν over the last letter of lines 21, 32, instead of placing ν at the beginning of the next line.

no other extant documents, on a point which even a shrewd forger might very well overlook. The *ascrript* does occur twice in these lines (though omitted once) just as it would in a genuine manuscript. The gnomic poem being in Hexameter verse, the metre would of course rule the insertion or omission of *ν ἐφέλκυστικόν*, respecting which, consequently, no comparison can be instituted between Phocylides and the Mayer papyri.¹

(3.) The grammatical forms also exhibited in these papyri are not consonant with what appears the settled opinion among scholars as to the influence of the Septuagint version on the diction of the New Testament. Confining ourselves to manuscripts of the remotest antiquity, we meet in them with many inflections commonly called Alexandrian, which have gradually disappeared from later codices, whose scribes have naturally preferred forms more familiar to themselves. Now, in this respect, Cod. Sinaiticus corresponds with Codd. Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, and others of the highest consideration; Simonides' fragments with recent manuscripts and printed editions. Thus, in Matt. ii. 10, Cod. Sin. reads *αστεραν*, p.m., the papyrus *αστερα*: xix. 28, Cod. Sin. *παλιγγενεσια*, the papyrus *παλιγγενεσαι*: xxviii. 7, Cod. Sin. *ειπα*, the papyrus *ειπον*: in James ii. 11, Cod. Sin. *ουτως* once (but *ουτω* also once), the papyrus *ουτω* twice; Jude 22, 23, Cod. Sin. *ελεατε*, but the papyrus the common form *ελεειτε*.

On the other hand, as if by way of compensation, the papyrus twice admits the form *αιει* (James i. 8, Jude 16), which no manuscript of respectable character ever did or could receive into the prose of the Attic, or common dialect. The adverb *αιει* occurs eight times in the New Testament, and in no one of these passages can we discover a single copy of any kind which reads the Ionic or poetic form *αιελ*. On consulting a Modern Greek Testament (Athens, 1844), we find *πάντοτε* instead of *αιει* in every place, even in the Hexameter verse (which it spoils) Titus i. 12, and thence conclude that *αιει* has fallen entirely out of the present vernacular use. Hence, we presume, this palpable slip in M. Simonides' scholarship.

II. Nor have we cause to think better of Dr. Simonides' fragments, when we come to consider the changes his various readings produce in the sense of the sacred text. But before we can properly examine this branch of our subject, the reader's attention must be directed to a circumstance which no one, who has even glanced at his volume of *Facsimiles*, can fail to have

¹ It is well worth notice that the *facsimile* of Codex Hermodori (Plate I. 8) exhibits the same peculiarities in respect of itacisms, *ν* appended and *ascrript* as his other codices. We note, however, *μαλλον* in Uranius, p. 1, as given by Dindorf: *Report of Council*, p. 28.

observed. We have spoken before of the editor's entire ignorance of the productions of Western scholars (p. 183). Excepting Mr. Babington's 'Hyperides' of 1858, which he has evidently studied closely, all his acquaintance with modern Biblical scholarship seems comprised in a solitary reference to Cod. Bezae, in his note on S. Matthew ii. 21 (*Facsimiles*, p. 44). For anything that appears in his book of *Facsimiles*, the laborious men who have gladly devoted their lives to the criticism of the New Testament, Mill and Wetstein, Birch and Griesbach, Tischendorf and Tregelles, are unknown to him even by name; the great reprints of Codd. Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, Ephraem, and others, from which we have derived so much information on every point relating to the sacred writings, are never once employed by him for the illustration of the text. In the room of such real and solid knowledge as these sources would supply ready to his hands, his notes are filled with frivolous extracts from local newspapers, and voluntary exhibitions of an ignorance on common matters almost too gross for belief.¹

To compensate for the lack of all we have hitherto learnt about textual criticism, M. Simonides' pages introduce to us a mass of authorities which we are not ashamed to say we never heard of before. The fragments of S. Matthew and the Catholic Epistles, which his good fortune, his patience, and sagacity led him to detect among Mr. Mayer's papyri, 'lying pell-mell together, and offering neither connexion nor continuity' (*Facsimiles*, p. 5), form but a very small portion of the discoveries which have rewarded his persevering researches. We purposely refrain from dwelling on his palimpsest of Uranius, so ungratefully scorned by the German Professors; we have no space to give so much as a meagre list of the works on hieroglyphics and archæology, history and *heliotype*, yet remaining unpublished on his hands; but we shall do him scanty justice unless we present a catalogue of those wonderful accessions to our store of critical materials for settling the text of the New Testament, now for the first time rendered available to Biblical students.

(1.) M. Simonides has seen (*Facsimiles*, p. 16) in the Monastery of Mount Sinai, the Gospel of S. Matthew on papyrus, 'with the inscription of the date of publication extremely clear,' purporting to be one out of fourteen copies written by Hermodorus, a disciple of our Lord (ἡσού χριστοῦ του κυρίου και

¹ We will pick up two or three instances quite at random. Eusebius the historian is the son of Pamphilus (*Facsimiles*, p. 19); βηθλεεμ signifies οἶκος ἀβρου (ἄβρος, 'The house of living bread' (*Ibid.* p. 43, note); 'the Hebrews of S. Matthew's time did not understand the Hebrew language,' because they wilfully mistook our Lord's words, 'Eli, Eli,' as if he was calling for Elias (*Ibid.* p. 21).

θεου ἡμῶν) sixty-five years after the Ascension, and fifteen after the Evangelist's death. This codex M. Simonides purposes to publish entire, in *facsimile* (p. 42, note).

(2.) The Gospel of S. Matthew in the Monastery of S. Saba [near the Dead Sea], in which is found a note, stating that it was written by Stachys, deacon of the church at Alexandria, in the year 5707 [of the Greek æra, A.D. 199], Indiction 7, from the eleventh copy of Hermodorus, one of the seventy disciples of our Lord (*Facsimiles*, p. 17).

Here we may remark in passing, that, by a happy anticipation, the deacon Stachys, writing at the end of the second century, employs the æra of Constantinople, which did not come into general use till the middle of the seventh, and the indiction of Constantine, which was instituted A.D. 312 (Nicolas, 'Chronology of History,' pp. 6, 8). As Stachys is so obliging as to vouch for Hermodorus, one of the seventy, and his fourteen copies of S. Matthew, so we 'venture to express our ardent hope and firm belief' (*Facsimiles*, Dedication) that M. Simonides' future researches will bring to light some document that may do the same service for Stachys in his time of need.

(3.) The same difficulty about æra and indiction attaches to the next copy in order of date, that deposited in the Monastery of S. Dionysius in Mount Athos, being also the Gospel of S. Matthew, written in the year 5743 [A.D. 255 according to Simonides, A.D. 235 by our reckoning], Indiction 13, by one Nectarius, for the use of the Church at Myra (*Facsimiles*, p. 17).

(4.) Gibbon ('Decline and Fall,' c. xxxii.) tells us, respecting that feeble shadow of a Roman Emperor, the younger Theodosius, 'that the elegance with which he transcribed religious books entitled him to the singular epithet of *Calligraphes*, or, 'a fair writer.' Dr. Simonides has been so lucky as to find at S. Saba a copy of S. Matthew, written by the hand of this imperial scribe, in the thirteenth year of his reign [A.D. 421], Indiction 4 (*Facsimiles*, p. 17). The next two copies are of rather less interest.

(5.) S. Matthew's Gospel, now in the monastery of Pantocrator, Mount Athos, written in the year 6047 [A.D. 539], by Menas, Patriarch of Constantinople, and by him presented to the Emperor Justinian (*Facsimiles*, p. 17); and lastly (*Facsimiles*, p. 18.)

(6.) The whole New Testament, now at S. Dionysius, in Mount Athos, written by Christophanes, Metropolitan of Rhodes, in the year 6340 [A.D. 832], Indiction 10.

How it happens that Hermodorus' papyrus was withheld from Tischendorf, when at Mount Sinai, at least on the occasion of

his third visit, or the codices of Stachys and Theodosius, at Mar Saba, eluded the curiosity of Scholz, of Mr. Curzon, of Mr. Coxe, and others, who have visited the monastery, for the express purpose of searching its library, Dr. Simonides affords us no explanation whatever. But as to the literary treasures of Mount Athos, he gives us clearly to understand, that they are not open to every one, and affords us small encouragement to undertake a pilgrimage to Pantocrator, or S. Dionysius, on such an errand. If, however, that liberal paymaster, the Bible Society, will but put the task in proper hands, something important may perhaps be done. The following extract is very suggestive :—

‘It is much to be desired that the Bible Society would undertake the comparison of all the copies of the New Testament extant in Europe, Asia, and Egypt, by means of men really competent in Greek palæography, and not superficial pretenders. Many such are in existence, especially of the earliest centuries after Christ, and many of the Old Testament as well. This I well know : and those who assert the contrary do not know what they are saying ; for they know nothing of the royal libraries in Mount Athos, &c., nor will they ever see one of them, for reasons which I am well acquainted with, but omit, so as not to give rise to scandal.’—*Facsimiles*, p. 42, note.

Thus then we are enabled, by the zeal and diligence of their editor, to approach the examination of these precious fragments, furnished with a critical apparatus more complete and powerful than Tischendorf himself, in his brightest day-dreams, ever deemed within our reach. Let us now look to their influence on the New Testament text.

And, that we may not seem to disregard any branch of the inquiry, we will not leave unnoticed a few places in which his papyri agree with other documents in departing from the common text.

Matthew ii. 11.—*εἶδον* for *εὔρον* of the received text. But *εὔρον* is found in no extant Greek manuscript, having been inserted for *εἶδον* in the first edition of Erasmus, from the Vulgate version. Simonides professes to have used Bohn’s edition of the Greek New Testament, which we have not at hand. Probably this edition reads *εἶδον*, the rather that Simonides notes no departure from its text.

Matthew xx. 6.—Mayer’s papyrus omits *ἀργούς* with Codd. *ℵ*, (i.e. Sinaiticus), B, D, L, 33, some Latin versions, Cureton’s Syriac, the Memphitic, Thebaic, and Æthiopic versions, and Nectarius, *teste Simonide*. It is fair also to state, that Simonides notes the omission of *ἄραν* in this verse, the reading *το ἀνα δηναρίον* v. 10, as also the forms *παλιγγενεσία* and *καθησεσθε*, xix. 28, as being written ‘in some’ or ‘in other copies.’ All these variations occur in *Cod. Sinaiticus*, but since they are

recorded in the ordinary critical editions, as supported by many other authorities, too much stress must not be laid on that fact.

Matthew xxviii. 8.—Mayer's papyrus has ἀπελθουσαι for ἐξελθουσαι of the received text, for which change Simonides appeals to the Codex of Nectarius. Less apocryphal witnesses are Codd. N, B, C, L, 33, 69, 124, and possibly some versions.

James ii. 5.—For κόσμον τουτου Mayer's papyrus has [τωι κοσμ]ωι τουτωι, adding, 'thus in the copies of Nectarius and Menas. In the common versions,' . . . τοὺς πτωχοὺς τοῦ 'κόσμου,' so that the text he used must have omitted τούτου. Codd. N, A p.m. B, C p.m. have only τω κοσμῳ.

Ibid. c. 13.—Mayer's papyrus omits και, which again must be wanting in Bohn's text, as Simonides takes no notice of it. Codd. N, A, B, C, and almost every existing cursive copy omit και, which, like εἶδον in Matthew ii. 11, is due to Erasmus' first edition. Simonides notes that Nectarius reads κατακαυχεται δε, and δε actually follows the verb in Cod. A and a few others.

Jude 19.—Mayer's papyrus inserts εαυτους after αποδιοριζοντες. The pronoun is omitted in the Complutensian, Erasmus', and Stephens' text, but read in Beza's and the Elzevir editions. It is rejected, and no doubt rightly, by Codd. N, A, B, G, K and the best cursives, against C and a few others.

Ibid. 22, 23.—For διακρινομενοι κ. τ. λ. Mayer's papyrus (besides other variations peculiar to itself), agrees with nearly all good MSS. against the received text in reading διακρινομενους, omitting εν φοβῳ before σωζετε, and inserting ουσ δε . . . εν φοβῳ ελεειτε . . . before μισουντες. This variation is, in substance, supported by Codd. N, A, B, C, and not a few cursives and versions.

We have thought it right to detail the preceding instances of agreement between the Mayer fragments and the most approved codices previously known, because, so far as they go, they tend to support the genuineness of the papyri under review. We say deliberately, *so far as they go*, for there is nothing in them which a person far less shrewd than Simonides might not have gathered from the use of the commonest critical edition of the New Testament, such as Tischendorf's seventh edition, which he can hardly be supposed not to have consulted, though he never once refers to it.

The great bulk of the variations are of a widely different character, supported, so far we can ascertain, *by no other authority*, and recommended by no internal excellence, or even pro-

¹ By this absurd term Dr. Simonides, or his translator, 'G. Picton Silke, Esq. formerly of Queen's College, Oxon.' always indicates the *received text*.

bability. Of these, a few relate to the insertion or omission of the Greek article. Such are—

Matthew i. 16, *τησ* set before *Μαριασ*, very unlikely to be correct, as the Blessed Virgin is here named for the first time. ii. 19, *του* omitted before *ηρωδου*. xix. 23, *ο* set before *πλουσιος*, to the detriment of the sense. So too the MSS. of Hermodorus and Nectarius. xxvii. 15, *την* set before *εορτην*; this variation, however, is countenanced by Cod. Bezae, whose Latin scribe would not understand the licence allowed after a preposition.

James i. 3—*την* put before *υπομονην*, very needlessly, *ἡ δὲ ὑπομονή* v. 4, being of course a case of renewed mention.

No document extant, not even the loosest and most paraphrastic version of the New Testament, affords so plentiful a harvest of insipid glosses as we find, in rank abundance, throughout these few fragments, *e.g.*—

Matthew ii. 8.—*το* *γεννηθεν* added to *ευρητε*; thus, too, Hermodorus. 11, *οι* precedes *και πεσοντες*. 19, *του βασιλεως* added to *ηρωδου*. This scholium is supported by the Peshito and Cureton's Syriac versions. 'So in the codex of Hermodorus, and the copies made from it,' says Simonides. xix. 22, *τουτον εσιωπησε και* precede *απηλθε*. Here *τουτον* is found in B. Evst. 5, and three versions (the two Syriac and Thebaic); the wretched gloss *εσιωπησε και* in Mayer alone, 'in the copy of Hermodorus, and those transcribed from it.' 25, Here again, for *οι μαθηται αυτου* of the received text, Simonides cites the copies of Hermodorus and Nectarius, in support of the variation in his papyrus, *οι του ιησου μαθηται ταυτα*. Other countenance it has none, for the best MSS. reject even *αυτου*. The reader will admire the classical arrangement of *οι του ιησου μαθηται*,¹ so suitable to the style of the New Testament writers.

We are utterly weary of this unprofitable work, which the reader may take up if he pleases, and will find the result much the same, whatever portion of the fragments he selects for examination. Where all others fail, Hermodorus and Stachys, Nectarius and his fellows, are ever ready to vouch for the Mayer papyri (*vid.* Matthew xix. 26; xxvii. 16; xxviii. 6; 8; James i. 2; Jude, 19). The unhappy adverbs, more especially, are pressed into the service without stint or mercy. Such are *απονηρωσ*, 'without guile,' before *επορευθησαν*, Matthew ii. 9, which we conceive to be a *ἄπαξ λεγόμενον* of S. Matthew;

¹ We have not dwelt on the fact that Mayer's papyri stand alone among Greek manuscripts in representing such words as *ιησους*, *χριστος*, *κυριος*, *θεος*, *πνευμα*, &c. at full length; for in the first century scribes may not have yet formed the habit of abridging them.

the unlucky *αιει* of which we have before spoken, James i. 8; Jude 16; *ολωσ* before *ψυχικοι*, Jude 19; *αδιαλειπτως* (from 1 Thess. v. 17) before *προσευχόμενοι*, *ibid.* 20. Now and then the copyist's fancy takes a higher flight, and produces such a passage as the following, which we cite as an instructive and amply sufficient specimen of the spirit and execution of the whole.

Matthew xxvii. 19, is thus given in Mayer's papyrus:—*κ[αθημένου δε του πι]λα[του] επ[ι του βηματος απεστειλε προς αυτον] πεμπελη η γυνη αυτου λεγουσα μηδεν σοι και τωι δικαιωι ανδρι εκεινωι πολλα γαρ επαθον κατ οναρ δι αυτον εν τη νυκτι της παρελθουσης και πολλα καθ υπαρ ειδον σημερον υπερ αυτου εκεινου.* What shall we say of the writer who could dilute the clear and simple language of the Evangelist into miserable verbiage like this? No one possessed of one grain, we say not of critical judgment, but of common sense, can fail to trace the handiwork of as tasteless and bungling a sciolist as ever insulted the understanding of honest men by his fraud and folly. Where the whole performance is so far beneath notice, comment seems merely thrown away. We shall, therefore, pass by the poetic *ὑπαρ*, with the single remark that it is a word of everyday use in modern Greek, and notice briefly the discovery of which Simonides is so proud, the name of Pilate's wife. 'It occurs,' he tells us truly, 'in none of the copies in Europe of S. Matthew's Gospel' (*Facsimiles*, Introd. p. 29). But what then? Hermodorus and Stachys, if we understand him aright (p. 49, note 16), most certainly Nectarius, call her Pempele. Yet more, that Pempele is a Greek name is evidenced by no less than five several inscriptions, all dug up in the year 1852—two at Gaza, three at Apollonia, in Palestine (*Facsimiles*, p. 29), elaborately represented by Simonides in his eleventh plate of *Facsimiles*, and now deposited in some place best known to him. They all serve to show that 'the name Pempele was common in Palestine, *ὁ καὶ ἡ πεμπελος* and *ἡ πεμπελη*. . . that the word is decidedly 'Greek, signifying 'extremely old,'² and [on that account, shall 'we say?'] especially an epithet of the goddess Aphrodite, being 'indicative of maturity.' (p. 30).

'Brevior lectio,' writes the acute and judicious Griesbach, 'nisi testimonium vetustorum et gravium auctoritate penitus destituatur, præferenda est verbosiori. Librarii enim multò prærioris ad addendum fuerunt, quam ad omittendum' (*N. T. Proleg.* vol. I. p. lxiv.). If ever a case can be imagined for

¹ The letters within brackets are lost in the papyrus.

² *πέμπελος*, or, an obscure epithet of very old persons, Lyc. 682, 826. Liddell and Scott, *Lexicon*. We subjoin one of these valuable inscriptions: *πεμπελαι αφροδιτη τη θειω μεγιστη το ιερον η ιερεια αυτης πεμπελος εκ των ιδιων ανασκευασα καθιερει αμα δε και τον λειμωνα τον περιξ τον πατρικον.* Plate XI. No. 5.

applying this fundamental canon of criticism it is the present, when the course of the narrative is impeded, and its graceful simplicity utterly marred, by expletives and accretions at variance with correct taste and perspicuous expression alike.

But one more passage, and we have done. The happy chance which brought to light five several inscriptions in a single year to settle the name of Pilate's wife would have been enough, we might think, for one life-time. But it is not so; stranger things remain untold. And here we will borrow the forcible language of one who loves our hero too well to part with him easily, or just at present:—

'Coincidences like these,' says Mr. W. A. Wright,¹ 'have fallen to the lot of Simonides more than to that of any living man. Does he want confirmation of a statement? he has the authority of MSS. and inscriptions, to which he can appeal at will. I recommend any of your readers who desire an illustration of this, to refer to his discussion of the disputed reading in *Matth. xix. 24* (*Facsimiles*, p. 45, &c.) He brings forward inscriptions from monuments in Lycia, Cilicia, and at Gaza; and gives not only the readings of some eight or nine MSS. which are preserved at Mount Sinai, at Mount Athos, or the monastery of St. Saba in Palestine; but what is most remarkable, and to my mind most instructive, he gives the verse, and, in some instances, the context, in *facsimile*. Surely no man was ever so fortunate as Simonides. He finds whatever he looks for. . . .'*Letter to the Guardian*, Dec. 10, 1862.

Even so. We mark in M. Simonides an absolute waste of untruth and deception. For the purpose of maintaining his lection ΚΑΛΩΝ in the place of *καμηλον*, we are favoured with two inscriptions (*Facsimiles*, Plate xii. 7, 8), and a book of proverbs from Mount Athos (Plate vi. 5), to show that *καμηλον* signifies *camel*. *Facsimiles* of the MSS. of Theodosius and Menas (Plate vi. 6, 9) vouch for *καμελον*; while in behalf of *καλων* he presents us with a rich array of valuable authorities, a most edifying proverb he has heard from the islanders of Megiste, on the coast of Lycia, extracts from a codex of the ninth century at S. Saba (Plate vi. 3), and also from that of Stachys, dated in the second century, in characters which marvellously resemble the writing of the eighth (notice the forms of Δ, Ε, Θ, Τ, on Plate vi. 1). Add to these *Matt. xix. 21—27*, from the papyrus of Hermodorus (Plate i. 8), the Lord's disciple, as a foretaste of his promised edition of the whole MS.

Whether, therefore, we consider these papyrus fragments of the New Testament (1) in regard to the *manner* of their introduction to the world, which must always be a point of some

¹ Not quite the same person, be it observed, as the Mr. Thomas Wright, 'whose admirable discourse on the remains of the ancient Roman city just discovered in (Wroxeter) England,' [sic] (*Facsimiles*, p. 6,) prefaced the introduction of Nicolas the Deacon and his codex to the Liverpool public.

importance when we come to examine the genuineness of writings hitherto unknown; or (2) listen to the evidence of competent scholars—men who have characters to maintain, and no sinister interest to tempt them to deceive us—as to the *external* marks of spuriousness patent on the documents themselves; or (3) note for our own satisfaction the numerous internal symptoms of fraud and interpolation they exhibit, the halting scholarship, and unsupported statements of the editor, the empty verbiage and feeble interpolations of the text; we feel ourselves entitled to draw the conclusion broadly stated by the Council of the Royal Society of Literature in reference to Hermippus' letter to Horus (Report, p. 7), that there are absolute grounds for believing these Biblical papyri to be '*rank forgeries, probably of very recent date.*'

We hope our readers will not think that we ought to have arrived at this result long ago, without the tiresomeness and delay of a long discussion. Dr. Simonides has a *right* to demand that we treat him as honest and truthful till we see cause for the contrary; and it did seem worth our while to show—in an age when the cabinets of the curious are full of medals and antique relics which are reasonably suspected, yet can hardly be demonstrated to be, in a large proportion, the products of modern fraud and cupidity—that in the far more important matter of written documents, on which it has pleased God that the very purity of our Christian faith should rest, the tests and tokens whereby the genuine can be discerned from the false are so many and varied—so minute in their nature, yet so unequivocal in the decisions which they lead to, that there probably exists not at this moment, in all the public libraries of Europe, a single manuscript, extending beyond the length of twenty lines, respecting whose date and real character there is much difference of opinion among those who have had an opportunity of examining it for themselves, and by experience or sagacious tact are competent to form a judgment on its pretensions.

It is only because the means of scrutinizing it minutely have hitherto been enjoyed by only two or three eminent palæographers, that any shade of reasonable doubt yet hangs over the origin and date of the Codex Sinaiticus, with the authorship of which it has pleased M. Simonides to connect his own name. We shall not be tempted by the recent appearance of the cheap and popular edition of the New Testament, as represented in that MS., to retrace the steps of the writer of the article on the larger or imperial edition in the April number of the *Christian Remembrancer* (pp. 374—402); we will only thank Dr. Tischendorf for this additional proof of his long-tried care and diligence in placing the New Testament within the reach of poorer students so

soon after the publication of the more luxurious and costly volumes. For all practical purposes, this reprint in common Greek type leaves little to be desired, save that we could have wished for a few more pages in *facsimile* (only that containing Heb. xii. 27—xiii. 25 is repeated in the smaller work), that we might the better discriminate between the handwriting, whether of the original scribes (if, indeed, there be more than one, which seems rather doubtful), or of the various correctors employed at different times in improving or corrupting the primitive text.

It is with Codex Sinaiticus, as the alleged work of M. Simonides 'of the golden pen,' and only as such, that we are concerned in the present article; and it is impossible to form a fair judgment respecting the validity of his claim without first reminding the reader of the leading circumstances in the history of its discovery, as detailed by Tischendorf himself, in the *Notitia Editionis Cod. Sinait.*, in the *Prolegomena* to his two editions of the MS, and more fully in his *Aus dem heiligen Lande* (Leipzig, F. A. Brockhaus, 1862).

It was when travelling in 1844, under the patronage of his own sovereign, King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, that Tischendorf picked out of a basket full of *papers*, destined to light the stove of the convent of S. Catherine on Mount Sinai, the forty-three *vellum* leaves of the Septuagint version, which he published in 1846 as the Codex Friderico-Augustanus. These, of course, he easily got for asking, but, finding that further portions of the same MS. (such as Isaiah and 1, 4 Maccabees) yet remained, he rescued them from their probable fate by giving the monks some hint of their value.¹ One leaf, containing the last page of Isaiah and the first of Jeremiah, he copied, and subsequently published in the first volume of his *Monumenta Sacra Inedita*, in 1855. On his second visit to S. Catherine's, in 1853, he could gain no tidings of the leaves he had left behind, and concluded that they had been carried away by some richer or more favoured collector. In February 1859 he became a guest at the convent for the third time, being on this occasion under the patronage of the Emperor of Russia—the great protector of the Eastern Church. On the evening of Feb. 4th, while he was talking with the steward (*οικονόμος*) of the convent, in his cell, on their return from a walk, during which the conversation had turned on the Greek text of the Old Testament, the steward produced from a corner of the chamber a MS., written on loose leaves and wrapped in a red cloth, such as the Orientals com-

¹ Yet we have just been assured by Callinicos of Sinai, whose important letter to Mr. Davies appeared in the *Guardian* of May 27 (*vid. infra*, p. 206), that this MS., which had long been in the library, *σσημειωμένον ἦν εἰς τοὺς ἀρχαίους καταλόγους αὐτῆς*. How a portion of it got into the kitchen is not so easily understood.

monly employ for that purpose. To Tischendorf's great joy and astonishment, he had now before him the precious treasure he had so long been searching for; and that night there was no sleep for him. The manuscript was found to contain more than he had hoped or thought: a large portion of the Septuagint translation, the New Testament complete, the Epistle of Barnabas, and a fragment of the Shepherd of Hermas—works publicly read in very early times as portions of canonical Scripture. With the consent of the Prior, who was at Cairo, the MS. was removed to the sister convent of S. Catherine, near that city, where Tischendorf was not very readily allowed to copy it by quaternions (or four sheets, *i.e.* eight leaves) at a time. The Codex was afterwards presented by the brethren—a truly royal gift—to the Emperor Alexander II., to whose munificence we are indebted for the larger edition, and who probably aided to defray the cost of the smaller one, the price of which is unusually low.

We must confess that we can see nothing in this interesting and almost romantic tale which strikes us as at all improbable,¹ and it is not to be lightly presumed that one who, by his untiring and life-long labours, has earned for himself a great and enviable name, would deliberately bring on his own head the scorn of the Christian world by a lie, whose ultimate detection must have been certain from the first. Tischendorf cannot help knowing that he has enemies and detractors in abundance—some of that class which ever dog the footsteps of successful merit; others whom he has made for himself by words and actions, long since regretted; and a wise man, who has enemies, is on his guard, that they gain not the advantage of him unawares. It is *à priori* of all things the least likely that the poor vanity of having made an accidental discovery would have tempted such a man to palm a rank imposture on the scholars of Europe.

Then come certain confirmations to his story, not very weighty, but good so far as they go, and from sources perfectly independent. In 1845, or 1846, the Russian Archimandrite Porphyrius saw this MS. at Mount Sinai, and observed that the New Testament formed a part of it, and published the account of it (noting the character of the text) at St. Petersburg, in 1856. A little later, Major Macdonald inspected, at Mount Sinai, what seems to have been the same copy; it was kept wrapped up in a cloth; there were several columns in a page (three, at

¹ 'Whatever there be in it of romance,' Mr. W. A. Wright pointedly remarks, 'is fully equalled by Canon Cureton's discovery of the missing leaf of the famous Syriac MS. [of the Gospels] containing, among other things, the Theophania of Eusebius, which he has so graphically described in the Preface to his edition of the Festal Letters of Eusebius.'

least, perhaps *four*), and it was affirmed by the monks that this MS., which was opened in some part of the New Testament, was of the fourth century.

It is reasonable enough to conclude that the brethren assigned so early a date to a document they had once regarded with indifference and neglect, in consequence of what Tischendorf had told them in 1844; and, after a far more intimate acquaintance with it than he could have then made, he abides by the judgment his first impressions led him to form. The peculiarly fine quality of the vellum—the fact that this is the only known manuscript containing four columns on the page, or eight columns on the open leaf, as if it were designed to imitate the older *rolled* books, whose several skins or leaves were fastened together lengthwise—the very simple yet graceful shapes of the letters, which resemble so closely those of the Herculanean papyri—the lack of capital letters, and the rare occurrence of a single point for a stop, as in the Herculanean rolls—the brevity of the titles and subscriptions, and these, too, mostly, by a later hand—the unusual order of the books, S. Paul's Epistles preceding the Acts, and that to the Hebrews following the Second to the Thessalonians—the presence, as part of the canonical Scripture, of the works of Barnabas and Hermas—the peculiar character of the text, which is of the most ancient type, sometimes supported only by Cod. Vaticanus or Codex Bezae, sometimes by a very old version, or by a Greek or Latin Father, such as Eusebius or Basil or Jerome; sometimes standing quite alone, or in company with two or three later or cursive MSS.—the various corrections the primitive text has received from different hands, with inks of many various shades, and at different times, *yet even the latest before breathings and accents came into use*—all these facts, taken together, with nothing considerable to set in the opposite scale, concur in persuading Tischendorf that the middle of the fourth century is, for this venerable Codex, a date, if not certain, yet far from improbable, and, at any rate, neither futile nor glaringly extravagant. Or do we think that the discoverer of such a prize must, of course, be over-sanguine respecting its value? Dr. Tregelles has too much magnanimity, to say nothing of higher principle, to bear ill-will to any one, yet, for some things that he has done for Biblical criticism, *tulit alter honores*, and that with no blame to Tischendorf: prepossession in his rival's favour Tregelles can have none. Here, then, is his testimony, delivered in June, 1862, after three days'¹ study of its contents:—

¹ Of this visit Simonides writes, 'Dr. Tregelles, in the *Guardian* of August 13, says that in three days only he went through the MS.' &c. (*Guardian*, Jan. 21, 1863), and draws just the inference any one may draw who misstates his opponent's language. Tregelles tells us that he 'inspected the MS., compared

'I know no reason for judging it to be more recent than the fourth century. The corrections from different hands are numerous and of various ages; one corrector went over the MS. before the running titles of the books were placed at the head of the pages; this is shown by the circumstance that the corrector has made an addition in the upper margin in such a place as has prevented the head-line from occupying its usual position. The very black ink shows the work of the more recent correctors very plainly; but as to the ancient hands, I rely very little on the colour of the ink alone; for its varying shades of blackish, brownish, and reddish seem to depend on other circumstances . . .'

Chiefly, we may add, on the side of the vellum which is employed, whether it be the rougher and exterior face or the smooth and inner one, which, in copies of such high antiquity, will preserve the writing fresh when, on the other side, it is barely legible. Again, in July, 1862, the Codex Sinaiticus was seen at Leipsic by one of the most skilful and experienced palaeographers now living—Mr. Bradshaw, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and keeper of MSS. in the University Library. He, too, in a letter to the *Guardian*, declares himself as certain of its genuineness and antiquity as of his own existence.

These investigations were made, this decision pronounced, in the full knowledge that M. Simonides, the editor of the *Mayer Papyri*, and the projector of many similar books, had claimed the Codex Sinaiticus as his own handiwork. In fact, Tregelles says bluntly enough, 'I believe I need hardly say that the story of Simonides, that he wrote the MS., is as false and absurd as possible. A man might as well pretend that the Alexandrian or the Vatican MS. is a modern work' (*Guardian*, Aug. 13).

Thus fairly driven either to vindicate or to withdraw what he appears to have been declaring in private for some time past, Simonides addressed a letter to the *Guardian*, which was inserted in the impression of Sept. 3, confidently proclaiming that he wrote the 'Codex Simoneidos, which Professor Tischendorf 'when at Sinai, contrived, I know not how, to carry away, 'and, going to St. Petersburg, published his discovery there, 'under the name of the *Codex Sinaiticus*.' 'When, about two 'years ago,' he adds, 'I saw the first facsimiles of Tischendorf [he must mean the portion of Luke xxiv. appended to the *Notitia Edit. Cod. Sin.*, 1860], 'which were put into my hand at 'Liverpool, by Mr. Newton, a friend of Dr. Tregelles, I at 'once recognised my own work, as I immediately told him.' This last statement, *valeat quantum*, has never been contradicted, so far as we are aware.

several parts with the facsimile edition, and made a collation of the Catholic Epistles,' for which three days would have been ample. As to Dr. Tregelles 'possessing a very superficial knowledge of such matters,' the assertion may stand by the side of that respecting Tischendorf, that 'he only chatters mechanically the Scriptures, and understands their meaning by Latin versions, and not at sight' (*Callinicos to Simonides*, Nov. 9, 1861).

Simonides' first account of the origin of the MS. is, in substance, as follows:—About the end of the year 1839, when he was residing with his uncle Benedict, spiritual head of the monastery of the holy martyr Panteleemon, in Mount Athos, that venerable dignitary was anxious to send to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia a gift from the sacred mountain, in grateful acknowledgment of the presents which he had offered, from time to time, to the brotherhood there. Not possessing anything which he deemed acceptable, Benedict resolved to provide a copy of the Old and New Testaments, written on parchment, in capital or uncial letters of the ancient form. As Dionysius, the professed calligrapher of the monastery, was afraid to undertake so laborious a task, Simonides commenced it at his uncle's request, 'beginning to practise the principles of calligraphy' for that purpose, by the study of the principal Biblical MSS. at Athos. Benedict provided him with a copy of the Moscow edition of the Greek Bible, published at the cost of the wealthy Russian merchants the brothers Zosimas,¹ which the good abbot had 'collated with the ancient ones, and by this means cleared it of many errors, . . . the old spelling, however, remaining unaltered.'² As vellum ran short, Simonides took from the monastic library a very bulky volume, almost entirely blank, the parchment of which was remarkably clean and beautifully finished. On this material he copied out both Testaments, the Epistle of Barnabas, and the first part of Heras, 'in capital letters (or uncial characters), in the style known in calligraphy as ἀμφιδέξιος.' He broke off at this point, instead of copying all 'the remains of the seven apostolic fathers—Barnabas, Heras, Clement, Bishop of Rome, Ignatius, Polycarp, Papias, and Dionysius the Areopagite,' because the supply of parchment ran short, and Benedict was now dead.

The transcript was now no longer designed for the Emperor of Russia. After he had had it re-bound, Simonides showed the volume to the Patriarch Anthimus and the ex-Patriarch Constantius at Constantinople, and to 'John Prodomos, who kept a coffee-house at Galata, and probably does so still.' At the request of Constantius, he consented to present it to the Library of Sinai, of which see the ex-Patriarch was 'Perpetual Bishop.' For this purpose he left the MS. with Constantius,

¹ Thus Simonides' words are explained by Mr. Field, in a letter to the *Literary Churchman*, Dec. 23, 1862.

² Cod. Sinaiticus is full of itacisms, as Simonides might easily have seen from the specimen pages previously given in Tischendorf's *Notitia*. He would have us believe, therefore, that Benedict deliberately and systematically altered the true spelling of the Moscow Bible into the blundering itacisms of the old MSS. However unlikely this may seem, no supposition short of it will suit the necessity of his case.

in the island of Antigonous, in 1841, (he produces a letter from the Patriarch, acknowledging its safe receipt, brought to him with 25,000 piastres, as a benediction, by the deacon Hilarion), and was told by him, in 1846, 'that he had sent it some time 'previously to Mount Sinâi, by the hands of the monk Germanus.' In 1852, Simonides saw it at Sinai, and on inquiring of the librarian, discovered that he knew nothing of its history. On examination, he found 'the MS. much altered, having an 'older appearance than it ought to have. The dedication to the 'Emperor Nicholas, placed at the beginning of the book, had 'been removed.' His attention, however, was soon called off from his own book to S. Mathew's Gospel, on papyrus, of the first century (the Codex Hermodori, which we described above, p. 186), and other like treasures, which (as we learn from him) adorn the library of that great monastery.

In conclusion, Simonides declares himself able to point out on his codex certain marks and corrections made by his uncle Benedict and Dionysius the scribe; also various initials, referring to other MSS., which he had himself set in the margin. 'Lastly,' he adds, 'I declare my ability to point to two distinct pages in 'the MS., though I have not seen it for years, in which is contained the most unquestionable proof of its being my writing.'

Of the witness here cited, the Patriarch Anthimus and the ex-Patriarch Constantius, whose benediction to a poor scholar was worth 25,000 piastres [!], are but too certainly in the number of the blessed. Neither Dionysius the scribe, nor Germanus the monk, nor Hilarion the deacon, nor even John Prodromos, of the coffee-house, have hitherto given any sign; but M. Simonides' last statement was felt to be worth something, and is thus met by a gentleman of whom we shall very shortly have more to say:—

'I challenge him to place in your hands a statement of those marks of recognition in a sealed envelope, which shall be opened in the presence of impartial and competent witnesses, and compared with the fac-simile reprint of the Codex Sinaiticus which Tischendorf has just completed [*but had not as yet published*]. Unless this is done at once it will be valueless. If it is not done, but one conclusion can be drawn from it. If it is done, and the comparison prove satisfactory, *it will only show that Simonides has seen the MS. at Mount Sinai, as he professes to have done.*'—*Mr. W. A. Wright to the Editor of the Guardian*, Dec. 5, 1852.

Keen, close reasoning this; but, as far as we know, it elicited no reply whatever from M. Simonides. The only challenge he is willing to accept, is addressed to those who have raised a subordinate question, in which we confess to take very slight interest, whether he could have written 1,206 pages in eight months, or twenty thousand uncial letters every day. His reply is characteristic and amusing enough:—

'If you doubt this, "Lo, here is Rhodes; here is the leap," according to

the proverb. Deposit 10,000*l.* sterling in my name in the Bank of England, and I will write again this same work in your presence, and in the presence of your friends, in the same space of time. Then take the manuscript, and let me take the money; but if I fail, which is impossible, I will give you such an ancient MS. as you choose from those which I possess.'—*Simonides to the Guardian*, Jan. 1863.

This is excellent; you shall have my Uranius, or anything of the kind you like, if you win; if you do not—and I tell you fairly that it is impossible you should—you shall reward me for the second copy even more handsomely than Constantius did for the first, in 10,000*l.* of sterling money paid before-hand into the Bank of England *in my name*.

To return to the letter of Sept. 3. M. Simonides professes to have therein given a true statement of 'the origin and history of the famous *Codex Sinaiticus*, which Professor Tischendorf has 'foisted on the learned world as a MS. of the fourth century.' He knows well what the assertion will cost him, but he has been so long accustomed to calumny that he has grown indifferent to it. His only motive for publishing this letter is 'to advance the 'cause of truth, and protect sacred letters from imposition.' It has been said that Simonides, in the first instance, did not impute fraud to Tischendorf, but merely crass, shameful, and incredible ignorance. With the foregoing expressions before us, we can hardly think so.

'In conclusion,' he goes on to say, 'you must permit me to express my sincere regret that, whilst the many valuable remains of antiquity in my possession are frequently attributed to my own hands, the one poor work of my youth is set down by a gentleman who enjoys a great reputation for learning, as the earliest copy of the Sacred Scripture.'

Here, we believe, we come to the root of the matter. 'Fair sirs, you have set me down as a rogue and a cheat: you have 'spurned my Uranius, and hardly deigned to look at the Mayer Papyri when you learnt that I unrolled them. What if "your famous Tischendorf" is no better than you hold me to be? What if "that master and pupil of all guile and all wickedness" hath unexpectedly rushed into the net. Alas for the palæographical knowledge of such as he! If the sages of Western Europe take knowledge of and criticise matters in the same fashion as Tischendorf, the shallow leader of Leipsic, I must say that no true criticism or sound judgment in antiquarian matters remains there.'¹ We hope it is not uncharitable to hold, that motives mean and poor as these prompted M. Simonides in first asserting to Mr. Newton a claim he would now be glad enough never to have made.

We noticed at the time no very satisfactory reply in the

¹ We quote the letter addressed by Callinicos the Hieromonk to Simonides, dated Alexandria, Nov. 21, 1861 (*Guardian*, Jan. 14, 1863).

public papers to M. Simonides' statement of Sept. 3. All marvelled, few were convinced; certainly no real scholar wavered in his judgment respecting Cod. Sinaiticus. One point was very observable. Simonides made no mention of Cod. Friderico-Augustanus, which had been published for sixteen years, and which, being an integral part of the larger MS., must have been written by his hands if the other was. It seemed, at first sight, difficult to imagine that he was not aware of the existence of a volume which had made a great impression on Biblical students, the rather as he might have seen the original leaves when at Leipsic, in 1856; yet nothing but such complete ignorance (not so very surprising, we may remark in passing, to any one that had read the Introduction and Notes to his *Facsimiles* of the Mayer Papyri) could account for his absolute silence. His case *required* him to state, clearly and explicitly, why between 1846 and 1862 he had not denounced Cod. Friderico-Augustanus as a modern work, in the same terms as he was now denouncing Cod. Sinaiticus. This, however, he had never done down to the date of his letter to the *Guardian*.

Thus stood the affair when in October 1862, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Archæological Association, M. Simonides visited Cambridge, in company with his interpreter and Mr. J. E. Hodgkin, of Liverpool. The latter gentleman 'did not wish to be understood as taking any part in the controversy,' or as possessing any special knowledge of palæography, but he saw that Simonides was weak and single-handed, he believed that he was upright, and like a true Englishman, had come to see fair play.¹ The Mayer Papyri, and the Palimpsest of Uranius, were there submitted by M. Simonides to general inspection, and on October 7th he paid to the University Library a visit he is not likely to forget. The *facsimile* edition of Cod. Friderico-Augustanus was there laid before him, and his manner conveyed to more than one bystander the notion that he had never looked at it before: this impression we now know to have been mistaken; for Mr. Hodgkin, an unimpeachable witness, assures us 'that Simonides had seen and studied the Codex twenty months before at his house' (*Letter to Guardian*, Jan. 3, 1863). It is clear, however, that the Greek had not previously appreciated the intimate bearing of Cod. Friderico-Augustanus on

¹ It is grievous enough when straightforward and intelligent men become the victims of impostures to which their unavoidable inexperience in special studies almost of necessity exposes them. Look, for instance, at 'the amiable and truly evangelical family of N. B. Esq.' (*Facsimiles*, Introd. p. 7.) 'and particularly the brother of Mrs. B. a genuine servant of our Lord, who took for his text at evening devotions the 28th of S. Matthew, and offered up prayer and thanksgiving for the discovery of these sacred fragments of the oldest version of the New Testament,'—i. e. the copy by the hand of Nicolas the Deacon.

his claim of being the scribe of Cod. Sinaiticus. 'You wrote 'with your own hands the MS. from which these *facsimiles* were 'taken?' he was asked, and assented. 'And the various sub-
'scriptions appended to the books?' This, too, was granted. 'And whatever you may have stated in them was true?' True; most undoubtedly. His attention was thereupon directed to that remarkable subscription on the first page of the 13th leaf, which closes the Book of Ezra—'Compared with a very 'old copy corrected by the hand of the holy martyr Pamphilus,' &c. &c.—the martyr Pamphilus, the friend, or, as Dr. Simonides calls him, the *father* of Eusebius (see above, p. 186, note), having suffered A.D. 308. 'So you had before you at Mount Athos a 'copy of Scripture, corrected by Pamphilus himself?' was the reasonable inquiry next urged. But here the interpreter found a strange difficulty in making the learned Greek comprehend the question put to him, so that no answer was got till the next day, when the interrogators were informed that it was not Pamphilus' own copy, but a *transcript of that copy*, which was still at Mount Athos.

On the 27th of the same month of October, 1862, Mr. W. A. Wright, formerly Scholar, and now Librarian, of Trinity College, Cambridge, addressed his first letter to the *Guardian* respecting M. Simonides. Grounding his inferences on 'A Biographical Memoir of Constantine Simonides,' &c., by Charles Stewart—published in 1859, and circulated among his friends by Simonides himself—he shows (1) that scarcely ten months elapsed before the arrival of our hero at Mount Athos, in November, 1839, and the death of his uncle Benedict, 29th of August, 1840, and (2) that he could have been but fifteen years old at the time, having been born November 11th, 1824, about the hour of sunrise. Thus a boy of fifteen must have executed in a few months so stupendous a work, comprising *four millions* of uncial letters, and in such a fashion that, **WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INTENTION TO DECEIVE** (for that is a great point in the argument) he has utterly misled the most experienced judges.

To this letter of October 27th Simonides eventually replied in the *Guardian* of the 21st of January, 1863, long after the controversy had entered on another stage. His having presented to some of his friends copies of Mr. Stewart's biography of himself, was, he says, no proof of its correctness, and that, in point of fact, he was born four years earlier than Mr. Stewart states, viz. on Sunday, November 5, 1820, the sixth hour before noon; as can be testified by his revered parents, by the priest who baptized him, and by his certificate countersigned by the senators of the island of Syme; he was consequently in his twentieth year when he executed the great Codex. Nor had he then to

'begin to practise the principles of calligraphy,' (see above, p. 198), as his first letter had seemed to aver. His friend the translator had mistaken his meaning here, just as Mr. Stewart had gone wrong about his age. He had, in fact, been devoted to these studies from his childhood. At twelve years old he had been styled by his tutor 'stelocopes'—'the young stonecutter'; then chalkenteros, chrysographer, Dædalus, the living enigma, the Gordian knot. For the conviction of those who had pressed the objection, that such a text as that of the Codex Sinaiticus, so independent, so unique, so replete with marks of extreme antiquity, could never have been produced in the way that he had described in his letter, published Sep. 3, by simply comparing a Moscow Bible with some ancient copies, he is now ready with information as interesting as it is new. The text he transcribed had been long preparing by his uncle Benedict, a professed theologian, versed in ten languages. To form it had been almost the labour of his life. 'While at Athos he gave himself up particularly to the study of the Sacred Scriptures. He collected 'the most ancient MSS. of both Testaments, and of their commentators, and, at considerable expense, prepared his work for 'the press.' Hence the text of Cod. Sinaiticus and its array of corrections and various readings most triumphantly accounted for.

It was obvious, of course, to every impartial reader that these counter statements and explanations came some months too late. They would have been soon passed over for lame after-thoughts and poor excuses had not M. Simonides found an ally in a quarter we should have least expected, in the person of a Greek monk of Alexandria.

Callinicos to the rescue! for never was aid more wanted. In the *Literary Churchman* of Dec. 16 last, and in the *Guardian* of a somewhat earlier date, appeared two communications, differing but little from each other, and both translated from original Greek letters, signed Callinikos the Hieromonk, dated Alexandria, Oct. 15, 1862, and bearing the proper postmark. No testimony could be more seasonable or more explicit. The holy man, 'old and awaiting death daily,' deems it his duty to the cause of truth and charity to bear witness to the integrity of Simonides the wise, the much-enduring (πολυπαθής.) He can tell us all about this Codex abstracted from Sinai. He had seen the unwearied Simonides writing it at Athos, in February 1840. He knows for certain [and this, be it observed, is more than Simonides knew on Sept. 3] that the venerable patriarch Constantius had sent it to Sinai, to be compared there with other MSS. of the Holy Scriptures, then to be transcribed again by the same Simonides, and presented to the Emperor Nicholas, no longer as a gift from the Monastery of Panteleimon, but from

the patriarch himself. The holy monk Callistratus¹ compared the Codex in part with Sinai copies, and left the rest against Simonides' return [when had he been there before?]. Meanwhile, about May 1844, Tischendorf visited the monastery, and, being allowed to peruse and re-peruse it frequently, 'abstracted 'secretly a small portion of it,' and, coming again, at length obtained the rest, through the Russian Consul, by extravagant promises, never likely to be fulfilled. That Tischendorf obtained the identical codex written by Simonides, Callinicos is quite sure, for he saw it in the hands of Tischendorf, recognised the work, and first informed Simonides thereof [was this in 1844 or 1859? Probably the latter, for] originally he had read on it the hemistich *Σιμωνίδου τὸ ὅλον ἔργον*; but, two days afterwards, this line had disappeared. The MS. had also been cleaned with lemon-juice, professedly for the purpose of washing the vellum, but, in reality, to weaken the freshness of the letters.

Ω ΚΑΛΛΙΝΙΚΕ! Seldom has a letter created so much sensation in the learned world. Others were simply silent, stunned and amazed. Our worthy friend the *Literary Churchman* was half convinced, mainly, it should seem, by a logic of his own. Tischendorf is a Lutheran, Tregelles a teacher of the sect of Plymouth Brethren, Mr. Newton but little better, Callinicos a cleric and Simonides a pious layman of the Orthodox Eastern Church. Alas! dear *Literary Churchman*, are you so happy as never yet to have learned by bitter trial that the purest faith is no guarantee for innocency of life; that they who talk the loudest about awaiting the hour of death are seldom the most watchful in making ready for it? M. Simonides a little damaged the effect of his friend's epistle by writing to the *Guardian*, on the 3rd of December, that he knew of some such letter being on its way, 'and I must inform 'you,' he adds, 'that the above-mentioned Callinicos is a perfectly upright and honourable man, well known for truth and 'probity, so that his simplest word may be relied on,' forgetting that Callinicos had written to bear witness to Simonides, not *vice versa*, Simonides to Callinicos. Mr. Wright, too, nothing daunted, soon rallies and renews the assault. He perceives clearly enough that, whatever might be the *design* of the holy monk's letter, its effect was to supply, as well as could be at this late period, the slight gap in Simonides' case relating to Cod. Friderico-Augustanus, which the conversation at Cambridge, on the 7th of October, had brought to his mind. Pursuing this hint, Mr. Wright calculates that a letter might have left London

¹ Of *this* Callistratus Simonides speaks nothing, unless he be the same as 'Callistratus my spiritual father, at Alexandria' (*Guardian*, Sept. 3).

for Alexandria, *viâ* Marseilles, on October 10th, and reached on the 20th or 21st. A return letter from Alexandria, written on the 27th (Callinicos's date, Oct. 15, is, of course, old style), might be sent either on the 28th or on Nov. 4th, in full time to get to London when those of Callinicos did. Hence he rather intimates than states his opinion (more fully in a letter to the *Guardian* dated Dec. 26 than on Dec. 3), that from this and other circumstances he presses on us, Callinicos can hardly have a real existence; that letters written in England may easily be posted at Alexandria; that, to speak profanely, Callinicos is Simonides' Mrs. Harris (*Guardian*, Jan. 17th).

We presume that Mr. Wright was not unprepared for the storm of indignation that lighted on his head as the reward of his courage and resolution; he had published boldly what others thought and whispered. Mr. Hodgkin, with a disinterested zeal which, though misjudged, can hardly be commended too highly, returns to the charge (*Guardian*, Jan. 14) by producing four several letters from this selfsame Callinicos to Simonides, of various dates, 'three of them bearing postmarks corresponding with the MS. dates; the fourth has been transmitted in an envelope.' Of these letters two are dated respectively Nov. 17 and 18, 1862, or *subsequently* to the letter to the *Guardian* of Oct. 27, and so prove nothing. We venture to conjecture that the long and foolish tirade against 'the guileful Tischendorf' (Nov. 21, 1861) is the letter 'transmitted in an envelope,' and that the envelope is lost. There will then remain the earliest of the four, dated *Smyrna*, August 17, 1858. It professes to be only an extract, but it is full of matter, most important if genuine, about our old friend 'the deacon Hilarion and Nicander and Niphon, who lent thee the book of Esdras (see above, p. 202), at the time thou wast preparing in Athos, at the exhortation of thy uncle, the present to the glorious Emperor Nicholas.' It tells, too, how that the writer, Callinicos, was at Sinai in July 1845, handled it with his own hands, and heard from Gabriel, the keeper of the treasures, about Tischendorf's theft in 1844, when the librarian lay ill of a fever. This most weighty document, as well as the other three, Mr. Hodgkin, in perfect good faith and confidence in their authenticity, has offered 'for the inspection of any gentlemen who may be inclined to examine them' (*Guardian*, Jan. 14.) The offer has been accepted, and for the result we rest on information supplied by Mr. Wright.

The only important letter or extract, dated *Smyrna* (no longer Alexandria), August 17, 1858, is (as was shrewdly guessed before it was seen) a fragment written on the fly-leaf of some real letter, the genuine post-mark being at the back. 'The letter of Callinicos has evidently been written since the

'paper was folded, for in the creases there are splashes made by 'the pen catching in them.' *This leaf*, we are sorry to be obliged to add, Mr. Hodgkin at first declined to exhibit.

One word more about the letters to the *Guardian*, and our unwelcome task is finished. Mr. Wright obtained possession of Callinicos' epistle dated October 27, and of one professedly by Simonides himself, which he shewed together at the meeting of the Royal Society of Literature on February 11. Those of Callinicos and Simonides were written on the same kind of paper; the English writing in the address of the letter of Callinicos was identical with the English handwriting in *another* letter written by Simonides: the Greek of Callinicos' letter was identical with certain Greek writing known to be Simonides'. May we not conclude that Simonides and Callinicos are one?

In his latest letter to Simonides, dated Alexandria, November 18, 1862, Callinicos had announced his purpose to 'go to Jerusalem, and thence to Damascus, because the Roman Catholics 'and the followers of Mohammed have some evil schemes 'against us.' Anxious to trace the pilgrim's footsteps, Mr. Wright recently made inquiries, through the British Chaplain at Alexandria, into the character and position of the Hieromonk Callinicos, so 'well-known for truth and probity.' The Chaplain sought information from a Greek gentleman of high standing who would be sure to know such a person, and from a Greek priest attached to the [Orthodox] Greek cathedral. The simple answer is that there is no cleric of that name at Alexandria, but that a Callinicos Hieromonachos is known to be resident at Sinai. To this, the real Callinicos, application was then made, and his reply is short, pointed, and unmistakable.¹

First: 'That he knows no Simonides at all.

Secondly: That Simonides never was at Mount Sinai. All the old brethren—including the person who held the office of Librarian from 1841 to 1858—state decidedly *ὅτι δηλονότι οὐδέποτε Σιμωνίδης τις ἐφάνη εἰς τὸ Μοναστήριον τοῦτο*. Alas, for the Codex Hermodori!

Thirdly:—But his third head is less a fact than an inference, which our reader has long since drawn for himself.

And now we would fain offer one parting word of counsel to M. Simonides, though it is all too likely he will receive it as advice—especially when unasked for—is usually received. Fraud and deceit are thought to be the reigning vices of the Greek

¹ The letter of Callinicos of Sinai, dated April 13, in reply to a communication from Mr. J. Silv. Davies, late British Consular Chaplain at Alexandria, dated Feb. 25, 1863, and forwarded through his successor, Mr. Edwin J. Davis, appeared in the *Guardian* for May 27. The Greek style of the *true* Callinicos is far less classical than that of the *false*.

nation, cruel effects indeed of ages of infidel oppression upon feeble and degenerate minds. So far as the evasions, the prevarication, the absolute falsehood we have been driven to expose admit of palliation, it must be found in the moral tone of society in his native land. But, whether he is now thirty-nine or forty-three years old, he must have learnt long since that systematic untruth is but weary and unprofitable work. We can tell nothing about the skill he vaunts of in 'Carian, Lycian, Persian, &c.' (*Guardian*, January 21, 1863); we are sure that the language he knows best he knows less exactly and critically than many a third-class man at Oxford or Cambridge: but we discern in him quickness of invention, shrewdness of judgment, unwearied diligence which, exerted in a good cause, would be most praiseworthy. We heartily wish him a better career and a better reputation. Some who have gone as far as he, have yet found grace and time to repent. Did he ever hear of George Psalmanazar? In the last century, that person appeared among us as a foreigner, and proved as clever and rather more successful than Constantine Simonides. The poor man pretended to be a native of the Chinese island of Formosa, and published a most plausible description of the country, its religion, customs, and manners: he even devised a new language and a new alphabet, and translated the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, &c. into Formosan. Very few doubted his integrity, and to those few he replied in the Preface to a second edition, 'answering everything that has been objected against the author 'and the book.' At length came remorse, then contrition, and reparation as its meet fruit. Who and whence he was has never been clearly ascertained, nor need we be curious about what he had a right to conceal, if he chose. But his fraud was publicly recanted; henceforth he earned his bread by the honest labours of his pen (a portion of the *Ancient Universal History* is of his compiling), and the meek and simple piety of his later years edified even Dr. Johnson, who hated a lie as he hated the father of lies. We dare speak nothing here, while addressing the writer of that letter to the *Guardian*, dated January, 1863,¹ of what course it is that shall 'bring a man peace at the last;' but regarded merely as a matter of prudence and worldly interest, it must be better, far better, to stoop, if needs be, for mere subsistence to the humblest of callings, than to be spoken of,

¹ 'It behoves me to speak, because my conscience itself, and education, which even Mr. Tischendorf admires, as shown above, and the Church to which I belong,—viz. the Greek, occupying the first rank among the Churches from which the grace of truth issued and spread abroad—do not permit me to conceal the truth in any manner; for I will answer as I should to the All-seeing God in the Day of Judgment. Therefore I said I have spoken, I have no sin.' *Sad, very sad.*

throughout the length and breadth of Europe, as 'the well-known,' 'the famous,' or (as his friend Mr. Hodgkin puts it) 'the notorious Simonides,'—*οὐ Κεῖος ἀλλὰ Χίος*.

POSTSCRIPT.—*Ecce iterum Crispinus*. Since our Article has been in type, M. Simonides reappears in the *Guardian* of June 17, bold and jubilant as ever. The points dwelt on in his long letter, dated June 6, are mainly three.

1. Mr. Davies' Callinicos of Sinai (*see* p. 206, and note) is quite a different person from his own correspondent, the Hieromonk, Callinicus of Athos, born in 1802, distinguished by the surname of *Keraunos*, for his bravery in the Greek Revolution, and since engaged in semi-political missions throughout the East. *Where he now is does not appear*. So that the 'old man, awaiting death daily' (p. 203) is only sixty, and though so eminent, is utterly unknown to his brethren at Alexandria (p. 206), from which city he wrote in November, 1861, in October and November, 1862 (p. 205).

2. It is not surprising that Callinicos of Sinai could hear nothing of his visits (now said to be *three*) to Mount Sinai, as the residents at the convent are perpetually changing, and because 'I was at Athos for political reasons, and was habited 'as a monk, and was known as Sophronius, and not as 'Simonides.' He would have us infer, *but will not actually assert*, that he was known at Sinai also under the name of Sophronius; and claims no acquaintance with *the Librarian*, who (however others might change) held that office continuously from 1841 to 1858, and yet knows nothing about him (p. 206).

3. The letter of Callinicos published by Mr. Davies bears marks of not having come from a Greek monastery at all. Of his five reasons for this suspicion, four admit of easy and obvious answers; the last, on which he dwells with great zest, is much the most cogent. The Sinai epistle is dated April 13, New Style: this is April 1, Old Style, or *the Greek April fools' day*.

M. Simonides will find that such letters as this can avail nothing for his desperate case. In Greece he may still be known as 'the living enigma, the Gordian knot' (p. 203). In the West the enigma is solved, the knot is cut. The day has gone by when we can any longer echo Wordsworth's curiously apposite prayer:—

'O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious tender-hearted scroll,
Of pure Simonides,
That were, indeed, a genuine birth.'

- ART. VII.—1. *Lost and Saved.* By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.
Hurst and Blackett.
2. *East Lynne.* By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Bentley.
3. *Verner's Pride.* By the Author of 'East Lynne,' &c.
Bentley.
4. *Aurora Floyd.* By Miss BRADDON. Tinsley Brothers.
5. *Lady Audley's Secret.* By the Author of 'Aurora Floyd.'
Tinsley Brothers.

WE have been counselled not to ask why the former times were better than these, and are thus instructed to beware of enhancing the past in peevish depreciation of the present, the scene of our labours and trials. The check is constantly needed by those whose past is long enough ago to melt into harmonious, golden, defect-concealing distance; but we are disposed to think that such check is never more required than when a comparison is forced upon us of the popular ideal of charming womanhood in the times we remember, and what seems to constitute the modern ideal of the same thing. This ideal may be gathered from the poetry, the romance, and the satire of both periods, as well as from closer experience. There was a time when the charge against young ladies was a morbid love of sermons and a too exclusive devotion to the persons that preached them; then they were the subjects of tender ridicule for a fantastic refinement; then they doted upon Fouqué and his Sintram, and were prone to sacrifice solid advantages and worldly good things to a dream of romance; then it was interesting and an attraction, at least to seem to live in ignorance of evil; then they felt it good taste to shrink from publicity, and submitted to the rules of punctilio and decorum as if they liked them. Those were the days when the red coat was not unreasonably jealous of the academic gown, when dash was not the fashion, when the ordinary gaieties of life were entered into not without a disclaimer, and an anxiety to assert an inner preference for something higher and better, fuller of heart and sentiment, satisfying deeper instincts. Those were the days before *Punch's* generation of 'fast young ladies' were born; while it would still have been a wild impossibility for the *Times* to announce beforehand that an Earl's daughter would, on such an occasion and in such a theatre, dance an Irish jig, and a still wilder impossibility for the lady to keep her engagement, and for the illustrated papers afterwards to represent the feat in the moment of execution.

We are not saying that the generation of which this is a feature is really a falling off from that other generation which furnishes us with such pleasant memories. Each has its developments for good or evil, sense or nonsense. The one is composed of the daughters of the other. The history of society is a series of reactions from faults it has become alive to. We know all this; but the popular literature of the day, which undertakes to represent the thought and impulses of its own time, almost forces us into a frame of disparaging comparison. The novels of twenty and thirty years ago, which told us a good deal we did not like of the society of the period, have passed into oblivion; the notions and tendencies of to-day find their exponents in novels in everybody's hands. They are peopled with characters which, if they go beyond our observation, and exceed anything we have seen, yet indicate plainly enough the direction manners have taken, and are accepted as a portrait of life by the general reader, through his very act of taking them into favour.

The 'sensation novel' of our time, however extravagant and unnatural, yet is a sign of the times—the evidence of a certain turn of thought and action, of an impatience of old restraints, and a craving for some fundamental change in the working of society. We use the popular and very expressive term, and yet one much more easy to adopt than to define. Sensation writing is an appeal to the nerves rather than to the heart; but all exciting fiction works upon the nerves, and Shakspeare can make 'every particular hair to stand on end' with anybody. We suppose that the true sensation novel feels the popular pulse with this view alone—considers any close fidelity to nature a slavish subservience injurious to effect, and willingly and designedly draws a picture of life which shall make reality insipid and the routine of ordinary existence intolerable to the imagination. To use *Punch's* definition in the prospectus of the *Sensation Times*, 'It devotes itself to harrowing the mind, making the flesh creep, causing the hair to stand on end, giving shocks to the nervous system, destroying conventional moralities, and generally unfitting the public for the prosaic avocations of life.' And sensationalism does this by drugging thought and reason, and stimulating the attention through the lower and more animal instincts, rather than by a lively and quickened imagination; and especially by tampering with things evil, and infringing more or less on the confines of wrong. Crime is inseparable from the sensation novel, and so is sympathy with crime, however carefully the author professes, and may even suppose himself, to guard against this danger by periodical disclaimers and protests.

The one indispensable point in the sensation novel is, that it should contain something abnormal and unnatural; something that induces, in the simple idea, a sort of thrill. Thus, 'Transformation,' where a race of human beings inherit the peculiarities of the Faun, and in whom a certain conformation of ear characteristic of the Greek myth crops out at intervals, is sensational. The very clever story 'Elsie Venner' is sensational in the same way, where the heroine is part rattlesnake, and makes us shudder by her occasional affinities in look and nature with the serpent race. All ghost-stories, of course, have the same feature. In one and all there is appeal to the imagination, through the active agency of the nerves, excited by the unnatural or supernatural. But the abnormal quality need not outrage physical laws; exceptional outrages of morality and custom may startle much in the same way. Bigamy, or the suspicion of bigamy, is sensational as fully, though in a lower field, as are ghosts and portents; it disturbs in the same way the reader's sense of the stability of things, and opens a new, untried vista of what may be. All crime that seems especially incongruous with the perpetrator's state and circumstances is of this nature, and offers a very ready and easy mode of exciting that surprise and sense of novelty which is the one indispensable necessity. Of course no fiction can be absolutely commonplace and natural in all its scenes and incidents; some extraordinary conditions seem unavoidable in its machinery. Thus, story-writers of every age and style seem, by one consent, to ignore for their heroines the most universal and inevitable of all relationships. The heroines of fiction have no mothers. Every rule has its exception, of course; but the exception in this case proves the rule. Thus, the only mother we can think of in Sir Walter Scott's series of novels is Lady Ashton, a monstrous and unnatural mother, performing the very opposite of the maternal part. In the same way, Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* has as good as none. Harriet Byron and her friends are motherless. Dickens has very few. None of Miss Brontë's or George Eliot's heroines have mothers, nor have Miss Ferrier's. Miss Edgeworth has one or two model mothers, but most of her heroines are without. Miss Yonge, it must be granted, has one charming mother, who performs a mother's work, in the 'Heir of Redclyffe;' but the majority of her young people make all their mistakes for the want of one, and show their goodness by overcoming the evil consequences of that supreme deprivation. Those who write for children find it easier to devise probable and excusable scrapes without the maternal guardian of discipline and order. The moral story-teller can somehow inculcate principles, and supply examples more to his mind without. The mere novelist finds the mother a dull

and unmanageable feature, except, indeed, where the scheming or tyrannical mother of the fashionable novel brings about the necessary tragic element, drives her daughter to despair by enforcing good matches, or oppresses her for mere envy of her youth and virgin graces. Miss Austin, who looked on life as it is, and shut her eyes to none of its ordinary conditions, *has* some mothers—Mrs. Bennet, the silly mother, who would drive any sensitive child wild with shame, and Mrs. Dashwood, who encouraged her daughter in sentimentalism—but her essential heroines are without. Mr. Thackeray's mothers merge into mothers-in-law. It is quite a feature of Mr. Trollope's course of fiction that he now and then gives us a real mother and does not feel embarrassed by the relation. However, we need not further pursue the inquiry.

This exceptional condition of early life—freedom from restraint, and untimely liberty of choice and action—then, belongs to the youth of all fiction. Of course, in sensational novels, this liberty is exaggerated indefinitely. There is nothing more violently opposed to our moral sense, in all the contradictions to custom which they present to us, than the utter unrestraint in which the heroines of this order are allowed to expatiate and develop their impulsive, stormy, passionate characters. We believe, it is one chief among their many dangers to youthful readers that they open out a picture of life free from all the perhaps irksome checks that confine their own existence, and treat all such checks as real hindrances, solid impediments, to the development of power, feeling, and the whole array of fascinating and attractive qualities. The heroine of this class of novel is charming because she is undisciplined, and the victim of impulse; because she has never known restraint or has cast it aside, because in all these respects she is below the thoroughly trained and tried woman. This lower level, this drop from the empire of reason and self-control, is to be traced throughout this class of literature, which is a consistent appeal to the animal part of our nature, and avows a preference for its manifestation, as though power and intensity came through it. The very language of the school shows this. A whole set of new words has come into use, and they are caught up and slipped into, as a matter of course, to express a certain degradation of the human into the animal or brutal, on the call of strong emotion. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' says the poet; the whole world of this school includes things that Shakspeare never dreamed of. Thus the victim of feeling or passion sinks at once into the inspired or possessed animal, and is always supposed to be past articulate speech; and we have the *cry*, the *smothered cry of rage*, the *wail*,

the *low wailing cry*, the *wail of despair*, with which, if our readers are not familiar, *ad nauseam*, we can only say we *are*. The curious thing is, that probably no writer ever heard a woman utter this accepted token of extreme emotion, which would indeed be a very intolerable habit in domestic life; but it is evidently accepted by a very large circle as *the* exponent of true, thorough-going passion. It is the same with motion. It is man's privilege to walk; in novels men, or at any rate the women, *creep*. In love, in helplessness, in pity, in tenderness, this abject, fawning, cat-like movement is found the most expressive sign of a mental posture. Again, these people *writhe* and twist and coil themselves. 'This self-sustained and resolute woman writhed in anguish.' They have 'serpentine arms,' and 'snake-like, Medusa locks.' On occasion they will stand rampant, erect, with glittering serpent eyes. They are prone to blows. It is one of the privileges of reason and cultivation that men can be angry through their minds and tongues alone, but the people in all sensation writing rush to blows at once. Whatever training they may have had, it all drops from them on provocation, and the wild animal proclaims itself. Most readers are familiar with Aurora Floyd's castigation of her stable-boy; indeed, this fascinating lady is so ready with her natural weapons, that we find her on one occasion in the presence of two men, on whom she has inflicted stripes and scratches, the scars of which they will carry to their graves. And the writer of 'East Lynne' is not behind her more impetuous sister authoress in her belief in the possibility of blows in civilized circles, for she makes a countess strike her heroine furiously on each cheek, while that interesting young lady was her guest, stimulated solely by the jealousy of one pretty woman for another. But what will not Mrs. Wood's countesses do?—though, indeed, Mrs. Norton, who should know what grand ladies are made of, brings her marchioness to very much the same pass of animal *abandon*. Blows imply passion, so perhaps it is needless to speak of the previous uncontrolled passion, which is another characteristic of the sensational heroine in common with brute nature; but Miss Braddon enlarges on it, as a feature of the temper that most interests her, in terms which we prefer to our own:—

'Have you ever seen this kind of woman in a passion?—impulsive, nervous, sensitive, sanguine. With such a one passion is a madness—brief, thank Heaven!—and expending itself in sharp, cruel words, and convulsive readings of lace and ribbon, or coroner's juries might have to sit even oftener than they do.'—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 264.

And the scene in 'East Lynne,' where Barbara, with vehement hysterical passion, upbraids the innocent and unconscious Carlyle

for having married somebody else, is another example of the disgraceful unrestraint which some writers think a feature of the ideal woman. Another characteristic is the possession by one idea—an idea so fixed and dominant that the mind impregnated by it has no choice but to obey. The faithful or the vicious animal is so influenced, but a man thus out of his own control is on the high road to madness. However, it is thought sublime, and the reader is expected to be awed by the strength of a character led by some immoveable and absorbing notion, amenable neither to time nor place nor manners, nor to any of the influences that turn our thoughts from one thing to another, and multiply and divide our interests. And it is certain that a good many people think this a very grand form of nature; and an index of power in a writer even to conceive such a thing, whether natural or not, as something colossal, overshadowing their imagination. It is a refreshing change, for instance, from the monotony of easy reasonable social life to follow the moods, or rather the mood—for she has but one—of a woman of this type, who is for ever apostrophising herself 'with a smothered cry of rage,' 'Is there no cure for this disease? is there no relief except madness or death?' In a current story by the same hand ('Eleanor's Victory'), we have a girl of sixteen devoting her life to vengeance in the following strain; and we know Miss Braddon's style too well to doubt she will keep her word:—

"I don't know this man's name (with whom her father had played his last game at *carté*); I never even saw his face; I don't know who he is, or where he comes from; but sooner or later I swear to be revenged upon him for my father's cruel death."

"Eleanor, Eleanor!" cried the Signora, "is this womanly? is this Christian-like?"

"I don't know whether it is womanly or Christian-like," she said, "but I know that it is henceforth the purpose of my life, and that it is stronger than myself."—*Once a Week*, April, p. 415.

In like manner, instinct is a favourite attribute: reason may be mistaken, but instinct never. In one story we have two girls, within a page or two of one another, who read characters like a book, and see villany at a glance in persons who have passed for respectable all their lives. 'When I look at people,' says one, 'I always seem to know what they are;' while the other, with inane simplicity, apologises for her insight, 'I cannot help seeing things.' Another characteristic closely allied to all these is fatality. It is no use trying to be good; they do try; but Elsie Venner can no more eradicate the rattlesnake-malice out of her nature than can these less avowedly fated women their evil propensities. Thus, in 'East Lynne,' Lady Isabel is impelled to the worst wrong against her will:—

'She (the wife of Carlyle) was aware that a sensation all too warm, a feeling of attraction towards Francis Levison, was waking within her; not a voluntary one. She could no more repress it than she could her own sense of being; and mixed with it was the stern voice of conscience, overwhelming her with the most lively terror. She would have given all she possessed to be able to overcome it, &c. &c.'—*East Lynne*, vol. ii. p. 2.

And again, we are bid not to doubt the principles of a lady whose practice was undoubtedly open to question:—

'Oh! reader, never doubt the principles of poor Lady Isabel; her rectitude of mind, her wish and endeavour to do right, her abhorrence of wrong; and her spirit was earnest and true, her intentions were pure.'

She did not, in fact, encourage the temptation which overcame her:—

'She did not encourage these reflections—from what you know of her you may be sure of that—but they thrust themselves continually forward.'

'On what a slight thread do the events of life turn,' is the favourite language of this school, which, as they interpret it, means, or seems to mean, that there are temptations that are irresistible. Thus, 'Olivia Marchmont' might have made a saint but for unluckily falling in love with a good-natured cousin, provokingly unconscious of his conquest. As it was she was a fiend; but she had not succumbed without many struggles to her sin and despair. 'Again and again she had abandoned herself to the devils at watch to destroy her, and again and again she had tried to extricate her soul from their dreadful power; but her most passionate endeavours were in vain. 'Perhaps it was that she did not strive aright; it was for this reason, surely, that she failed so utterly to arise superior to her despair; for otherwise that terrible belief attributed to the Calvinists, that some souls are foredoomed to damnation, would be exemplified by this woman's experience. She could not forget. She could not put away the vengeful hatred that raged like an all-devouring fire in her breast, and she cried in her agony, "There is no cure for this disease!"'

We have placed '*East Lynne*' at the head of our series not as the most marked example of the school, but as first in time. This story was brought into notice—and, indeed, extensive notoriety, by a puff in the *Times*, which represented it as a work of extraordinary power, dealing with the depths of our nature in a master's spirit. This imprimatur might not have told as it did, but for the authoress's real power of telling a story; but it unquestionably invested it with a credit and reputation which must have cost the docile reader some trouble to reconcile with his own impressions, and which strike us as grossly beyond the actual merits of the work. When we say that a writer's style is

vulgar, there may, unquestionably, be the excuse of a pardonable and inevitable ignorance. A person may have many of the qualities of a novelist, and yet neither have the *habits* of the circle it pleases him to describe, nor be familiar with pure English as it is spoken and written. Still, genius is a keen, quick-witted power; it possesses the principle of selection, and instinctively perceives and holds by the best. Mrs. Wood's persistent use of certain vulgarisms, such as the uniform substitution of *like* for *as*—'Like I did;' 'He was deep in the business of packing, *like* his unfortunate brother had been;' and, above all, her unconscious use of the word 'party' for a single person, are telling facts; as where the stately hero, in some crisis of fate, alludes to the '*party*' who is working mischief and ruin; or where a ghost alarms a neighbourhood, and the clergyman has to mention with reluctance a family name: 'the—the *party* that appears to be personating Frederick Massingberd;' and again another, in great perplexity, 'I cannot say if it be the *party* I suspect;' and so on. We maintain that observation, that first requirement in those who are to picture human nature, as well as ear, must be wanting where such habits as these can be persisted in. It is of a piece with those descriptions of spring which bring the fragrant violet, and the fresh green of the oak together, and with those pictures of manners which represent the town clerk as asking the bench of magistrates to pipes and ale, announcing his attention in these dignified terms, 'I entertain the bench of justices to-night, Barbara, to pipes and ale;' and carrying it out to the fortunate recipients of these favours with "'I have been considering that you had better all five come and smoke your pipes at my house this evening, when we shall have time to discuss what must be done. Come at seven, not later, and you will find my father's old jar replenished with the best broad-cut, and half a dozen churchwarden pipes. Shall it be so?" The whole five accepted the invitation eagerly.'—(*East Lynne*, vol. i. p. 68). With manners which make it natural in a courtly earl to ask as his first question, after introducing his daughter to this same young attorney, 'Is she not handsome?'

We do not know what to say of the courage which shall plunge boldly into the manners of a society of which the writer has not the remotest experience. Success must be the only test of the right to do so. Shakspeare made kings talk, and kings are willing to be so drawn by him; they know, at any rate, that they are not more kingly than he represents them. Whether earls and earls' daughters will be content with the figure they make in Mrs. Wood's pages is another question. At any rate, Mrs. Wood is very much at her ease when she sets fine ladies and gentlemen talking, and thinks

nothing of making a Lady Mary not only accept a lout of an apothecary, who is for ever pounding drugs on a counter, but eagerly jump at him, and express a wish he had asked her years before. There are no misgivings, no timidity in her portraiture; the fashionable flirt breaks into vituperation as fluently as Lady Carolina Wilhelmina might have done, and is jealous in five minutes' time of the looks of admiration cast at the younger beauty. The fatally fascinating Captain, a scion of the aristocracy, makes quick work of it, and before the end of the first evening, by dint of profuse compliments, pointed by glances from 'eyes of the deepest tenderness,' 'draws vivid blushes' from the delicate, sensitive heroine, not of offended maiden pride, but from a heart touched by an indelible impression. This is the sort of writing we might very well expect from the preliminary training of a temperance novel ('Danesbury House'), in which, by unflinching, conscientious adherence through every page to the subject of strong drinks and different forms and degrees of drunkenness, Mrs. Wood won the hundred pound prize, but it materially detracts from her right to any high stand in our literature. It is perhaps inevitable that the self-taught and guess-work novelist should jumble ranks and utterly confuse our notion of the social standing of the *dramatis personæ*; and this is especially the case in all Mrs. Wood's writings. Barbara, the second wife, who succeeds Lady Isabel, with her flippancy, her vulgar finery, her outspoken declaration of love, might be supposed to be some milliner's apprentice, but we believe is really intended to be an English lady. We observe an appreciation of out-of-door successes, an expectation from chance and irregular introductions, which marks a certain class. If the hero gets into a train in an anxious preoccupied state of mind, it is supposed that his silence, indifference, and failure in *petits soins*, will be felt an injury by any young and handsome woman in the same carriage, who, it is taken for granted, regards every public place a scene of conquest.

When this lady gives herself up to the odd and eccentric, we still less know where we are. Each of her novels has a humorist. In 'East Lynne' it is a Miss Corny, a sister of the heroic attorney, a violent woman, who assaults her suitors, shakes the breath out of her brother's clerk on the slightest provocation, and dresses like a madwoman, but who is still treated with marked respect as well as awe by her neighbours, and allowed by the attorney to force herself upon his wife and be virtual mistress of his household. This low and wild virago is the companion to the Lady Isabel, and it strikes the refined and devoted husband as a good arrangement on the whole. Humour is not a common

feminine gift, so that we ought to be indulgent of mere failure ; but, unfortunately, this lady fails not only in execution, but in the first idea of a fit subject for jest. The ordinary routine of the toilet, for instance, seems to be regarded as an inexhaustible field for mirth. We might say, she is most particularly amiss when she dwells on the details of masculine attire ; except that the betrayal of her own sex, and all the little expedients by which the inroads of age may be warded off, is, perhaps, still more unpleasing, and is especially unfair upon the single ladies she holds up to ridicule—first, for being single ; next, for being no longer young ; next, for losing with youth itself some of the charms of youth ; and last, for having recourse to any means of arresting Time's ravages. These are all such common characteristics of third-class novels, sensational or otherwise, that we should not notice them but that more than one leader of opinion has committed itself to a wholesale approval of 'East Lynne,' and one has gratuitously pronounced it *not* vulgar.

The acknowledged new element of this order of fiction is the insecurity given to the marriage relation. Unless we go with the bride and bridegroom to church, and know every antecedent on each side, we cannot be at all sure that there is not some husband or wife lurking in the distance ready to burst upon us. When once the idea enters the novel-writer's mind, it is embraced as a ready source of excitement, and capable of a hundred developments. Except that the circumstances are actually impossible, and would, we think, be very revolting if they were possible, the predicament is invested with real interest in 'East Lynne.' The moral fault of the book is, that the heroine has imputed to her a delicacy and purity of mind in utter variance with her whole course. None but a thoroughly bad woman could have done what Lady Isabel did. She had not the ordinary temptation to wrong ; and as for those fine distinctions between affection and love which some ladies are prone to refine upon, we count them among the most mischievous of sentimental speculations. Lady Isabel, for example, marries the attorney, has a great *affection* for him, is exacting of his attention and devotion to herself, is capable of passionate jealousy, and all the while, we are ashamed to say, *loves* somebody else. At last she runs off with the Captain—then behold ! instantly, in five minutes, she finds out her mistake, and begins to *love* the attorney and hate the other ; and finally, on this connexion breaking in the usual way, she disguises herself, being supposed by the outraged and re-married husband to be dead, engages herself as governess to her own children, and dies, we may almost say, of jealousy of the new wife who succeeds to her old privileges ; for the first time being thoroughly in love with

him who had been her husband. Her first conception of this scheme is thought an occasion for some religious sentiment, and so we read—

'She had a battle to do with herself that day—now resolving to go, and risk it; now shrinking from the attempt. At one moment it seemed to her that Providence must have placed this in her way, that she might see her children in her desperate longing; at another, a voice appeared to whisper that it was a wily, dangerous temptation flung across her path—one which it was her duty to resist and flee from. Then came another phase of the picture—How should she bear to see Mr. Carlyle the husband of another?—to live in the same house with them, and witness his attentions, possibly his caresses? It might be difficult; but she could force and school her heart to endurance. Had she not resolved in her first bitter repentance to *take up her cross daily*, and bear it? No; her own feelings, let them be wrung as they would, should act as the obstacle.'

She had not been long in her new post when we read—

'When Lady Isabel was Mr. Carlyle's wife, she had never wholly loved him. The very utmost homage that esteem, admiration, affection, could give was his; but that mysterious passion called by the name of love (and which, as I truly and heartily believe, cannot in its refined etherealism be known to many of us) had not been given to him. It was now, I told you some chapters back, that the world goes round by the rule of contrary—conter-rary, mind you, the children have it in their game—and we go round with it. We despise what we have, and covet that which we cannot get. From the very night she had come back to East Lynne, her love for Mr. Carlyle had burst forth with an intensity never before felt. It had been smouldering almost ever since she quitted him. "Reprehensible!" groans a moralist. Very. Everybody knows that, as Aby would say. But her heart, you see, had *not* done with human passions, and they work ill and contrariness (let the word stand, critic, if you please), and precisely everything they should not.'—*East Lynne*, vol. iii. 252.

The predicament is undoubtedly one fruitful of singular situations. Mr. Carlyle, to do him justice, is faithful to each obligation as it arises, and the same scenes that interested the reader when Lady Isabel was his wife are repeated to the letter when Barbara succeeds to that place which had been the object of such outspoken solicitude. In old times Barbara had peeped and listened in torture to Lady Isabel's singing of Mr. Carlyle's favourite songs, he standing by her chair and turning her leaves, with many tender interruptions. Now the process is reversed. It is Lady Isabel who peeps and listens, and Barbara sings the very same song, which must, we should say, be of very commanding merit to continue a favourite under such an awkward weight of unpleasant association. The thing is degrading to all parties, more so than the writer has any thought of; and her heroine is sunk still lower by the contempt that is thrown on her betrayer, to whom we are first introduced as a fascinating lady-killer, but who develops into a pitiful, abject, blundering wretch, talking the lowest slang, and finally dragged through a horse-pond, in the very sight of Lady Isabel, who, we are so often

told, had been endowed with a sensitively refined delicacy. This, no doubt, is all done for the moral; but what must the woman have been to sacrifice heart and soul to so poor a creature?

Some scenes there are of interest and of such power as belongs to thoroughly realizing a conception. The authoress is best in tragedy. She has a vivid picture before her, though of the sentimental sort. There are indeed no close touches as far as we see; nor anything of which we can say, 'This is true to nature,' but the situation is well sustained. At the close of the story the erring wife watches the deathbed of her boy, whom she dare not claim as her own child:—

'William (her dying child) slept on silently. *She* thought of the past. The dreadful reflection, "If I had not—done—as I did, how different would it have been now!" had been sounding its knell in her heart so often, that she had almost ceased to shudder at it. The very nails of her hands had, before now, entered the palms with the sharp pain it brought. Stealing over her more especially this night as she knelt there, her head lying on the counterpane, came the recollection of that first illness of hers. How she had lain, and, in her unfounded jealousy, imagined Barbara the house's mistress. She dead—Barbara exalted to her place—Mr. Carlyle's wife—her child's step-mother! She recalled the day when her mind, excited by certain gossip of Wilson's—it was previously in a state of fever bordering on delirium—she had prayed her husband, in terror and anguish, not to marry Barbara! "How could he marry her," he had replied in soothing pity. "She!—Isabel was his wife; who was Barbara? Nothing to them." But it had all come to pass. *She* had brought it forth; not Mr. Carlyle—not Barbara; she alone. Oh! the dreadful memory of the retrospect. Lost in thought, in anguish past and present, in self-condemning repentance, the time passed on. Nearly an hour must have elapsed since Mr. Carlyle's departure, and William had not disturbed her. But—who is this coming into the room? Joyce.

'She hastily rose up, and, as Joyce advanced with a quiet step, drew aside the clothes to look at William. "Master says he has been wanting me," she observed. "Why—oh!"

'It was a sharp, momentary cry, subdued as soon as uttered. Madame Vine sprang forward to Joyce's side looking also. The pale, young face lay calm in its utter stillness; the busy little heart had ceased to beat. Jesus Christ had come, indeed, and taken the fleeting spirit.

'Then she lost all self-control. She believed that she had reconciled herself to the child's death; that she could part with him without too much emotion. But she had not anticipated it would be quite so soon. She had deemed that some hours more would at least be given him; and now the storm overwhelmed her. Crying, sobbing, calling, she flung herself upon him; she clasped him to her; she dashed off her disguising glasses; she laid her face upon his, beseeching him to come back to her, that she might say farewell—to her, his mother—her darling child—her lost William.

'Joyce was terrified, terrified for consequences. With her full strength she pulled her from the boy, praying her to consider, to be still. "Do not, do not, for the love of Heaven! *My lady! my lady!*"

'It was the old familiar title that struck upon her fears, and induced calmness. She stared at Joyce, and retreated backwards, after the manner of one retreating from a hideous vision.

"My lady, let me take you into your room. Mr. Carlyle is coming; he is

but bringing up his wife. Only think if you should give way before him! Pray come away!"

"How did you know me?" she asked in a hollow voice.

"My lady, it was that night when there was an alarm of fire. I went close up to you to take Master Archibald from your arms; and as sure as I am now standing here, I believe that for the moment my senses left me. I thought I saw a spectre, the spectre of my dead lady. I forgot the present, I forgot that all were standing round me; that you, Madame Vine, were alive before me. Your face was not disguised then; the moonlight shone full upon it, and I knew it, after the first few moments of terror, to be, in dreadful truth, the living one of Lady Isabel. My lady, come away; we shall have Mr. Carlyle here."

"Poor thing, she sank upon her knees in her humility, her dread. "Oh! Joyce, have pity upon me! don't betray me. I will leave the house, indeed I will. Don't betray me while I am in it."

"My lady, you have nothing to fear from me. I have kept the secret buried within my heart since then—last April! It has nearly been too much for me. By night and by day I have had no peace, dreading what might come out. Think of the awful confusion, the consequences, should it come to the knowledge of Mrs. Carlyle. Indeed, my lady, you ought never to have come."

"Joyce," she said, hollowly, lifting her haggard face, "I could not keep away from my unhappy children. Is it no punishment to me, think you, the being here?" she added vehemently. "To see him—my husband—the husband of another! It is killing me."

"Oh, my lady, come away! I hear him! I hear him!"

Partly coaxing, partly dragging, Joyce took her into her own room, and left her there. Mr. Carlyle was at that moment at the door of the sick one. Joyce sprang forward. Her face, in emotion and fear, was one of livid whiteness, and she shook, as William had shaken, poor child, in the afternoon. It was only too apparent in the well-lighted corridor.

"Joyce," he exclaimed in amazement, "what ails you?"

"Sir! master!" she panted, "be prepared; Master William—Master William—"

"Joyce; not dead?"

"Alas! yes, sir."—*East Lynne*, vol. iii. p. 250.

When Lady Isabel is about to die, and it becomes necessary to inform Carlyle who has been his inmate all this while, the effect the news takes upon him shows a realization of the usual position: 'The first clear thought that came thumping through his brain was, that he must be a man of two wives.' Happily, the embarrassment does not last long, and the lady dies after an interview of penitence and explanation.

The same perplexity forms one main point in the hero's trials in the authoress's next work, 'Verner's Pride.' In this there is an estate of which we never know who is the master, and a lady of whom we cannot tell who is the husband, and, indeed, Lionel is put in about as delicate a dilemma, and his conscience as oddly tried, as we remember to have known it. He is represented as a person of peculiarly scrupulous honour, yet we find him making two offers in one day—the one to the woman he likes, the other to an old love who had jilted him for some

one else, for no reason at all that we can see, except that it occurred to him as the most convenient thing to do at the moment. Of course it is a fatal mistake, and he gets punished for his temporary hallucination. The lady is by no means ill drawn, only she is not worth drawing with the elaboration bestowed upon her. Sibylla is silly and vain, a vulgar flirt, and ruinously extravagant, and a woman thus endowed, we all know, can say and do things called incredible. She tests her husband's heroic virtue and forbearance to the uttermost, and the moment comes when there seems a road of escape for him. A ghost appears on the scene who drives the rustics out of their wits, and presently convinces wiser observers that the lady's first husband (for Sibylla was a widow) was in life. The news reaches Lionel, and also the lady, who manifests very little concern at the reappearance, when she ascertains that whoever is her husband, she still remains mistress of Verner's Pride. Some persons of scrupulous mind recommend the withdrawal of the lady into retirement until the mystery is solved; but it seems considered a noble generosity in the hero that he stands by his wife, who, whenever she is in a pet, declares her preference for her first choice; though the whole point of the merit lies in the fact that he really likes the ill-used Lucy best, and, in fact, tells her so whenever they are together.

We have innumerable passages like the following:—

'He crossed over to her and laid his hand fondly and gently on her head as he moved to the door. "May God forgive me, Lucy," broke from his white trembling lips. "My own punishment is heavier than yours."—*Verner's Pride*, vol. ii. p. 137.

After such scenes we find him indeed making the amende to his wife, 'My little wife, if you cared for me as I care for you, &c. &c.' with the explanation—'And there was no so-phistry in this speech. He had come to the conviction that Lucy ought to have been his wife; but he did care for Sibylla very much.' The above fatherly and benedictory caress we observe to be coming very much into fashion upon paper, as a sort of disinfectant of questionable scenes, rendering harmless a good deal of flirtation which might otherwise be deemed of very doubtful propriety. In the matter of the ghost Lionel proved to be right, as the apparition turned out not to be the first husband, but his elder brother, also supposed to be dead, assuming his likeness. So Sibylla loses Verner's Pride after all, and tries her husband's indomitable patience, till she conveniently kills herself by going to a ball in a critical state of health. The story of course ends in the union of Lucy and Lionel, who agree that they have had long to wait for their present happiness, an ill-chosen word surely where a living wife has been a hindrance.

There is much in Verner's *Pride* entirely beneath criticism—irrelevant matter, awkwardly brought in and awkwardly expressed. Indeed, both in grace of style and aptitude to embrace the variety and poetry of any scene she describes, this writer in her best efforts falls greatly short of the two ladies we have classed with her, as illustrating a certain literary phase of our day—the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Miss Braddon—though the moral tone, in profession, and as entertaining the idea of duty when opposed to feeling, is superior to either.

Mrs. Norton's best friends are obliged to admit that her story, '*Lost and Saved*,' is unfit for the drawing-room table, and ought to be kept out of the way of young ladies. In fact, in urging a great wrong upon the world, she is supposed to be compelled to disregard minor proprieties. The alleged purpose of the book is to show, that while the faults of women are visited as sins, the sins of men are not even visited as faults. She fights the battle of her sex by showing the injustice of the world, in its severity towards a certain class of errors, if committed by the helpless and the weak, and the tolerance of the same and much worse when perpetrated by the powerful and strong. Its highest morality as we see it is, that to sin with feeling is better than to sin without. There is the artifice of making a certain class of errors look light, by contrasting them with extremes of egotism, malignity, and positive crime; and the exigencies of the argument require society to be painted in the strongest and harshest colours. We observe that her admirers assume the leading characters to be, if not actual portraits, at least very intimate studies; and it is certainly more charitable to suppose that certain individuals are indicated by these 'studies' than that they represent to the writer's mind the prevailing characteristics of noble and fashionable society in our own day. Mrs. H. Wood writes about great people in artless and transparent ignorance of the gay world she describes. Mrs. Norton cannot be ignorant, but something else may make her pictures as little trustworthy. When a writer has opportunities of knowing that he is writing about superiors, perhaps, to his reader, that reader is apt to put on a deferential state of mind; but the deference may be wholly misplaced. If Sir Bulwer Lytton, though familiar with statesmen, may present to us the expansive exuberant prime minister we meet with in his novels, and nowhere else; if a college fellow draw a picture of university life absolutely at variance with his experience; and if a schoolmaster delineate impossible boys, then may a fine lady paint society such as she has never seen it, knowing better all the while, but doing it simply for amusement, or because there is wanting the power to see things as they are, or because a

theory demands it, or the plot of a story must have it, or because it would be pleasant if it were so, or from disappointment, or temper, or malice. Any of these causes are, we see, sufficient to make an author reverse, and utterly defy his knowledge. In Mrs. Norton's case, it need only be that some bitter and angry soreness has tempted her to extreme limits of exaggeration and caricature. Her peeresses have certainly a body and a tone about them very different from the dressed-up milliners of courageous inexperience; but she shows them through distorted glass, and in blue and lurid lights. Hence a veritable glimpse of Pandemonium. While page after page denounces the ill nature, scandal, and harsh judgment of the world, what is technically called society is shown us in an aspect which might lead us to suppose we had opened a cynical French novel in mistake. There are the same horrors of profligacy attributed to a class, and the same shameless intrigue as the habitual practice of persons receiving the respect and homage of the world.

All vice seems to culminate in a certain Milly Nesdale. Milly is the wife of Lord Nesdale, and the mother of lovely children, whom she professes to foster and care for. She maintains the faint externals of duty and respectability and religion, but is in fact more of an atheist than M. About's hero who believed in *Fridays*, and has no more faith in Christianity than in Vishnu. Under a thin cloak of propriety she is a serpent, a witch, a fiend, betraying her trusting husband with malignant triumph, and doing and saying things which it is better to glance at than repeat. This lady is a universal favourite, courted by the hero's friends, as keeping him out of what their worldliness fears more, and sustaining her credit and fascinations undisturbed to the end.

'And how the world loved Milly.'

* * *

'For there is a little society in a corner called "The Society for the Suppression of Vice," but there is a much larger society for its protection; and in that larger society Right and Wrong do not signify, but Success and Non-Success.'—*Lost and Saved*, vol. ii. 86.

And Milly is loved by the world in no ignorance of her real qualities. All her friends would have recognised her in the description—

'Her body was lithe as the liana, and her soul was the soul of the snake—rampant, watchful, cautious—till a safe noiseless spring and a sudden coil gave her her prey.'—P. 88.

While to her lover, who listens to her treacherous and base words, lightened by

'The wily Hindon smile which still lingered in Milly's features; it seemed that he had sold his soul to a species of charming water-witch rather than given his heart to a woman.'

The heroine, in contrast to this complicated wickedness, is a sweet, impulsive, highly-gifted, unsophisticated girl, who is the victim of a mock marriage, which the world will not believe her to have been the dupe of. There is an air of this mock marriage being in deference to English prejudice. We cannot help thinking, had the story been written for French readers, it would have been dispensed with, for the whole tone of the book points to another state of things, and certainly pleads for those, unhappy and betrayed, who can pretend to no such extenuation. Otherwise, why hits, in the tone of the author of 'No Name,' at our 'cruel laws,' involving illegitimate children in 'intolerable misfortune,' for the ordinary victims of these laws have nothing to do with even the pretence of marriage. Moreover, when Beatrice learns that the so-called marriage was not legal, it makes no difference in her course of action; she waits where she is till the real marriage shall be performed. Mrs. Norton can draw a graceful picture of innocent, happy simplicity. Her heroine, though conventional, as are her father, her saintly sister, her midshipman brother, is often interesting. But she identifies her too closely with *some one else* for the simplicity to be genuine; her language, when moved and excited, is that of a passionate woman of the world. There are curious experiences given to her, true we dare say, but which really come at a much later date than the heroine stage. We must own to some surprise, how any cultivated mind, refined by poetry, and even genius, can possibly reduce a heroine to such extremities of degradation as are brought about in Beatrice's search for a living, after she is abandoned by Treherne. The belief in intrinsic purity ought to preserve any favourite conception of the imagination from such contacts, such base suspicions; but, we believe, wherever there is unrestraint, whether the undisciplined element is found in a writer who talks of earls and marchionesses in blindest ignorance, or absolute knowledge, there is vulgarity: the vulgarity of recklessness as to exact truth, or its consequences; a resolution to say your say, to produce its effect, to prove your point, and to secure readers at all hazards. In this unrestrained spirit is executed the portrait of the Marchioness of Updown, with all the details of her 'corpulence,' her 'snorting,' and coarsely-selfish *abandon*. It has the air of a caricature of some person unfortunate enough to have incurred a lively authoress's ill will, and, as it stands, seems as little likely to be a correct likeness of an individual as it is of a class. However, the Marchioness forms the life of some

spirited scenes; and though she is one of the respectable people who sanction the disreputable Nelly, her own errors are so far in a presentable form, that we need not scruple to lay them before our readers. This great lady is aunt of the wicked hero, Montague Treherne, and had known Beatrice in her happier days. Now, through a humble companion and amiable dependant, who had helped Beatrice in her sorest need, she comes again, though unknowingly, in contact with her as the purchaser of some valuable lace. Some slight error of the much-bullied companion had flurried the great lady's temper. Beatrice, who is now a lace-cleaner, had not returned the precious fabric as soon as expected. The Marchioness of Updown, flustered and furbelowed, and accompanied by the policeman she had summoned, makes her way to the heroine's poor lodgings.

'The Marchioness breasted the narrow staircase as though she were about to scale the battlements of a surrendering fortress. "Go before me into this den," she said to Parkes, "and show me where my lace is! I'm not going to be put off with false excuses any longer, I can tell you. Get me my lace. Mr. Sergeant, you are to follow me; you, John, stand at the door. We'll soon see if people are to be kept out of their property this way." She pushed the door wide open as Parkes crept in before her; and Parkes had only time to murmur that she hoped Beatrice would not feel frightened; and to hear the word "frightened" in proudest contempt, before the bulky and bulkily-dressed Marchioness stood in the small room.'

Beatrice refuses to give back the lace, and returns the money which had been sent for it.

"Ho!" almost screamed the Marchioness; "you dare, you bad, bad girl. Policeman, this is a bad girl who knew my nephew abroad, and tried to give me the plague. Take, the lace from her. It's my lace; I bought it; I gave a hundred and seventy guineas for it. Take it from her: take her into custody. Take Parkes into custody; they are both accomplices."

'Beatrice struck her open palm on the packet of bank-notes that lay on the table. "Here," she said, "is the money you paid for that lace. I refuse to sell it to you. It is mine. This room is mine. Leave it."

"You wicked girl; you bold bad hussy! I insist on my lace. You want to sell it to somebody else, because you're found out now. It was worth a great deal more than I gave for it! Oh! you cheat, you; but it won't do. I'll have my rights. Policeman, I bought the lace; get me the lace. Search the place; take this young woman into custody. Why don't you take her when I order you?"

'The sergeant of police half smiled. He said in a deprecatory sort of manner: "You see, my lady, if the young woman declines to receive the money, and won't part with the lace, I really don't know how I can act."

"She *did* receive the money; and the lace was mine, and I *will* have it! She's a cheat; her father was a cheat before her, and her brother fired at the Queen; and I will have my lace!"

'Beatrice looked scornfully up at her: "You selfish, prosperous, cruel woman," she said. "Tyrannize over your own household! this room is mine, humble as it is; it is no place for you. Go away and leave me in peace. The

lace will never be yours. I sent it away this morning, and I will never let you have it again."

"Where? where? Policeman, make her say *where* she has sent it! You wicked toad, I don't believe you! I don't believe it's sent away. You want to wear it, I suppose. You want to dress yourself up in frippery and finery to seduce more young men of good family, and try to get them to admire you, as you did my fool of a nephew. You seem to have had a pretty come down since then! Give me my lace," shouted she, her rage apparently increasing in the dead silence, with which she was permitted to rise; and she made a sort of angry movement in advance, pushing the table at which Beatrice was seated.

"Come, come, my lady, there really must be none of this! Now do pray compose yourself. Your ladyship had better come away;"—and the sergeant of police actually laid his hand on the august and obese arm, whose bracelets quivered with the wearer's passion.

"How *dare* you touch me, MAN!" gasped the Marchioness. "If you can't do your duty, and take people into custody when you're told to take them, at least don't dare meddle with *me*, you impudent stupid."

"Policeman," said Beatrice, "I take you and the lady who is here present to witness, that I return to the Marchioness of Updown the money she sent for the lace she desires to buy, and which I refuse to sell. I can bear no more of this: I have been ill for some time." And so saying, Beatrice vanished into a little bed-closet, from which a tiny staircase led to M. Dumont's workroom below.

The Marchioness positively shook with rage at her disappearance. She stood for a moment, her eyes glaring with amazement and anger. Then seizing the bank-notes in the envelope, and turning suddenly on little Miss Parkes, she said, "I discharge you, you vile, you wicked minx! I discharge you. You are discharged! I hope you will starve. I shan't recommend you, I promise you. It's a pity you can't do like your beauty there, and wear lace and coral to make gentlemen fall in love with you. I discharge you, mind! I forbid you to come back. I'll have the doors shut upon you. Any rags you may have left in my house can be packed up and sent to you by Benson; and you don't deserve even that much kindness; nor—only your salary was paid yesterday—you would not get that, you cunning thief, you!"

"Come, come, milady," remonstrated the sergeant. "Really such words are actionable. I'm here to keep the peace, you know. Your ladyship musn't forget yourself this way."

"You go away, man! I ordered you here—now I order you to go away. I order you away. You've done no good: you haven't got my lace; you let all these low people have the best of it; you won't take people into custody, though you're told ever so; and I don't want you any more. Go away. John! call the carriage. John, do you hear me, or not?"

The Marchioness returns to her splendid carriage, which had attracted a London mob.

"Into that carriage the baffled tyrant got, and was driven rapidly away, the sergeant of police saying quietly to a brother-constable—after giving vent to his feelings in a low whistle of contempt—"Curious now, ain't it, Brown, how like females are one to t'other? This one's a real marchioness, with a real sort of a marquis, dining with the Queen, and all that, and here she's been a behaving for all the world like Betsy Blane, the fishwoman, as I had in the lock-up last night. She's as like her—as like as one oyster-shell is to another!" and the brother-constable gave a smiling grunt of assent.—*Lost and Saved*, vol. iii. p. 20.

Nor does Mrs. Norton fail to make good her place in the modern sensational school, by conceiving scenes in its extremest development. Not only does she give us one peeress, a fish-wife, and another carrying on correspondences which would sink her into lowest infamy, through the medium of advertisements in the *Times'* second column; but what has been called our Arsenical Literature has been enriched by a very thorough-going scene from her pen. The wicked peeress has, if possible, a more wicked aunt who has mated herself, not without a sense of degradation, to an honest attorney, superciliously indicated by his titled employers as 'that fellow Grey.' Mrs. Myra Grey shares some of that Hindoo blood, fruitful of intrigue, which gives a wild charm to her niece, and possesses an ivory jewel-hafted dagger with which she opens her husband's letters, and becomes possessed of his client's secrets. On one occasion she betrays knowledge thus surreptitiously obtained, and the consequences threatening to be disagreeable to herself, she proceeds, as though the means were at hand any moment, to poison an inconvenient witness. This is Maurice Lewellyn, the good genius of the story: he sits at her luncheon-table previous to an interview with her husband, but refuses to eat.

"Take at least a glass of wine—let me mix you some sherry and seltzer-water."

He bowed and stretched out his hand for the tumbler, struggling for at least some outward courtesy to this cunning and corrupt woman. She filled it and moved slowly away.

"Mr. Grey's youngest boy burst merrily into the room—"I say, papa—where's papa? ain't he coming out this fine Sunday?"

Then seeing the guest, he came up smilingly, and said, "Give me some of your wine for a treat."

"May you?" said Maurice.

"Oh! yes, papa gave me some last Sunday for a treat."

Maurice held the glass to the child's lips. Mrs. Myra Grey was settling some flowers on the mantel-piece: she heard the boy's last words.

"Gave you what?" she said, turning towards them. Then she darted forward, and exclaiming, "Oh my God!" she vehemently seized the child by both arms and drew him back from Lewellyn.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a strange smile, "but my children never taste wine."

"Oh mamma—last Sunday."

"Come away, you are a naughty riotous boy, and must go upstairs." She led the child away. As she opened the door, Lewellyn heard her say, "Did you swallow any of it? Spit! spit out upon the door-rug;" and the child said, "La! mamma, I had not even got my lips to the glass when you pulled me away."

Lewellyn, who is an acute lawyer, has his suspicions, and in her absence takes out of his pocket an empty flask, and pours into it half the contents of the tumbler. When he gets home he administers the mixture to a dog, which after some hours, dies

of convulsions. In the meanwhile, a second guest, Montague Treherne, the betrayer of Beatrice, arrives at the same luncheon-table, and, after angry words with Mrs. Myra, drinks off the remaining contents of the tumbler—a curious thing, by the way, for a very fastidious fine gentleman to do. The lady witnesses the act.

‘Her eyes were riveted upon the glass in his hand. Her countenance assumed a strange expression of mingled defiance and terror. As he turned angrily from her, and ran down the stairs with the light quick step that was habitual to him, she passed her handkerchief, dipped in water, over her own forehead with a slight shudder.

“‘BOTH!’ she said, in a sort of frightened whisper. “Both! what shall I do?”

‘Then rising once more, with a ghastly face, she proceeded carefully to rinse the goblet out of which he had drunk, the glass Maurice had used, and the small decanter that stood by them.’—*Lost and Saved*, vol. iii. p. 249.

Montague Treherne sails next day in his yacht, is seized with spasms, procures the assistance of a doctor who pronounces it poison, not cholera as the sailors had supposed, and dies. The doctor brings the body to England, and informs Lewellyn of his opinion. Lewellyn has his strong suspicions, which might in fact be certainties, but—

‘What end, indeed, could it have served to bring to doubtful trial, and probable acquittal, the wife of the family solicitor? . . . to disturb with an immense scandal the society in which Montague and his relatives moved; and to receive no guerdon, when all was done, but resentment and reproach from his family?’—Vol. iii. p. 296.

The murderess, therefore, is let alone, learns caution, and along with all the other bad people of the book, is taken leave of by the reader in unabated prosperity and confirmed social credit and standing. ‘The Marchioness is still the person who ‘occupies most attention (and most space) at all the balls given ‘by royalty and by the subjects of royalty.’ And Nelly, in spite of a letter to her angry and malignant aunt, which sounds like an imprudence, is in greater favour with her husband and the world than ever. Beatrice is taken up and restored to society by kind friends, marries an Italian count, not handsome, but with a voice, ‘unutterably sad, unutterably sweet,’ who has been forsaken by his wife, and the curtain closes on the young mother hanging over the cradle of her baby. For calm, serene, domestic felicity, the very last thing these heroines of many stormy adventures are fit for, is always the haven assigned to them. It is easier, in fact, to turn nun, hospital nurse, or sister of mercy, to take up and carry through the professed vocation of a saint, than to work out the English ideal of wife, mother, and presiding spirit of the house, after any wide departure from custom and decorum; and it is one

of the most mischievous points of a bad moral that leads the young and inexperienced reader to suppose otherwise.

If Mrs. Norton attacks apparent and recognised respectability, professes to unmask false pretences, and shows that the worst people are those most in the world's good graces, Miss Braddon, the first and, at present, pre-eminent sensation writer, sets herself to defy and expose the real thing. Her bad people don't pretend only to be good: they *are* respectable; they really work, nay slave, in the performance of domestic duties and the most accredited of all good works. The moral proper of her stories may be good or bad; as thus,—Lady Audley is wicked, and comes to a bad end; Aurora Floyd does a hundred bad things and prospers in spite of them, both in her own fate and in the reader's favour; but the real influence of everything this lady writes is to depreciate custom, and steady work of any kind whatever; every action, however creditable, that is not the immediate result of generous impulse. She disbelieves in systematic formal habitual goodness. She owns to a hatred of monotonous habit even in doing right. She declares for what she calls a Bohemian existence. She likes people to be influenced by anything rather than principle and cold duty; in fact, nerves, feeling, excitement, will, and inclination are the sole motive powers of every character she cares for. The person who goes on day after day doing stated duty-work because it is duty, not because she likes it, is a monster to her, a something hardly human. She regards such an one (that is in her books) as a painful, oppressive phenomenon. Not believing in the pleasures of habit of any sort, she can no more understand that there may be alleviations, hopes, nay positive joys, in a life of conscientious observances than could Timothy's Bess, in 'Adam Bede,' conceive it possible for life to have a single satisfaction to a person who wore such a cap as Dinah's. The recoil from dullness is evidently too strong, and all regularity, all day by day uniform occupation is dull to her; and she has such a way of putting it that we confess there is danger of its seeming dull to the reader also.

In a story now coming out, this feeling is shown in the portrait of a clergyman's daughter working her father's parish. Olivia is a model visitor of the poor—a sort of typical and transcendent district-visitor—who never lets a day pass unimproved, who allows no impediments, still less her own ease, to interfere with the work and duty before her. Most people learn to like such occupations even if not congenial; habit and the sense of usefulness make them more than tolerable. Olivia hates them with an ever-growing hatred, and they turn her into a fiend. Of course there is a good deal about the work not

being done in a right spirit, being done as duty, not in love; but this is a conspicuous salve, a necessary reservation, which does not seem to us to mean much. Any woman plodding in good works as Olivia does, would produce a shudder and revulsion in such a mind, be she ever so earnest and sincere in her task. And to those outside we grant this sort of life does seem a dull one. Miss Braddon, no doubt, finds abundance of young readers to echo her sentiment, though habit coming upon a sense of usefulness makes such lives more than tolerable, the happiest of all lives to those that live them. In fact, Olivia represents the 'moral man' as familiar to us under the handling of a certain class of preachers, saying prayers, reading the Bible, going three times a day to church:—

'Mrs. Marchmont made an effort to take up her old life, with its dull round of ceaseless duty, its perpetual self-denial. If she had been a Roman Catholic she would have gone to the nearest convent, and prayed to be permitted to take such vows as might soonest set a barrier between herself and the world; she would have spent the long weary days in perpetual ceaseless prayer; she would have worn deeper indentations upon the stones already hollowed by faithful knees. As it was she made a routine of penance for herself, after her fashion; going long distances on foot to visit her poor when she ought to have ridden in her carriage; courting exposure to rain and foul weather; wearing herself out with unnecessary fatigue, and returning footsore to her desolate home, to fall fainting in the strong arms of her grim attendant Barbara. But this self-appointed penance could not shut Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont from the widow's mind. Walking through a fiery furnace, their images would have haunted her still, vivid and palpable, even in the agony of death. . . . No good whatever seemed to come of her endeavours, and the devils, who rejoiced at her weakness and her failure, claimed her as their own. They claimed her as their own.'—*Temple Bar*, February, 1863, p. 157.

Olivia Marchmont to be sure was impeded not only by a wild indomitable passion, but by a fund of unused energy and genius. She is one of Miss Braddon's favourites, possessing—

'The ambition of a Semiramis, the courage of a Boadicea, the resolution of a Lady Macbeth.'

She was—

'Devoured by a slow-consuming and perpetual fire. Her mind was like one vast roll of parchment whereon half the wisdom of the world might have been inscribed, but on which was only written, over and over again, to maddening iteration, the name of Edward Arundel. . . .

'Olivia Marchmont might have been a good and great woman. She had all the elements of greatness. She had genius, resolution, an indomitable courage, an iron will, perseverance, self-denial, temperance, chastity. But against all these qualities was set a fatal and foolish love for a boy's handsome face and frank, genial manner. If she could have gone to America, and entered herself amongst the feminine professors of law and medicine—if she could have set up a printing-press in Bloomsbury, or even written a novel—I think she might have been saved.'—P. 477, April, 1863.

But even where there is not this disproportionate greatness of soul, where the task is in exact measure with the worker,

Miss Braddon shows an equal repugnance to the humdrum and to the ordinary feminine ideal. Her odious females are all remarkable for conformity to the respectable type, whether as 'religious women doing their duty in a hard unpromising way,' or writing a 'neat' letter, or cutting their husband's bread and butter, or 'excelling in that elaborate 'and terrible science which woman paradoxically calls plain 'needlework.'

Three things seem to have aided in this war against steady unexcited well-doing, a familiarity at some time or the other with the drudgery of learning, and an equal familiarity with horses and with theatricals, not simply play-going, but life behind the scenes. Her heroines have all been disgusted by a routine education, some in their own person, some inflicting it on others. It is an excuse for Aurora's flight from school with her father's groom, that she was kept strictly to her lessons. Lady Audley was teacher in a school; Olivia Marchmont imposes an intolerable amount of dates, Roman history, and all the rest, on her hapless charge; and Eleanor, in 'Eleanor's Victory,' on one happy holiday—

'Looked back wonderingly at the dull routine of her boarding-school existence. Could it be possible that it was only a day or two since she was in the Brixton schoolroom hearing the little ones, the obstinate incorrigible little ones, their hateful lessons—their odious, monotonous repetitions of dry facts about William the Conqueror and Buenos Ayres, the manufacture of tallow candles, and the nine parts of speech.'—*Once a Week*, p. 335, March 1863.

The ordinary well-educated young lady, the flower and triumph of civilization, who has mastered her lessons, the languages, the history, the difficult passages in the sonata in C flat, and liked them all, is alternately an object of amusement and contempt. In contrast with the glowing Aurora, we have a good-natured portrait of the model heroine of another school, learned in geography and astronomy and botany and chronology, and reading one of the novels that *may* lie on a drawing-room table. 'How tame, how cold, how weak, beside that Egyptian goddess, that Assyrian queen, with her flashing eyes and the serpentine coils of purple-black hair.'

'The long arcades of beech and elm had reminded him, from the first, of the solemn aisles of a cathedral; and coming suddenly to a spot where a new arcade branches off abruptly on his right hand, he saw, in one of the sylvan niches, as fair a saint as had ever been modelled by the hand of artist and believer—the same golden-haired angel he had seen in the long drawing-room at Feldon Woods—Lucy Floyd, with the pale aureola about her head, her large straw-hat in her lap, filled with anemones and violets, and the third volume of a novel in her hand. A High Church novel, "it is explained," in which the heroine rejected the clerical hero because he did not perform the service according to the Rubric.'—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 16.

How different from this serene inanity the unrestrained 'expansive natures,' unchecked by system of any sort, whose youth has been suffered to run wild, do what they like, form their own opinions, get into scrapes, and compromise themselves while still in their teens, which charm this writer's fancy! Nothing is so purely conventional an idea as that young girls untaught or ill-taught can be graceful or attractive, however favourite a notion it is with writers of fiction. But this clever, bright writer can describe an unattached, vagrant, slipshod existence with touches of truth, with admissions of the necessary condition of such an existence, which give a greater air of reality to her pictures than we often see. Thus, her Eleanor, whose childhood has been passed with a disreputable, self-indulgent spendthrift of a father, with whom she had lived in occasional luxury and habitual destitution, whose companion has been a good-natured, slovenly scene-painter and theatrical supernumerary, who is now, at fifteen, a teacher in a third-rate boarding-school, shows in the following pretty picture nothing at variance with her bringing up. The health and spirits of the solitary girl are exciting the spleen of the sea-sick passengers of the Dieppe steamer:—

'Eyes dim in the paroxysms of sea-sickness had looked almost spitefully towards this happy radiant creature, as she flitted hither and thither about the deck, courting the balmy ocean-breezes that made themselves merry with her rippling hair. Lips blue with suffering had writhed as their owners beheld the sandwiches which this young school-girl devoured, the stale buns, the flat raspberry tarts, the hideous, bilious, revolting three-cornered puffs, which she produced at different stages of the voyage from her shabby carpet-bag. She had an odd volume of a novel, and a long dreary desert of crochet-work whose white cotton monotony was only broken by occasional dingy oases, bearing witness of the worker's dirty hands; and they were such pretty hands, too, that it was a shame they should ever be dirty; and she had a bunch of flabby faded flowers, sheltered by a great fan-like shield of newspaper; and she had a smelling bottle which she sniffed at perpetually, though she had no need of any such restorative, being as fresh and bright from first to last as the sea-breezes themselves.'

It is in the existence of the real with the impossible that this writer's power lies. This tart-loving child of fifteen is the girl who, three days later, devotes herself to vengeance, and lives for years in the unchanging hope of seeing the sharper who got her father's money hanged through her instrumentality. People are apt to think, though it is no such thing, that the knowledge of ordinary custom-loving human nature is a much easier thing than knowledge of the waifs and strays of humanity, and this lady's experiences are ostentatiously of this exceptional kind. She would have us think that she views human nature generally in a scrape. Thus, she will ask, as if familiar with detectives and their mode of noting down their pencil memoranda, When they begin their pencils? and

'how it is that they always seem to have arrived at the stump?' Again, one of her characters is intoxicated: 'his head is laid 'upon the pillow, in one of those wretched positions which intoxication *always* chooses for its repose,' as though she had seen so much of it. And it is with people in a scrape, or ready at any moment to fall into one, that she sympathises. Blind passion gets them into difficulties, blind trust carries others along with them; and *trust* is a quality in wonderful favour with some people, as it indeed ought to be with all the heroines of the Aurora type—a trust which leads the big Yorkshireman thus to declare himself, in answer to the insinuations of the envious and respectable Mrs. Powell:—

"You are a good husband, Mr. Mellish," she said, with a gentle melancholy. "Your wife *ought* to be happy," she added, with a sigh, which plainly hinted that Mrs. Mellish was miserable.

"A good husband!" cried John; "not half good enough for her. What can I do to prove that I love her?—what can I do? Nothing—except to let her have her own way. And what a little that seems! Why, if she wanted to set that house on fire, for the pleasure of making a bonfire," he added, pointing to the rambling mansion in which his blue eyes had first seen the light, "I'd let her do it, and look on with her at the blaze."—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 237.

The whole idea of life and love in writers of this class is necessarily mischievous and, we will say, immoral. Independent of the fact that 'John' was duped by his wife all this time, that she knew her first husband was living, and that therefore she was not his wife, the picture of the relation between these two is one really incompatible with the weight and seriousness of matrimonial obligations. There is a praise and sympathy for unreasoning blind idolatry very likely to find a response in young readers, whether of the vain or romantic type; and the better it is done—the more sweetness and feeling is thrown into it—the more dangerous if it gets a hold, and keeps its ground. Husbands and fathers at any rate may begin to look about them and scrutinize the parcel that arrives from Mudie's, when young ladies are led to contrast the actual with the ideal we see worked out in popular romance; the mutual duties, the reciprocal forbearance, the inevitable trials of every relation in real life, with the triumph of mere feminine fascination, before which man falls prostrate and helpless. Take the following scene.

Aurora has to go up to London to buy off the interference of her real husband the groom, whom her father supposes to be dead, and of whom her husband knows nothing. The idolizing father welcomes her to the disturbed and interrupted dinner:—

'Aurora sat in her old place at her father's right hand. In the old girlish days Miss Floyd had never occupied the bottom of the table, but had loved best to sit by that foolishly doting parent, pouring out his wine for him, in

defiance of the servants, and doing other loving offices which were deliciously inconvenient to the old man.

'To-day Aurora seemed especially affectionate. That fondly-clinging manner had all its ancient charm to the banker. He put down his glass with a tremulous hand to gaze at his darling child, and was dazzled with her beauty and drunken with the happiness of having her near him.

"But, my darling," he said by-and-by, "what do you mean by talking about going back to Yorkshire to-morrow?"

"Nothing, papa, except that I *must* go," answered Mrs. Mellish, determinedly.

"But why come, dear, if you could only stop one night?"

"Because I wanted to see you, dearest father, and talk to you about—about money matters."

"That's it!" exclaimed John Mellish, with his mouth half full of salmon and lobster sauce, "that's it!—money matters! That's all I can get out of her. She goes out late last night and roams about the garden, and comes in wet through and through, and says she must come to London about money matters. What should she want with money matters? If she wants money, she can have as much as she wants. She shall write the figures and I'll sign the cheque; or she shall have a dozen blank cheques to fill in just as she pleases. What is there upon this earth that I'd refuse her? If she dipped a little too deep and put more money than she could afford upon the bay filly, why doesn't she come to me, instead of bothering you about money matters? You know I said so in the train, Aurora, ever so many times. Why bother your poor papa about it?"—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 139.

So far as real life sees, or ever has seen anything like this, it is among the Cleopatras and other witch-like charmers who have misled mankind; not among wives and daughters of repute in Christian or even in heathen times. No doubt discipline, self-restraint, and moral training, stand in the way of this fascination: in every conspicuous example these have all been wanting; still there are people, no doubt, to agree with the sporting community of Doncaster, who, we are told, one and all liked Aurora all the better for breaking her whip over a stable-boy's shoulder, and who are led willing captives by the varied and opposite manifestations of unchecked feeling, passion, and impulse, when there is beauty and grace enough to smooth over and conceal their real repulsiveness.

The series of books before us happen to be from female pens, and sensation writing in their hands takes a peculiar hue. Thus with them, love is more exclusively the instrument for producing excitement, and they have the art of infusing greater extravagance of sentiment in its expression. A certain Mr. Fullom has complained bitterly that Miss Braddon has stolen the outline of one of his novels, and has reproduced incident after incident in 'Lady Audley's Secret' with scarcely the affectation of disguise; the real bitterness of the transaction lying no doubt in the fact that his precursory tale had been too little read for the plagiarism to be known to any but the two authors. The successful appropriation of another's plot no doubt shows that quality of prompt

assimilation attributed to Aurora, 'who was such a brilliant creature, that every little smattering of knowledge she possessed appeared to such good account, as to make her seem an adept in any subject of which she spoke.' This is no doubt a power of the feminine nature, to take in at a glance, and to make apparently her own, what has cost hard labour to slower, though original, thinkers. Probably nobody could read Mr. Fullom's book; we do not pretend to have heard of it, but he makes out an excellent case, which just proves Miss Braddon's dramatic power. Playwrights take anybody's story—it belongs to them to make it fit for the stage; and the world is essentially a *stage* to Miss Braddon, and all the men and women, the wives, the lovers, the villains, the sea-captains, the victims, the tragically jealous, the haters, the avengers, merely players. We could extract pages, fit, as they stand, for the different actors in a melodrama, vehemently and outrageously unnatural, but with a certain harmony which prevents one part exposing the other.

We ought possibly to apologize to the readers of a theological review for intruding on their notice scenes with certainly no direct bearing on the subjects to which its columns are as a rule devoted. But we have thought it well to enter our protest against the form of fiction most popular in the present day, because we conceive it to fail both positively and negatively in the legitimate uses of fiction. Negatively, because it asks least from the sense, feeling, and thought of the reader; and positively, because instead of quickening the imagination it stimulates a vulgar curiosity, weakens the established rules of right and wrong, touches, to say the least, upon things illicit, raises false and vain expectations, and draws a wholly false picture of life. Every true and honest observer of human nature adds something to the common experience, but if anything new is to be learnt from the sensational novel, as far as our observation goes, it is in that field of knowledge which emphatically is not wisdom.

ART. VIII.—*A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London on the State of Subscription in the Church of England, and in the University of Oxford.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D. Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London. Oxford and London: J. H. and Jas. Parker. 1863.

CANON STANLEY has brought before us in this pamphlet one of the most profound and difficult, as well as one of the most delicate, questions that can possibly be agitated in the bosom of any religious community. We fear that the amount of agreement between us, though not absolutely null, can be but small. Even where we admit the correctness of the premises (which we cannot do in every case), there seem to be counter-considerations which tend, at least, to modify, if not to subvert, the conclusions to which the author would fain conduct us. But for this very reason, we are all the more anxious at the outset to bear our willing testimony to the excellency of the spirit in which he has approached the subject. He has written in a manner worthy of his best self—a standard which even he, like other writers, seems to us at times to fail in reaching. And the matter is one which he has a peculiar right to make his own. To a far greater extent than is generally thought possible, Dr. Stanley has been consistent in his views and conduct respecting subscription. In the case of Dr. Hampden, in the case of Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward, in the case of Mr. Gorham, in the case of Archdeacon Denison, in the case of the 'Essayists and Reviewers,' he has preserved one uniform, bold, and, on the whole, very lofty and generous attitude. Such conduct gives a man a very special claim to be heard, even apart from the weight of the facts and inferences which he may adduce.

In speaking thus, however, we by no means desire to make an idol of consistency. Any divine who may, at some period of his life, have taught or acted respecting subscription in a spirit opposed to that of Canon Stanley, has, undoubtedly, a perfect right to reconsider the matter and to change his side. One eminent writer has lately announced such a change, and that in a manner most frank and creditable. Mr. Maurice, who first gained public attention by a very able pamphlet in favour of subscription to the Articles, now, 'after an experience of thirty years,' is convinced that his opinion is untenable.¹ But some

¹ Letter in the *Spectator* newspaper, of May 2, 1863.

such announcement does seem to us almost indispensable, if those who make the change are to exercise any moral weight. If men, who have won credit and favour by the keenness with which they have urged decidedly strict views of the meaning of subscription in some one direction, are now found to be claiming, either for themselves or for their friends, the utmost possible latitude of interpretation, we really must claim the privilege of asking for a clear and distinct avowal of this alteration in their sentiments. We have a right to ask—Do you, who in former years protested against a certain licence, regret the line of action which you then adopted or not? If you do regret it, let the change be fairly made known. If you do not, let us hear your explanation of what must, to ordinary minds, appear to be a startling amount of inconsistency.

But our business lies far less with individuals than with principles. We believe that we shall be best able to make our own meaning clear by starting from the very foundation. And accordingly we begin as follows:—

It is no mere recondite teaching of Aristotle and the schoolmen, but the common conviction of all thinking persons, that everything on earth bears about it something that constitutes its essence. An island may be bare or fertile, a rectilinear triangle may be isosceles or scalene, a telescope may have two joints or five; but the island must be surrounded by water, the rectilinear triangle must have its three angles equal to two right angles, the telescope must have such a combination of convex and concave glasses as to make distant objects seem near to the eye of him who looks through it. Apart from such conditions, these things severally cease to be.

We then turn to any case of a society organized for the attainment of some special purpose. One example will serve as well as another. We therefore take one that happens lately to have been brought under our notice. About the middle of May we were privileged to witness a sight of great beauty, almost peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland—the opening cruise of a yacht club. The members elected into such a club have a large margin left to their own discretion in the choice of the vessels on which they found their claims to the rights of membership. They may have craft of iron or of wood, cutters or schooners, sailing vessels or steamers; but one thing they must not do, they must not employ their yachts for purposes of trade. The object of the club is the promotion of amateur seamanship, not of commerce. Some years since, a member of one of these clubs brought back in his yacht a cargo of oranges from Seville, and sold them. He was instantly and ignominiously expelled from

the club. It was not that he was punished for commercial dealings; for these were not merely legitimate, but, probably, the source whence half the yachts of the squadron had been purchased; but he was punished for breaking the implied, if not expressed, engagement entered into by every man who joins such a society, in respect of one particular vessel.

What the essence of a thing is, as distinguished from its accidents—what the binding rule of a club, as distinguished from matters less to individual choice—that, in a rough and general way, we may pronounce to be in religion a dogma, as distinguished from an open question.

But at this point we must be prepared to have it said, Why waste argument and illustration upon what is perfectly obvious, upon the proof of principles which every one must be ready to admit? We answer, that these positions, though granted in quiet times by all ordinary reasoners, are constantly overlooked, even by thoughtful persons, under the momentary sway of passion and prejudice. We have seen, indeed, an able statement of *one* side of the case, not long since, in a provincial newspaper; but it was put forth on the avowed ground that the press at large was ignoring these obvious truths. Lest, however, we should seem to indulge in a vague and general accusation, it will be better to take a specific instance of such oversight.

There is at this moment lying upon our table a book which is attracting considerable attention, and that very deservedly. It is full of valuable information, it displays great courage and independence of thought, and it is couched in a very finished and vigorous style. We refer to the series of letters reprinted from the *Daily News*, and now entitled 'The Empire,' by Professor Goldwin Smith. However, as of old, *aliquando bonus dormitat*; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, the Professor does not really nod, but is capable, on some points, of being carried away by fanaticism as extreme as any form of opinion that he opposes. To us, at least, perhaps prejudiced on the other side, this gifted writer appears really fanatical in his intense admiration for Cromwell and for the Pilgrim Fathers, his intense detestation of the first Napoleon, and of all religious establishments. Now, at pages 97, 98, of 'The Empire,' he comes across this last-named *bête noire* of his perceptive powers, and is consequently induced to write as follows:—

'Again, the Canadians possess what is essential in our religion. Do they or any of them wish to import our ecclesiastical institutions, with Bishops sitting in Parliament, and with ecclesiastical courts to enforce Church authority in matters of opinion, and to bring men to trial for writing what they believe to be the truth?'

Not all the high gifts of the author, nor the great merits of this particular volume, must prevent us from pronouncing the

last clause of the above sentence to be what it is, namely, absolute and unmitigated nonsense. No man in England of the present day is 'brought to trial for writing what he believes to be the truth,' any more than a man is expelled from a yacht club because he pursues commerce as a means of livelihood. In each case alike the men are liable to punishment, because they are believed to have broken engagements into which they voluntarily entered. No one is forced to take Holy Orders, nor to join a club; but if he resolves to do either one or the other, he must purchase the advantages by entering into some definite compact. If he is supposed to have broken that compact, this is surely a legitimate subject for trial. Even the Duke of Argyll, assuredly no supporter of the undue exercise of authority over the rights of individual conscience, mentions, as a thing acknowledged on all hands, 'the power possessed by every club, whether in the religious, the political, or the social world, that of excluding from its own body such members as transgress its laws.'¹

In one respect we may, indeed, allow that Mr. Goldwin Smith may have spoken correctly enough. He seems to think it hard that clergy of the Church established in the mother country should be brought to trial. Well, they may become Wesleyan ministers, and if, in that position, they publish anything akin to the writings of Bishop Colenso, we may promise them, on the authority of that body they have joined, that they need not fear being brought to regular trial before anything like an Ecclesiastical Court. No, indeed; by the next mail, say the Wesleys, would a sentence of deposition go forth.² The case would be considered a prejudged one.

Thus much is admitted even by those who lavish praise upon the Wesleys—and far be it from us to cavil at that praise—for their really noble efforts to evangelize the colonies. 'Wesleyanism,' writes Mr. Wakefield, 'selects its missionaries with as much care as the Propaganda of Rome. *It rules them with an authority that is always in full operation, with a far-reaching arm and a hand of steel.*' It might be thought, perhaps, that the Oxford Professor was ignorant of such facts. But, unfortunately, he cites the actual passage in which these words occur, as a note, by way of illustration to his very first letter. Whether he thinks the 'hand of steel' a blessing, so long as it does not operate by way of Ecclesiastical Courts, we cannot pretend to form an opinion. Can Mr. Goldwin Smith seriously adduce, with apparent sympathy, this eulogy for the Wesleys, and

¹ Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland (2d edit.)

² The Wesleyan document which made this special announcement was duly quoted in the *Guardian* some weeks since.

yet desire that episcopally-ordained clergy should publish, each man for himself, without let or hindrance, whatever he believes to be the truth.

We have spoken of Wesleyanism; but the principle holds good with respect to any *ism* whatever, whether it acknowledge or not the Name that is above every name. Mahometanism, Mormonism, Confucianism—each has its limits that it will not suffer to be overpassed. The Moslem may bring himself to believe that Mahomet has no just claim to that superiority which he claims over Him whom the Koran does at least recognise as a true prophet; but such a one will be slow in venturing to proclaim what he believes to be the truth in a mosque, unless he be prepared to face the trial of martyrdom. The Mormonist, who shall convince himself that polygamy is a retrograde step in the path of civilization, will hardly announce his conviction to Brigham Young; nor will the disciple of Confucius, in China, safely denounce the work of that philosopher to be (as it is) ‘of the earth, earthy,’ when contrasted with the religion of the Lord of Heaven. And if it be said that religions without the pale of Christianity cannot be appealed to with propriety in such a controversy, we are perfectly ready to drop such exemplifications of our meaning, and to confine ourselves, during the remainder of our argument, to Christendom alone.

Now, we cannot but imagine that, to some extent at least, we have Canon Stanley thus far upon our side; for, in his sermons upon ‘Labour and Rest,’ he distinctly implied that there must be some limit to licence of thought. But if this *principle* be once granted, the issue is thereby greatly narrowed. There is no longer a dispute respecting the real existence of dogmas, but only an inquiry where the line is to be drawn, and how, when drawn, it may be best guarded. Still we must admit, even then, that such an inquiry does present very real and serious difficulties. Border lines are confessedly often hard to trace. We may believe in the distinct existence of an animal and a vegetable kingdom, but where are we to place the zoophytes?

Nevertheless, these difficulties must be faced; and we see no reason to retract our old definition of a dogma—namely, ‘a fundamental article of saving truth, asserted or implied in Holy Scripture, taught by the Church universal, and consonant to sound reason.’¹ Such are the true Godhead and the true Manhood of our Lord and Saviour, the forgiveness of sins through His merits, the final Judgment of the last great day, the Personality of the Holy Spirit. On the other hand, there undoubtedly exist, in Dr. Stanley’s own words, ‘opinions which

¹ *Christian Remembrancer* for July, 1855.

ought to be tolerated as lawful, if not accepted as true.' Such are, for example, the opinion that the numbers of the redeemed will equal, or will exceed, the numbers of the rebel angels—the opinion that such and such a Messianic prophecy may have had some degree of prior fulfilment in an earthly deliverer, such as Judas Maccabæus; that such and such an incident was a type of something more weighty, as, for example, Gideon's fleece of the past and the present state of the race of Israel. These are, of course, given as mere exemplifications of our meaning.

But when Dr. Stanley speaks of 'opinions which ought to be tolerated,' such language implies, we presume, the existence of opinions which ought *not* to be tolerated—opinions which must be considered to exclude those who advocate them from fellowship with the English Church, and, therefore, much more from the ranks of its ministry. It was the opinion, so to term it, of Socinus, that our Redeemer is a mere man like ourselves; it was the opinion of Spinoza that God is the only *substance*, of which all other things are *modes*. These are, no doubt, extreme cases of deadly heresy; but, for that very reason, they serve as a crucial test for the purposes of our present inquiry. Supposing that any commissioned teachers in our communion openly avowed such doctrines, to what influences would Canon Stanley trust if the Subscription, and the existing laws respecting it, were to be repealed?

If we understand him rightly, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History would trust to the effect (1) of individual conscience, (2) of censures, (3) of public opinion. Let us look separately at each one of these checks.

(1) Individual conscience. That in all communions there do occur most self-sacrificing examples of men who give up all, under such influence, is, of course, most true. But it will constantly be found that side by side with him who makes the sacrifice stands another, who, though holding substantially the same views, sees the matter in quite a different light, and is determined to resign his post. And as few men can claim to be unexceptionable judges in their own case, it may well be questioned whether a good man ought to complain of a judicial inquiry into the question whether he has or has not kept with fidelity certain engagements into which he voluntarily entered, unless he really believes (which we fully admit to be a possible case) that his judges are unqualified for their task.

(2) Censures are not necessarily light matters. Some natures would feel them very keenly; and the mere fact that a man has been censured is often brought against him in after life, and has a tendency to diminish his influence. But while we have no desire to witness a Draconian legislation, which would punish

all errors with the utmost limit of severity in the ways of pains and penalties, it must be obvious that there unfortunately do exist persons to whom a mere censure, unaccompanied by any further punishment, would prove simply null in its effect. Moreover, it would be a practical realization of the Stoic paradox, *omnia paria esse peccata*, if, when censure had been applied to one who had offended slightly, no heavier punishment were in store for a more grievous delinquent.

(3) Public opinion. The relation of public opinion to the case of theological controversy is a matter requiring much thought, and a free but delicate handling. Perhaps there is a sense in which we may apply to the theologian what was originally said with reference to the politician: 'Woe be to the statesman who disregards public opinion, but woe to him like-wise who has no other master.' That theology is affected by the progress of other sciences is admitted by all thinking men; but that public opinion should be the *sole* judge of such matters is surely quite intolerable. What would have happened under such circumstances if our Prayer-Book had been left to the mere mercies of public opinion during the eighteenth century? It is possible that we may have misunderstood Dr. Stanley on this head; but, although he asserts that prosecutions might still exist after subscription had ceased, yet his own strong and consistent protest against all such proceedings incline us to suppose that his inclination would be to leave the matter to public opinion only. At the same time, we hardly know how to reconcile this with his remarks upon S. Athanasius, in his 'Lectures on the Eastern Church.' As, however, we have no wish to discuss such a bye-question as this, it will be better to cite the language of two unexceptionable witnesses, Mr. Maurice and the *Athenæum*.

Mr. Maurice, in the letter to which we have already made reference, speaks as follows:—

'Having had some knowledge of those bodies in which there is no subscription to Articles, I was strongly persuaded that the security to freedom of investigation among them is not what discontented Churchmen suppose that it is. A public opinion—often a very narrow public opinion—holds them bound to the decisions of certain teachers of their own or of some former day. This opinion is enforced as sharply, often cruelly, as the State permits it to be enforced. The protection comes from that, not from the sect, let it boast of liberality as much as it may, let it even maintain as much as it may a real protest against the injustice of a dominant hierarchy.'

And the *Athenæum* for May 23, of the present year, thus commences its notice of Mr. Allon's 'Memoir of Mr. Sherman':—

'The good man whose career is here traced held a conspicuous position during many years in the world of Nonconformist preachers; and the memoir

of him by Mr. Allon must be acceptable to others besides those who belonged to his congregation—to all who respect and study the lives of all such influential men as are single-hearted and sincere. This we believe Mr. Sherman to have been—and to have been, accordingly, valuable in his generation; though we cannot, in the record of his worthy doings and zealous services, overlook certain peculiarities, inseparable from “Nonconformity” as associated with “the voluntary system” of ministry. *It is evident that if the preacher cannot excite his audience, or else preach down to the level of his congregation’s spiritual desires and theological knowledge, he is no longer a teacher for them, but is judged and dismissed as a failure. It is evident that severance from all established synods, dignitaries, ranks and divisions in ministerial service, does not imply emancipation from despotism so much as exchange of thralldom for thralldom.* Mr. Allon’s readers, beyond the pale of his sect, will find curious confirmation of this remark in his allusions to the saintly Countess of Huntingdon—to the stir which she raised in Methodism—and to the austerity with which she ruled and rebuffed her preachers.’

Even the fiction of ‘Salem Chapel,’ if indeed it be fiction, can hardly state more stringently the hardship of living under the rule of public opinion only.

It were idle for us to pretend that we do not think the Prayer-Book, and much more the Articles, capable of improvement. But even Canon Stanley grants that we are not likely to see any improvement made in either one or the other just yet awhile. He would not like to run the risk of new Articles, ‘knowing,’ he says (to use the homely but forcible illustration of King James I.), ‘how much easier old shoes are than new ones.’ And, in truth, it seems to us that what Canon Stanley and his friends really desire is, not so much freedom from the present forms of subscription, *as that certain doctrines believed and taught at present both by High Churchmen and Low Churchmen as dogmas should be relegated to the position of open questions.* This is, in reality, a distinct question; and before it can be entertained, we ought to be informed with precision what these questions are. Then, but not till then, shall we be in a position to judge the case.

But the admission that there is room for improvement in the Prayer-Book and the Articles seems to be sometimes considered as an admission that subscription has proved almost totally useless. Because it has not effected all that could be wished, therefore it seems in danger of being hastily assumed that it has done nothing. Now, we do not often find ourselves, on such questions as the present, agreeing with the *Times*. Here, however, for once we do find a very substantial agreement. The critique on Canon Stanley’s pamphlet in the *Times* carries us with it in its generous eulogy on the author’s honourable consistency, and scarcely less so in the following remarks:—

* The whole subject deserves the serious attention of the laity as well as of the clergy. How wide the portals of the Church ought to be thrown open; and what tests it may be necessary to apply to those who seek to exercise authority within her precincts, is not for us to determine; but we presume that even Dr. Stanley is not prepared to admit the "right of private judgment" without some reserve. The Church of England, if it is really to represent the religious opinions of the nation, must indeed be simple in its creed, and comprehensive in its terms; but some creed it must possess, and some symbol of union it must require of those who would minister within its pale, not only as a means of discipline, but as an expression of its twofold protest against Tridentine and Socinian errors. Without some such safeguards it is difficult to understand how the Church of England is to exist at all.

Let us look, for a moment, at each of the extremes pointed out in the above extract. We can truly say, that we are not conscious of being Romanisers; that we do not hold any doctrine which we could not state in the words of accredited English divines, though it may be true that the language of such divines has not always been thoroughly consistent. But it is, we suppose, true, that the doctrines of the Papal Supremacy, of indulgences, of honours to be paid to images, of a hyper-dulia being due to the Blessed Virgin, of her being the neck of Christ's Church and channel of all graces, of the existence of a treasury containing merits of the saints of which the Bishop of Rome alone possesses the key, of the annihilation of the substances of the bread and wine in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, are *not* taught in our pulpits, and *are* taught by the divines of the Church of Rome. When Mr. Oakeley, then an English clergyman, claimed the liberty of holding all the teaching of the Tridentine decrees, concurrently with the subscription to the Prayer-Book and Articles, he was condemned by the Court of Arches and deprived. Many of those, who are now clamouring against that same Court for its infinitely more lenient sentence against Dr. Rowland Williams and Mr. H. B. Wilson, find it convenient just now to forget this fact—convenient to forget, moreover, that they made no remonstrance whatever against the sentence passed on Mr. Oakeley. No more did we; but, then, we are thus far at least consistent, that we think Dr. Rowland Williams's teaching (to say the *very* least) quite as far removed from the Articles and Prayer-Book as is that of the Tridentine decrees. We do not protest in the one case any more than in the other. And if the great majority of Churchmen, including those who profess the greatest liberalism, saw no reason for reclamation against the judgment passed on Mr. Oakeley, the defenders of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson ought not to be surprised if numbers withhold their protest against the infinitely lighter punishment meted out to them.¹

¹ Mr. H. B. Wilson wrote a letter against Tract No. 90, in addition to the protest against it, which he had signed with three other College Tutors, of whom

We turn to the other extreme referred to by the critic in the *Times*. Is it true that we have found in subscription a protection against the deadliness of Socinian error? Of the eighteenth century Dean Hook has said:—‘What was the last century? It was the age of Socinianism. All Churchmen who held what would now be called liberal principles were, like Hoadly, Socinianized. All alterations of the Liturgy, all the reforms which were suggested, as the means of strengthening the Church by the worldly friends of the Church, were projected with a view of enabling the Socinians, who formed the influential persons in most of our large towns, to conform.’¹

In pointing out the real difficulties attendant upon subscription, Canon Stanley is no doubt clear and forcible. But, unfortunately, until the severed portions of Christendom be more closely drawn together, we may have to make a choice between contending evils. And if we grant the force of some of our author’s arguments, we are compelled to add that others appear to us remarkably weak.

For example, we are reminded, at page 37, that in Geneva subscription is entirely abolished. A speaker in the House of Commons, in alluding to this fact, attributed it to the influence of Bishop Burnet, whose testimony in favour of such a course is quoted out by the author of the pamphlet before us. And yet, surely, only in the way of warning is it possible to appeal to Geneva. We will not make use of the evidence collected by Dr. Döllinger, in his recent book, ‘The Church and the Churches.’ That book gives the blackest account of everything—nor will we do more than remind our readers of the difficulties encountered by the English clergymen in connexion with the church opened there in 1853, when these clergy were accused, by some of the most earnest Genevese pastors, of having (though, of course, quite unconsciously) given countenance to Arianism, by their indiscriminate invitation of local ministers on the occasion of the opening services. But surely there must be many who have not forgotten the famous description of a Sunday in Geneva by the Scotch Presbyterian, Mr. Laing. For the benefit of those who are anxious to see Bishop Burnet’s advice followed in England, it may be advisable once more to re-quote it, especially now that such contemporaries as the *Spectator* and the *National Review* condescend to cast a glance upon

the present Bishop of London was one. An Edinburgh Reviewer, whom the public (whether justly or not, we do not presume to judge) insists on identifying with Dr. Stanley, has called this protest an ‘ungenerous act,’ and implied that Mr. Wilson had no doubt repented of it. It would be interesting to know whether this view of their own conduct is really adopted and avowed by the four gentlemen in question.

¹ Letter to the Bishop of Ripon [Dr. Longley], published in 1841.

our pages, and to refer (with great courtesy, if not with great sympathy) to what is being said in the *Christian Remembrancer* upon these exciting topics of the day.

'I hastened to the ancient Cathedral, the church of St. Peter, to see the pulpit from which Calvin had preached, to sit possibly in the very seat from which John Knox has listened, to hear the pure doctrines of Christianity from the preachers who now stand where once the great champions of the Reformation stood; to mark, too, the order and observances of the Calvinistic service here in its native church; to revive, too, in my mind, Scotland and the picturesque Sabbath-days of Scotland, in a foreign land. But where is the stream of citizens' families in the streets, so remarkable a feature in every Scotch town when the bells are tolling to church, family after family, all so decent and respectable in their Sunday clothes, the fathers and mothers leading the younger children, and all walking silently churchwards? and where the quiet, the repose, the stillness of the Sabbath morning so remarkable in every Scotch town and house? *Geneva, the seat and centre of Calvinism, the fountain-head from which the pure and living waters of our Scottish Zion flow, the earthly source, the pattern, the Rome of our Presbyterian doctrine and practice, has fallen lower from her own original doctrine and practice than ever Rome fell. Rome has still superstition: Geneva has not even that semblance of religion.* In the head church of the original seat of Calvinism, in a city of five-and-twenty thousand souls, at the only service on the Sabbath-day—there being no evening service—I sat down in a congregation of about two hundred females and three-and-twenty males, mostly elderly men of a former generation, with scarcely a youth, or boy, or working-man amongst them. A meagre liturgy, or printed form of prayer; a sermon, which, as far as religion was concerned, might have figured the evening before at a meeting of some geological society, as an "ingenious essay" on the Mosaic chronology; a couple of psalm tunes on the organ, and a waltz to go out with, were the church service. In the afternoon the only service in towns or in the country is reading a chapter of the Bible to the children, and hearing them gabble over the Catechism in a way which shows they have not a glimpse of the meaning.'—*Notes of a Traveller*, pp. 324—5.

This will hardly be adduced as a felicitous exemplification of the results of freedom from subscription; and the mover and seconder of the repeal of the Act of Uniformity in the House of Commons will find it wise in future to avoid all allusions to the original head-quarters of Calvinism.¹

Dr. Stanley proceeds to give an instance of an opinion which 'is very rarely preached,' while yet 'this silence is not occasioned by subscription.' His instance is 'the doctrine of the final restitution of all things;' the belief 'that all men shall be saved at the length.' Now this is one of the cases in which we differ from the learned writer in a question of fact. With him we hold that the doctrine is very rarely, if ever preached; but then we must maintain that at least four-fifths of the clergy believe that they have entered into a solemn compact not to

¹ Holland is another country referred to by Dr. Stanley and others. We do not know how far Mr. Spurgeon's estimate is to be trusted, but he declares that Holland is fifty years ahead of England in unbelief.

teach it by their subscription to the Athanasian Creed. Of course Dr. Stanley reminds us that an Article against Universalism 'was deliberately struck out in 1562.' Undoubtedly; but it was struck out with three others levelled against the Anabaptists: because the influence of that wild sect was, happily, found to be dwindling away, and becoming contemptible. For precisely the same reason the words in the Augsburg Confession, which originally stood *damnamus Anabaptistas*, were subsequently changed into *damnamus Origenistas*.

Canon Stanley adds: 'The entire freedom of the law on this question may be inferred from the fact that a recent work, of which the general object is the relaxation of subscription, contains a recommendation to re-enact the repealed 42d Article 'in order to exclude the doctrine in question.' This remark looks to us rather as if the Professor were in danger of imitating the inaccuracies of his friend and fellow-Professor, Mr. Jowett. Unless we are utterly mistaken, the author of the work in question has proposed to strike out the Athanasian Creed from the Prayer-Book. Under these circumstances he foresaw that one, and that the most stringent, safeguard against Universalism would be lost, and consequently desired to compensate for its absence by the re-insertion of the Article in question. But this is an utterly different thing from holding that Universalism is compatible with subscription to the Prayer-Book as it now stands.

Canon Stanley tells us, in a note to page 55, of one of those really touching cases where an eminently good and conscientious man, the Rev. Charles Wodehouse, has given up his canonry and parochial charge under the pressure of the existing state of things. We must frankly say, that we never yet heard, and never expect to hear, of any large religious community in which such cases do not occur. And against them, however much they are to be regretted, we must put the inevitable weakness, the lack of zeal and fervor, the decaying strength, that must attend upon any Christian community which strives to be too comprehensive. Look at every great movement that has stirred the hearts of men in Great Britain between 1770 and 1845—Wesleyanism, Evangelicalism, Tractarianism, the Free Kirk movement in Scotland. However different in other respects, they have each and all been based on the dogmatic principle. And, accordingly, each in its way can point to real and great achievements. We quite agree with Mr. Gladstone in his estimate of the causes which (for a season only, we hope and trust) have shaken the confidence of our academic youth in the security of the basis on which they are asked to set their feet. We have not yet let it be frankly avowed, got over the

consequences of the defections to Rome in 1845. But whatever be the personal virtues and high gifts of the leaders of what may, we suppose, without offence, be termed the Germanizing party, it yet remains to be seen whether it can build school-rooms and churches, or set on foot missions, or even support for any length of time an organ of opinion in the periodical press. Meanwhile, on the general aspects of 'Undogmatic Christianity,' we cannot do better than recommend to our readers a careful study of a sermon so entitled, by the Rev. W. W. Shirley, one of the select Preachers in the University of Oxford.¹

We have cited the language of Mr. Maurice and the *Athenæum* respecting the degree of liberty really allowed among English dissenters. It remains a profound question how far such orthodoxy on the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation as is maintained by Nonconformists is due to the influence of that Church whose translation of the Holy Scriptures they all employ. But it must not be forgotten that within the last five-and-twenty years the aid of Parliament was invoked, and a 'Dissenters' Chapel Bill' became the law of the land; simply because so many of these chapels had become Arian or Socinian in their tenets, that the validity of their endowments required some fresh confirmation.

We have treated this question solely with reference to the clergy, without touching upon another point handled in the pamphlet before us—namely, the subscription made by the recipients of the higher degrees in the University of Oxford. In this latter case, if choice were given to each candidate for the M.A. and other lay degrees, between subscription and a declaration of being a *bonâ fide* member and communicant of the Church of England, we should see little objection to such a change. But this is an alteration which would probably prove quite unacceptable to those who are seeking for release from subscription in the matter of academical degrees.

There are other points on which we have not time to linger, but which it may be well not to leave wholly unnoticed. Dr. Stanley has certainly high authorities with him when he asserts that the Apostles' Creed is all that the English Church requires as a condition of membership. But we venture to doubt the precise accuracy of this statement. No person of mature age can possibly be considered as other than *practically* excommunicate if he wilfully abstain from all participation in the Church's highest act of worship. But putting aside the exceptional case of sickness, when the service is curtailed as much as may be out of regard to physical weakness, it is impossible to partake of the

¹ J. H. and Jas. Parker.

Holy Eucharist without joining in the Nicene Creed. Such public recitation, of course, implies acceptance; and thus admission of the Creed of Nicæa becomes a condition of *complete* membership.

We have not leisure to enter into the interesting questions raised by Mr. J. B. Mozley, in his recent letter to Professor Stanley.¹

All that Mr. Mozley writes is sure to be fresh and interesting; and to many who may have felt difficulties, more especially as respects Articles IX. to XVII., the suggestions made in his pamphlet are well worth consideration. We are glad to be able to quote the following words from Mr. Mozley's concluding page:—‘A limit, of course, there must be to freedom of opinion within a communion which professes a definite creed.’ Mr. Mozley is not, at any rate, an aspirant after that ideal Church which appears at present to exist only in the brain of Professor Goldwin Smith; that wonderful Church, of which the ministers are apparently to be at liberty to hold the emoluments, *status*, and all the concomitant advantages, without any risk of being brought to trial for diversity of doctrines, so long as they only preach what they each individually sincerely believe to be the truth.

Practically, we suppose that the questions at issue will present themselves to many minds in some such shape as the following:—In 1850 one section of the Church of England failed to procure the condemnation of Mr. Gorham. A few years later another section failed to procure the condemnation of Archdeacon Denison. Ought not, then, each of these parties to make some allowances for diversity in another direction? Can we, who have accepted the Reformation, be peremptory in refusing to sanction the principle of active inquiry?

It must be owned, we think, that there is force in such considerations as these. They are questions which demand from our ecclesiastical rulers not only thought and learning, but a really deep insight into the nature of the questions at issue, and a right understanding of the temper of that age with which they have to deal. We rejoice at the elevation to the bench of such persons as Dr. Thompson and Dr. Ellicott, as on other accounts so also very specially on this, that they are men from whom in such matters we have much to hope.

Two dangers seem to us, with much diffidence we say it, to threaten us from opposite quarters. On the one hand, Irish Roman Catholics and Scottish Presbyterians are alike taunting the Church of England with her lack of discipline, her want of

¹ Subscription to the Articles: A Letter, &c. (J. H. and Jas. Parker).

power to silence even heretical teachers. Undoubtedly there is a point at which such lack of discipline becomes a just cause of scandal, and a very grievous wrong to the laity. On the other hand, we have no desire to see that 'hand of steel,' of which the Wesleyans boast, in operation in the English Church. All really novel questions, such as the relations of science to religion, the degree of the human element permitted to accompany inspiration, the degree in which we are bound to the form (as distinguished from the substance) of the scholastic doctrine respecting the *modus operandi* of our Redeemer's life and death—these topics we hope to see considered calmly and with circumspection, and not in such wise as shall permit men to say that, in some respects, Rome herself has allowed more liberty than Lambeth.

But there are other points on which we feel—we must avow it—very differently. Wherever men impugn, however indirectly, the teaching of those creeds which are the common heritage of Christendom, there we must frankly declare that we see no room for toleration. Dr. Stanley himself has said that, 'next after these [the great moral doctrines of the Gospel] ecclesiastical history teaches us that the most vital, the most comprehensive, the most fruitful, has been, and is still, not the supremacy of the Bible or the authority of its several books, not the power of the Pope or of the Church, not the Sacraments, not Original Sin, not Predestination, not Justification, but the doctrine of the Incarnation.'¹ We wish that we could honestly say that we had sufficient confidence in the metaphysical power and in the sense of the coherence of revealed truth possessed by him who wrote these words to be able to trust his keenness of perception, when the question at issue was, whether fundamental doctrines of the faith had been impugned or not. But, with all his many great gifts, we cannot think that he is endowed with a clear vision of the connexion of doctrines and of logical unity. Few things astonish us more than the way in which he can cite passages from sceptical writers, such as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. John Stuart Mill, without ever giving his readers a hint of the general teaching of their works, without apparently perceiving that what may be strictly in unison with the scope and bearing of Mr. Mill's views may be utterly inconsistent with the all but universal sentiments of Christian divines of every school. Certainly, to judge of Mr. Mill from the way in which he is quoted by Dr. Stanley, no one would imagine that Mr. Mill had spoken of the death of the Incarnate Lord as 'this *strange*

¹ On the Eastern Church, p. 214.

history of a crucified God.'¹ Or who, again, would guess that Mr. Carlyle had referred to the doctrine of a personal God as 'abstruse or properly unspeakable matters,'² if they were only acquainted with this brilliant writer as 'one who, as well by his genius and learning as by his command of the sympathies of the rising generation, in a great measure represents the most advanced intelligence of our age.' We disclaim, in making these remarks, any intention of personality; it is with sincere regret that we pen them. But it does seem to us a real duty to show cause why we are unable to esteem as a safe guide in this matter of subscription one who displays so little sense of the value of belief, or of the perils of scepticism.

We have already made allusion to Mr. Shirley's discourse on 'Undogmatic Christianity.' It is only by a careful reading of this sermon as a whole that its force and value can be appreciated. Most thankful are we to welcome such a publication from a resident Oxford tutor who, we understand, took his first degree so lately as 1851. We cannot do better than conclude with the following extract, which we desire thoroughly to make our own :—

'If undogmatic religion, with its large facility of accommodation to the requirements of modern thought, be also capable of imparting the strength, the consolation, the hope we need—if it be, indeed, that which God has commanded, and on which His blessing rests—let us embrace it without reserve. But if not—if the faith of Christendom be inextricably interwoven with its system of doctrine; if, indeed, it stands or falls with the truth of creed and article, with the truth of miracle and prophecy—let us not attempt to disguise its character, to conceal the features of it which give difficulty or offence. Let us remember that if the words of Our Lord, if the counsels of His Apostles, if the history of the Church be true, the bolder is also the safer course. It is not an accommodated, modified Christianity, but Christianity in all its abruptness, in all its definiteness, in all its undisguised enmity to the world, that has won the battles of the Cross. The Church of Christ has even been most powerful, not when diffused the most widely, but when believing the most intensely. Some of its noblest triumphs have been won over error: its creeds have been the pæans of its victory. . . . When men have cast in the teeth of the Church the too mechanical character of her

¹ Mill on Liberty, p. 49. The entire passage is most logical and consistent in the writings of one who does not believe in the existence of heresy or unbelief as a possible form of sin. It is in our mind neither consistent nor logical in a theologian to cite part of it as Dr. Stanley has done (*Eastern Church*, p. 217).

² Life of Sterling. Part ii. chap. ii.

³ Jewish Church, p. 252.

'teaching, they have in reality recoiled from her intense tenacity of doctrine. *And that tenacity is a law of her very being. Revealed religion is by its very nature dogmatic to the core.* It declares upon the front of it that the original law of man's nature has been broken. It speaks not of the development of perfect and immutable laws, but of the jarring effects of their breach, of the consequences of the fall, of the extraordinary remedies which it requires, of the disturbances even of the physical order of the world which those remedies involved. It speaks of spiritual disease and spiritual healing; of a mighty loss and its reparation. It places before us a continuous miracle, a stupendous interference of God for the redemption of His fallen creatures. *It bids us believe in this and be saved.*'

P.S.—We find that, at any rate, the London Clergy have not been slow to meet the sort of challenge, or at least appeal to them, which has been tendered by Dr. Stanley, who is Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London. The following address has, we are told, received between four and five hundred signatures, and its importance will justify its reproduction in this place. We give it with the explanatory letter of those who drew it up:—

'MY DEAR SIR,

' 16th June, 1863.

'It has been agreed by some of the London Incumbents to ask the signatures of all the Clergy of the Diocese to the accompanying Address.

'We have been requested to forward it to you; and, should you approve of it, you will perhaps be good enough to return it to us, to the care of MESSRS. BELL AND DALDY, Booksellers, 186, Fleet Street, not later than the 26th June.

'In order to obviate any possible misconception as to the purpose of the Address, we would ask to be allowed to observe—

'First.—That the Address expresses no opinion as to the absolute perfection or finality of Clerical Subscription as now enforced; nor is it intended to commit those who sign it to any declaration that they are not prepared to accept any future revision of the existing mode of Subscription if undertaken by the Church itself.

'Secondly.—That what the Address does protest against is, the suggestion that all Subscription should be abolished by an Act of Parliament. This is the substance of the first paragraph.

'Thirdly.—That the Address claims positively, in the second paragraph, that the Church must have *some* doctrinal standards by reason of her duties, first, to her Divine Head; and next, to the lay people whom she is commissioned to teach.

'Fourthly.—That the Church of England, both as part of the Church Catholic, and as a reformed Church, and as a Church surrounded by divisions, is now, less than ever, so situated as to be able to dispense with doctrinal safeguards; and that those which she at present possesses are not in these difficult times likely to be exchanged for any better. This is the substance of the third paragraph.

'Fifthly.—The fourth and last paragraph is intended only to vindicate the honesty of those who have accepted and accept the existing mode of Subscription.

'We are, my dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

'EDWARD AURIOL.

'ALEXANDER McCAYL.

'WILLIAM SCOTT.'

'To the Reverend

'To the Right Honourable and Right Reverend THE LORD
BISHOP OF LONDON.

'WE, the undersigned Clergy of the Diocese of London, desire very respectfully to represent to your Lordship—

'That we view with much apprehension suggestions, which have recently been made by those whose position gives weight to their opinion, that the existing Subscriptions made by the Clergy at their Ordination, and on other occasions, should be removed by the Legislature.

'That fidelity to her Divine Head being the first duty of the Church, it is due to her Lay Members that they should be assured that her Ministers retain the deposit of the Faith, and that they minister the Word and Sacraments according to Christ's Ordinance, and that in our judgment this assurance would be impossible without some doctrinal safeguards and tests of personal faith.

'That to attain these objects no securities, as the testimony of history shows, can be depended upon without Clerical Subscription; and though it may be conceded that the existing tests have not been able to keep out all error even from teachers in our own communion, yet we feel assured that in these days they are not likely to be replaced by others more efficacious.

'For these reasons, while we deny that the existing Clerical Subscription is, in the majority of cases, or even in many cases, made otherwise than with good faith and entire sincerity, we desire to record our judgment that the attempts now made to abolish Subscription are fraught with present danger and future evil to the Church, and as such are to be deprecated and opposed.'

NOTICES.

'Epigrams: Ancient and Modern.' Edited, with an Introductory Preface, by the Rev. John Booth. (Longmans.) This is a collection of the chief epigrams which have been preserved in any language, from the days of Martial down to our own *Punch*. To the word 'epigram,' Mr. Booth gives a wide but legitimate meaning, comprising under the title any of those short pieces of poetry containing a play upon words, which our fathers called conceits, whether their object be satirical or not. In this way, we find some of George Herbert's poetry in what at first appears strange company. Such a work cannot fail to be interesting, especially when, as in this case, the execution combines some research in the collection of materials, with care and judgment in the after-work of selection. One great value too is, that it is suggestive as well as instructive—calculated to draw out fresh treasures from the boards of private knowledge, as well as to place upon a permanent record those which are already public property.

Mr. W. W. Shirley's recent sermon on 'Undogmatic Christianity' (J. H. and J. Parker), is more than a good University Sermon. It is, in fact, a very able and philosophical treatise, within a small compass, on the causes and tendencies of the lamentable impatience of dogmatic truth now too common among us.

Among the more important books of the quarter we may specify Mr. Neale's 'Essays on Hymnology' (Saunders and Otley), chiefly reprinted from our own pages, to which we propose to devote an article in our next number; and 'The Life of Bishop Blomfield' (Murray), which, from its importance and excellence as a specimen of biography, also demands a fuller notice than it can meet with in this place.

Mr. T. W. Perry has published a most elaborate and learned 'Essay on the Declaration on Kneeling' (Masters), which completely settles the subject. As a reply to Dean Goode, it is complete and exhaustive, and does credit to the writer's good taste and exuberant research.

The completion of the series of the 'Anglo-Catholic Library' marks an era in literary and controversial history. The concluding volumes consist of the long-delayed 'Life of Bishop Wilson,' by Mr. Keble. The delay is well compensated by the rich and elaborate details which the biographer has collected. The biographer and his subject were never better fitted for each other.

Dr. Irons' extremely able pamphlet, 'A Letter to the Bishop of London on Professor Stanley's Views on Clerical and Academical Subscription' (Rivingtons), though confined entirely to the Subscription of the Clergy, points out several

errors which the Oxford Professor, whose *métier* is the picturesque rather than the accurately historical style, has committed. It is a very valuable letter. Dr. Irons does not detect one blunder of Professor Stanley's, the substitution of the eighteenth for the sixteenth century in describing the Reformation period.

Mr. James Mozley's 'Letter to Professor Stanley' (Murray), elsewhere adverted to, points out a separate line of argument which is of a more subtle character. Mr. Mozley's philosophical mind sees that the acceptance of the Bible doctrines involves just as much as the declaration in subscription. These two pamphlets deserve very earnest attention.

'The Condition and Prospects of Architectural Art' (Murray), by Mr. Beresford Hope, is a thoughtful and eloquent essay. It shows distinctly how few are the facts which justify Mr. Fergusson's complaint of the reactionary principles of the Gothicists.

Mr. E. A. Freeman's 'History of Federal Government' (Macmillan), though it may seem to have been inspired by the miserable civil war in America, is a work of no ephemeral interest. It places the author in the front of living historians, and exhibits great research and learning. But the nature of the subject, consisting of a series of detached periods of history, prevents his work taking that epic form which is or ought to be the character of the greatest historical works.

'The Footsteps of Error,' by the Dean of Carlisle (Hatchard), is a work unusually characteristic. Who so well calculated to track error as one who has never walked in anything else? The notion of republishing stale old magazine articles, which dealt out death and anathema twenty years ago to sundry views, schools, and societies, which are now alive and aggressive, is irresistibly comic. But a sense of the ludicrous seldom penetrates the cathedral, or any other, Close.

Many of our readers will welcome, in a separate form, the publication of the 'Essay on Convocation,' which is now authenticated by the writer, Mr. J. Gibson Cazenove, and published by Mr. Mozley.

From the same publisher we have to acknowledge, with thanks, the publication of the first volume of 'Serious and Miscellaneous Readings for Village Schools,' which supplies a blank in what we may call our practical parish literature.

We have hardly had time to do more than look at Dean Alford's 'New Testament for English Readers' (Longman), of which the first volume has been issued. It seems to be, what it assumes to be, practical.

The most learned work on extant controversies is undoubtedly Mr. Gresswell's 'Reply to Colenso, Part I.' (J. H. and J. Parker). It fully sustains the respected writer's reputation, and displays that fulness of learning and accuracy which is now becoming rare, because scholars and theologians are rare.